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Gala Christmas Issue

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BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN ON JERUSALEM

MORDECAI RICHLER ON WOODY ALLEN

TOM ROBBINS ON WAITRESSES • ROGER KAHN ON PETE ROSE

MICHAEL CRICHTON ON HOW TO ARGUE WITH WOMEN

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IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.

Mugsy was pronounced dead after being hit by a car and was buried by his family in a three-foot grave in their yard. The next morning they found Mugsy, with dirty nose and wagging tail, scratching at the back door. Jack Russell Terriers are good diggers. Mugsy digs our Blazer® watch with built-in compass. It costs about $65.

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IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
Larry Walters strapped 42 weather balloons to an aluminum lawn chair and soared to 16,000 feet before he shot out some of the balloons with a BB gun and crashed into a power line. He was spotted by both TWA and Delta airline pilots. Larry, appropriately, is wearing our moon dial watch. It costs about $50.
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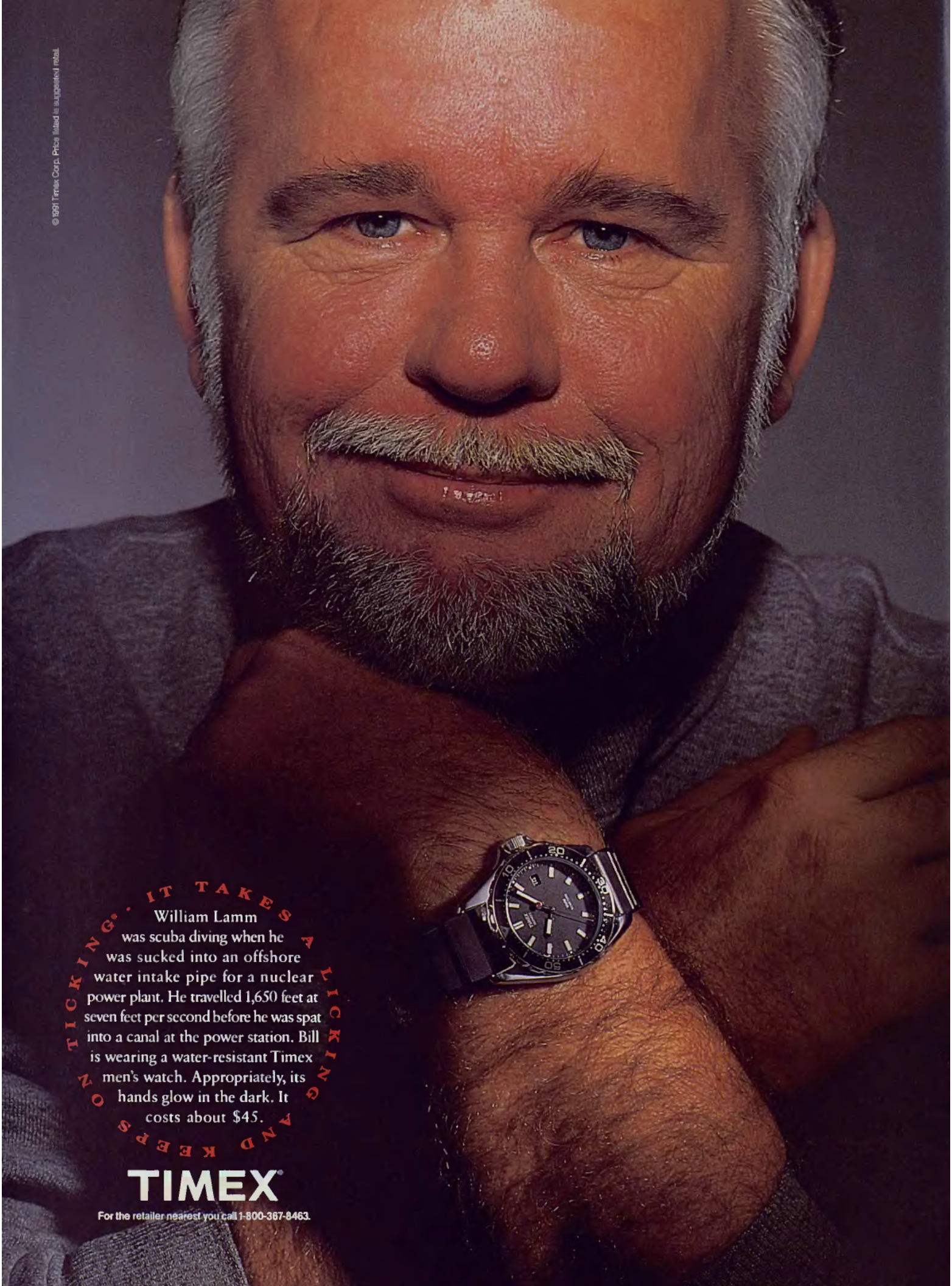

IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.

William Lamm was scuba diving when he was sucked into an offshore water intake pipe for a nuclear power plant. He travelled 1,650 feet at seven feet per second before he was spat into a canal at the power station. Bill is wearing a water-resistant Timex men's watch. Appropriately, its hands glow in the dark. It costs about $45.

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TICKING, IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON
Lisa Boyer survived a 12,500-foot free fall while skydiving after her chutes malfunctioned. Luckily, she landed in a four-foot-deep sludge pond at a sewage treatment plant. She hit at more than 80-miles-per-hour and "swam" to safety. Lisa is wearing our water-resistant women's Triathlon® watch. It costs about $35.
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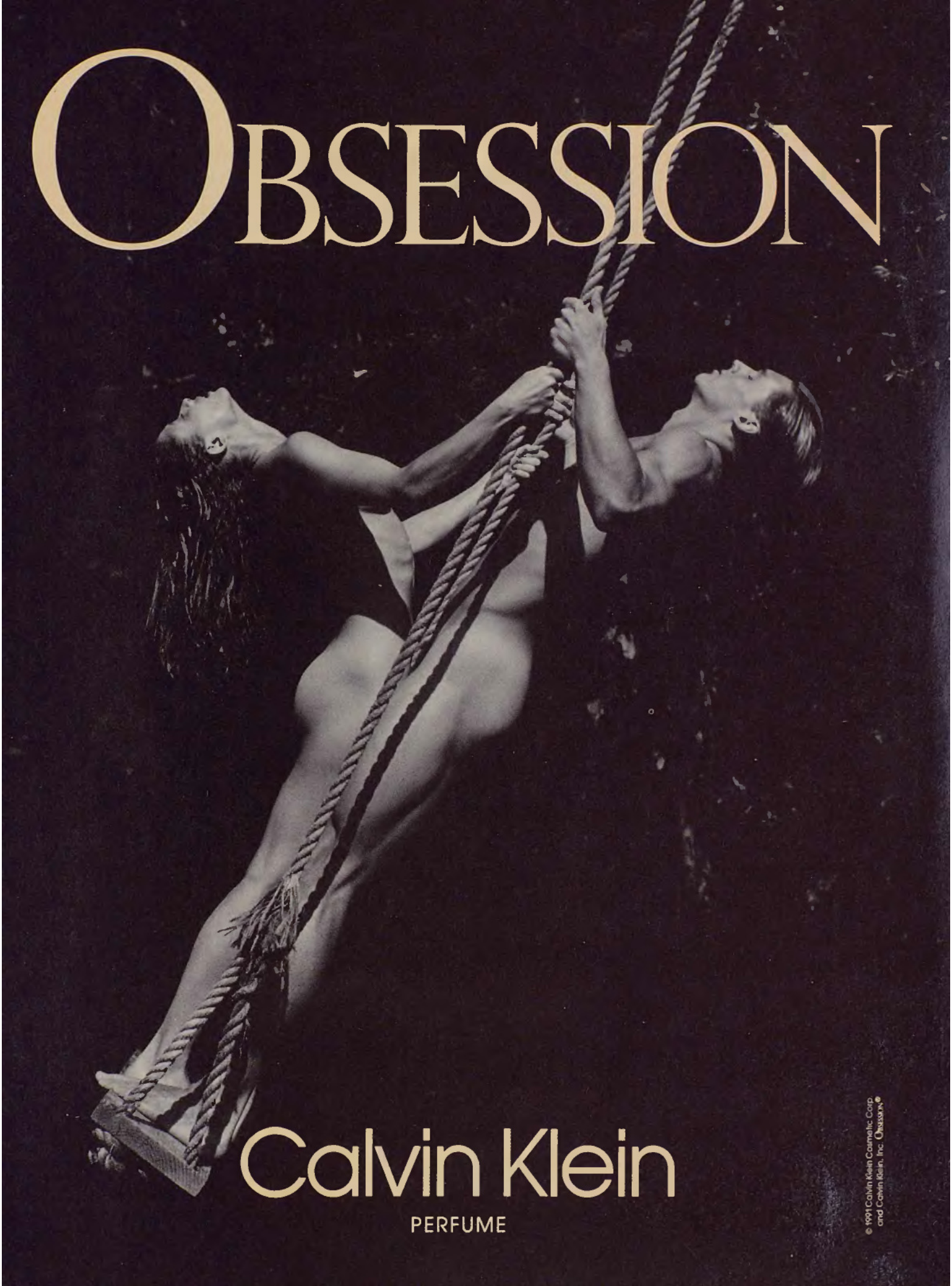
Every Christmas, Honni Lahti decorates this tree as his gift to the people of Muonio, Finland. In turn, the people of Muonio, Finland, decorate Honni with a bottle of Finlandia. If you have a Honni of your own, we recommend a similar treatment.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'TIS THE SEASON to be jolly. It's also a time of party *gaffes*, frantic gift hunts and squabbles with girlfriends. Never fear; *Playboy*'s here to steer you through these perilously merry holidays. To get some historical perspective, we sent **Bruce Jay Friedman** back to where it all began, Jerusalem, to check out the Holy Land in these unholy times. (We tried to send him to Bethlehem, but there was no room at the inn.) In *My Jerusalem*, Friedman takes a close look at what makes the sacred, and often dangerous, city so fascinating.

Playboy's Guide to Holiday Deportment, by **Glenn O'Brien,** will help you navigate the less challenging but still tricky check points of seasonal social life at home. It's everything you need to know to survive until January second, including trenchant observations on the new rules governing flirtation at the office Christmas party and the wrong way to write your name in the snow.

No matter how impeccable your behavior, there's bound to be a time when you find yourself going at it hammer and tongs with your significant other. In *How to Argue*, **Michael Crichton,** author of *The Andromeda Strain*, reveals ways to come out a winner—and still have sex. The illustration is by **Guy Billout.**

Even if your holidays are a shambles, you can still feel good if you make a sloppy gesture of an eleemosynary nature, as sesquipedalianism's founding father, **William F. Buckley, Jr.,** might put it. Buckley generously tells us, in uncharacteristically simple terms, *What We Get by Giving*. Nor would the season be complete without a consideration of who's naughty and who's nice, and we have the lowdown in *The Christmas Hit List*. Both pieces are must reading if you care two farthings about charity.

That's just the start of our holiday menu, which also offers a tasty meringue called *The Genius Waitress*, whipped up by novelist **Tom Robbins,** whose most recent book is *Skinny Legs and All*. **Mel Odom** supplied the accompanying illustration of a goddess waitress, and if her face looks familiar, there's a reason: His model was **Heather Graham,** who served up a great cuppa Joe at the Double R Diner in *Twin Peaks*.

Twin Peaks, alas, has come and gone, but one of television's few remaining daytime game shows, *The Price Is Right*, is still going strong—thanks, in part, to this month's cover girl, **Dian Parkinson.** Lucky Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** got to shoot both Dian and Motown Playmate **Wendy Hamilton.**

Before moving to Detroit, Wendy captained a high school basketball team in Bradenton, Florida, just a bounce or two from the spring-training camp of baseball's Cincinnati Reds and their erstwhile main man, **Pete Rose.** Before scandal clouded Rose's chances for the Baseball Hall of Fame, **Roger Kahn**—author of the best sellers *The Boys of Summer* and *Good Enough to Dream*—contracted to co-write Charlie Hustle's autobiography. In *A Rose by Another Name*, Kahn gives a moving account of the hero's downfall. It's an excerpt from his forthcoming book *Games We Used to Play*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

As the guy who said "I don't believe in life after death, but just in case, I'm bringing a change of underwear," **Woody Allen** may be the last man you'd expect to be thinking about immortality. That's all right; Canadian novelist **Mordecai Richler** does it for him in *Let's Hear It for Woody*, his portrait of a visionary.

You're probably planning to buy lingerie—something nice

FRIEDMAN

O'BRIEN

BUCKLEY

CRICHTON

BILLOUT

ROBBINS

ODOM

WAYDA

KAHN

RICHLER

WOLF

RIVERS

DELESSERT

SMILEY

JOHNSON

BAIN

SHEFF

SUSKI, BEAUDET

HURRELL

DIXON

and lacy and impractical—in which to wrap your special someone for Christmas. **Stephen Wolf's** *Women in Underwear*, a delectable series of vignettes, explores the bras, teddies, panties and psyches of partly clad women, and the result is, well, most revealing. **Larry Rivers,** one of America's most acclaimed artists, was entrusted with the intimate artwork. Rivers is also a jazz musician, which reminds us to remind you that the *Playboy Jazz & Rock Poll* ballot appears in this issue; its results will be announced in April.

As this is a holiday issue, we've cleared the way for a couple of bonus pieces of fiction. In *Fahrvergnügen*, illustrated by **Etienne Delessert, Jane Smiley** explores the erotic and mystical potential of a VW bus and the perpetually youthful couple who pilot it along the highway to nirvana.

A time-proven tenet of the martial arts is that you need to seize your opponent's power and make it work to your advantage. **Charles Johnson's** story *Kwoon* is a gripping lesson in survival by the writer whose stunning novel, *Middle Passage*, won the 1990 National Book Award.

OK, who made famous the phrase, "billions and billions of . . ."? If you guessed **Carl Sagan,** renegade astronomer, you win the Crab nebula. Given his outspoken views on the greenhouse effect, nuclear winter and the Strategic Defense Initiative, among other controversies, there are folks in the scientific establishment who would like to send him to a galaxy far, far away and a time long, long ago. We beamed Contributing Editor **David Sheff** to Ithaca, New York, to conduct the *Playboy Interview* with the man who, perhaps alone among his peers, is able to translate arcane theory into fascinating conversation.

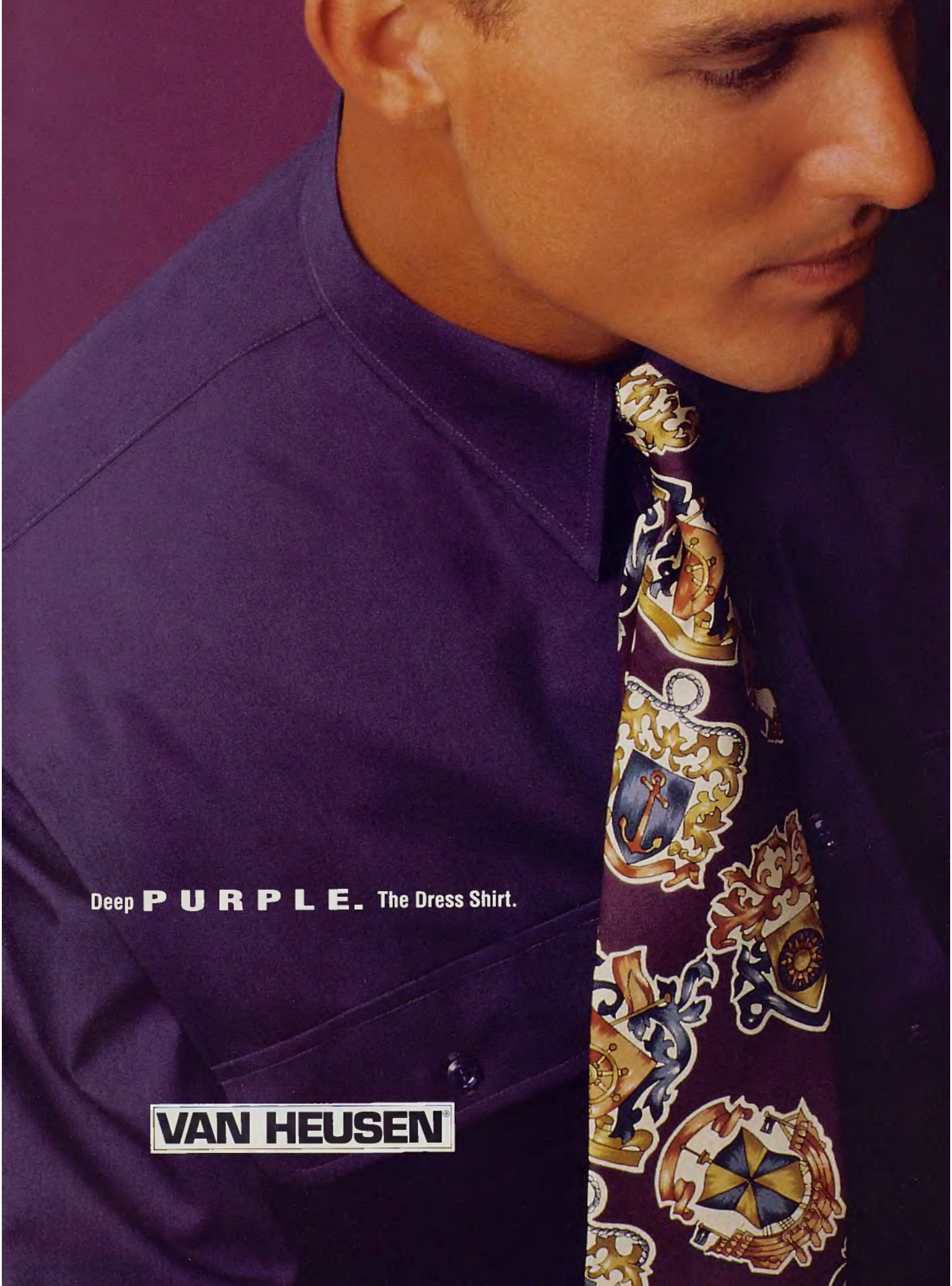
When you're out of lunar orbit, come down to earth with *20 Questions* subject **Joe Pesci,** winner of the Best Supporting Actor Oscar for his role in *GoodFellas*. **Julie Bain** weathered Pesci's graphic demonstration of how to rip off someone's nose to pose hard-hitting questions about growing up in Newark, dealing with real (as opposed to movie) Mobsters and why he agreed to play "a cartoon character" in *Home Alone*.

Time may have its Man of the Year, *Sports Illustrated* its Sportsman of the Year, but this month we spotlight VIPs who are a lot more fun to look at: *Sex Stars 1991*. Our portfolio is packed with the men and women (especially the women) who stirred the minds and hearts (especially the hearts) of America, from **Schwarzenegger** to **Schwarzkopf, Basinger** to **Barbis. Jim Harwood** wrote the text and Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet** assembled the eye-popping layout—with help from the usual *Sex Stars* suspects, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson,** West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren.**

Renowned Hollywood photographer **George Hurrell** again graces our pages, this time to shoot our fashion spread *Hollywood Hot Shots*, starring actors **Michael Biehn, David Duchovny, Jeff Fahey, Tony Peck** and **Mario Van Peebles.** Five other guys, hot-dog skiers, reveal their slope secrets (gear, wear, places to meet women) in *A Single Guy's Guide to Skiing*, sure to be talked about in mountain resorts from New England to California.

Naturally we haven't forgotten to get your holiday shopping off to a flying start with *Playboy's Christmas Gift Collection*. When it comes to the presents we've chosen specially for you, we have, as is our custom, unwrapped a few. We've already introduced Dian and Wendy; now feast your eyes on **Phillip Dixon's** photos of *la belle* **Isabelle Pasco,** the Gallic dream featured in **Peter Greenaway's** exotic new film *Prospero's Books*.

And with that, we bid you *joyeux Noël* and *à bientôt*.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vol. 38, no. 12—december 1991

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COVER STORY

Playboy readers, come on down! This month's showcase features Dian Parkinson, the blonde beauty who some hail as the queen of daytime TV. The red-hot hostess of *The Price Is Right* graces our prizeworthy cover, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Francesca Passeri and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, with hair and make-up by Alexis Vogel. Our Rabbit never feels strapped in.

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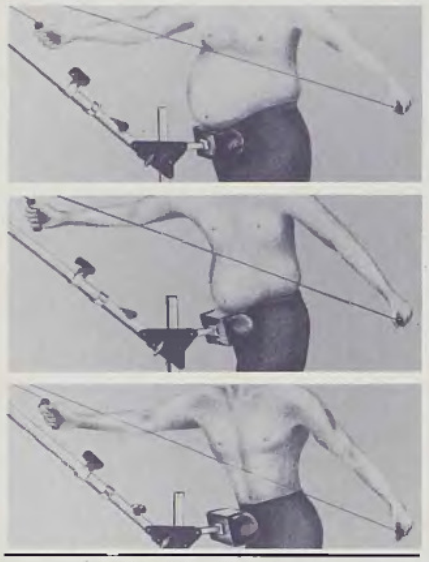

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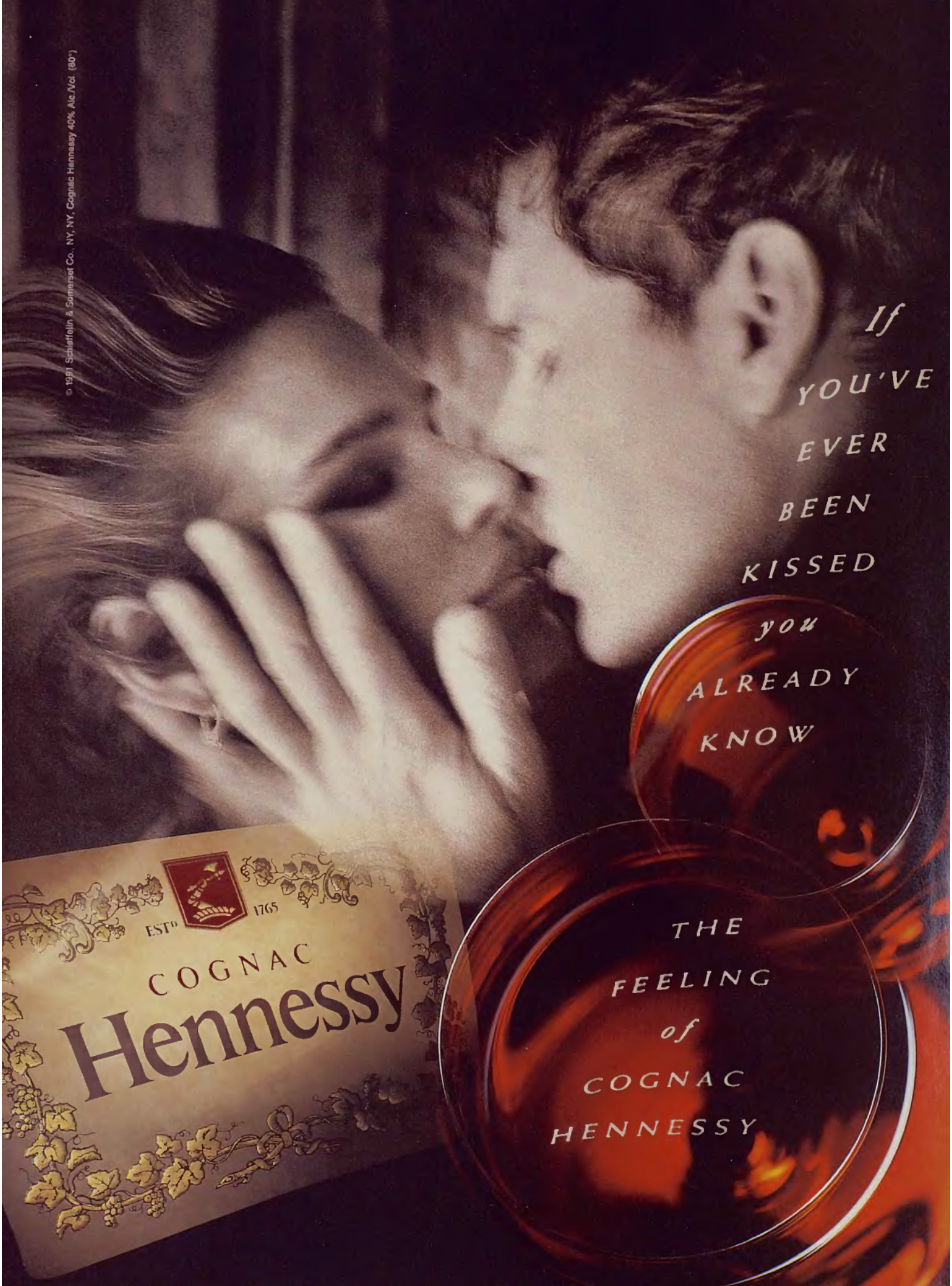

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VIRGINIA GOVERNOR L. DOUGLAS WILDER

Thank you for Peter Ross Range's *Playboy Interview* with Virginia governor L. Douglas Wilder in the September issue. Overall, it went well except for the last part, when Range tried to grill Wilder about his role as the landlord of a reputedly run-down row house and about his wife's divorce petition. Everybody knows that in a divorce, the wife's lawyer will embellish the petition to sway the judge to her side. The petition would have claimed that Wilder mugged a Keebler elf if it would have strengthened his wife's position. That last part is the sour note in an otherwise great interview. Wilder should have made Range walk to D.C. rather than give him a lift in his helicopter.

Michael Le Garde
Chicago, Illinois

I don't know what Governor L. Douglas Wilder is doing to promote liberal-arts education in the state of Virginia, but any governor who can, off the top of his head, quote Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* is certainly setting an inspirational example.

Thomas Keller
Chicago, Illinois

SCHEER ON TEDDY K.

I admire Robert Scheer and usually agree with him, but I have to protest his September *Reporter's Notebook:* "Clean Up Your Act, Ted." I resent his holier-than-thou attitude toward the drinking problem of (by my standards) the most valuable Senator in Washington, Ted Kennedy. I don't give a damn what Kennedy does in his private life. His good works so outweigh his private problems that Scheer's criticism is an insult.

I'm sure Kennedy is aware of the state of his life. He doesn't need Scheer to tell him how to live it.

Leonard Korney
Los Angeles, California

Who does Robert Scheer think he is, making ethnic slurs about the Irish? He cavalierly uses the phrase "red-faced, puffy shanty-Irish drunks" in his opinion piece on Senator Ted Kennedy. I feel certain that Scheer would complain if he saw in print something about, let's say, "arrogant, pushy, obnoxious Jewish writers."

Unless Scheer is referring to the anti-Irish newspaper cartoons of 100 years ago, the only cartoon image of the Irish that fits his description was George McManus' old Maggie and Jiggs cartoon, *Bringing Up Father*. That was Irish making fun of Irish, and Scheer isn't in that club. Thus, he can't get away with it.

Tom Dunlavy
St. Ann, Missouri

TULA, PRO AND CON

Playboy, you've proved again that people are beautiful! Congratulations to Senior Editor Gretchen Edgren for a tasteful and compassionate look into the personality of the former Barry Cossey, now the beautiful Caroline Cossey, a.k.a. Tula (*The Transformation of Tula, Playboy*, September). The article reveals an honest and completely feminine person and gave me a better understanding of what a transsexual feels. I was one of the many guys who made jokes about them, but Edgren's fine article, along with the outstanding photography by Contributing Photographer Byron Newman, changed my views.

Larry Parola
Campbell, California

Congratulations on one of the most enlightening features ever to appear in *Playboy*. Caroline Cossey is not only one of the world's most beautiful women, she is as brave and intelligent as she is sexy. After reading her touching story, I can only wish her the best in her fight for the

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rights to which she's entitled. Her former husband was a lucky man to have known her.

Jason H. Statts
La Fayette, Georgia

I have a complaint about your September issue. The cover line, IT'S A BOY, IT'S A GIRL, IT'S TULA! is misleading. She is neither a boy nor a girl but just what *Playboy* is famous for, a beautiful woman. She is now a woman of dignity, courage and beauty, a woman of whom any man in his right mind—certainly this man—would be proud. My only criticism of her pictorial is that it's entirely too brief. Perhaps you could rectify this in a future issue.

Peter N. Yamasaki
Boston, Massachusetts

I couldn't care less about the opinions of British bureaucrats. Every fiber in my body tells me that Tula is a woman.

If you thought that your readers were so immature that we would be offended

by pictures of this beautiful transsexual, you underestimated us. So grow some spine and publish more pictures of Tula, as some of your international editions have done.

Chuck James
Cumming, Georgia

You have gone too far. *Playboy* has built its reputation on being a wholesome, conservative and tasteful monthly magazine, but *The Transformation of Tula* is a clear violation of healthy, heterosexual orientation. To be honest, it made me sick. You've gone wacky!

Mark Papsun
Greenbelt, Maryland

I was shocked to find that a magazine with the stature of *Playboy* would stoop so low as to publish a story about a man who "became a woman" and have the added gall to include nude photographs of him(?)—her(?)—it(!). Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I always assumed that in order to become a woman, you must have been born a girl, and that God alone has the power to choose what sex you will be.

Brian Mitchell
Kennewick, Washington

I don't care what any court says. She looks all woman to me.

Jackson Roberts
Allentown, Pennsylvania

You should be commended on your handling of a very touchy issue. Even though gender-reassignment operations are still foreign to many of us, and may even disgust some of us, we should start to understand that things can happen in the process of conceiving a child that create irregularities. In Caroline's case, there is no question in my mind that she did the right thing. She is now what she should have been from the start, a very beautiful woman.

This article proves once again that *Playboy* is still the leader in quality adult magazines.

Melvin Joseph Gitler
Yankton, South Dakota

I'll probably catch hell from the guys around me, but that's their problem. I see Tula as a very attractive woman. I'm single and 44, and I'd consider it an honor to date such a beautiful lady, regardless of her past.

Joseph Sochalkz, Jr.
Floral Park, New York

Tula, I'll be your man any day!

Eric Wigge
Louisville, Kentucky

My compliments to Hugh Hefner, Senior Editor Gretchen Edgren and Contributing Photographer Byron Newman for an outstanding job in presenting the ever-beautiful and articulate Caroline Cossey. I am a hard-working registered nurse with two undergraduate degrees (in business and nursing) and a master's degree in business administration from the University of Notre Dame. I am also a woman who went through gender-reassignment surgery.

My specialty is critical-care nursing. When I stop to save the life of a patient in an auto accident on Interstate 95, he doesn't care about my sexual transition; he only cares that I'm there to help with my technical knowledge and skills and my human compassion. I don't treat some members of the public differently from others. Why, then, would the public want to treat me differently?

Isn't it time our elected officials did something to assure full, legal female citizenship for individuals such as Tula and me? We're not second-class citizens and don't deserve to be treated as such. But we can't sit topless on the beaches of Fort Lauderdale. We can't use men's restrooms. We, unlike others, had to find our gender when others were given it. The laws of the land should reflect our rights as the persons we are now, not as persons of the gender assigned to us at birth.

Jennifer Batt
Lauderhill, Florida

Where can I obtain a copy of Tula's autobiography? My local bookstores don't have it.

Pete Tosh
Buffalo, New York

You're one of scores of readers who've asked that question, Pete. As we go to press, U.S. publication rights for her book (published by Faber and Faber in Britain as "My Story" by Caroline Cossey) are still being negotiated. We'll keep you posted.

SAMANTHA DORMAN

Playmate Samantha Dorman (*Say It Again, Sam*, September) is the most beautiful woman ever to grace your pages, Barbi twins and all.

Phil Thornberg
Dublin, Ohio

I was blown away by Samantha Dorman on the cover of your July issue featuring the tall-girls pictorial and could

hardly wait to see her Playmate layout in September. Thank you, Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, for capturing on film Sam's long-legged beauty.

Allen Stetler
Boyertown, Pennsylvania

THE BARBI TWINS

Cambridge railway station at 6:30 on a dull, wet August morning, facing yet another long, boring train journey to work in London. Walk into the station news agent's shop and cast tired eyes over racks with titles such as *Women's Own*, *Motorcycle Monthly* and *The Economist*. And

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Chicago, Illinois 60611
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then—the cover of the September issue of *Playboy* and the Barbi twins (*Seeing Double*, *Playboy*, September). Suddenly wide awake, trembling hand reaching for a copy, paying and rushing out to sit in a train and gaze in awe at such unbelievable beauty. Walk to office floating on a cloud of California sensuality. Utterly wonderful. Thank you.

Howard Firth
Cambridge, England

Associate Photo Editor Jim Larson, photographer KAL and their team have won my vote for the magazine cover of the century with their breath-taking picture of Sia and Shane, the Barbi twins. Bravo!

Alain Gagnon
Montreal, Quebec

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Kudos to David Huddle for *Here's Looking at You* (*Playboy*, September). His adolescent exploits conjure up images of Hermie from *Summer of '42*. I identified with the grown-up approaches to ogling (though I don't like to call it that).

When expressing compliments to women, I follow three basic rules: First, be genuine. Don't give a compliment unless it's warranted; i.e., for a particularly great

IF YOU CAN'T WALK THE WALK . . .

It's two A.M. and I've just finished reading Asa Baber's memoir in the August *Playboy*, *If You Can't Walk the Walk . . . Don't Talk the Talk*. It's right on the nose; disturbingly so.

Eleven years ago, I joined the Army. For the past four and a half years, I've been in Tenth Special Forces group, Fort Devens, Massachusetts. In January 1991, elements of my unit, myself included, participated in Operation Desert Shield/Storm. I returned to an almost embarrassingly warm, emotional reception back in Massachusetts. Only days later, I began to hear the news of Kurdish unrest and then attacks by Kurdish rebels on Saddam Hussein's forces. We were once again alerted and, one month to the day after my homecoming, I left again, this time on the humanitarian mission of Operation Provide Comfort.

My company arrived in Cukurca, Turkey, and set up camp approximately 800 meters from the Iraqi border. Hours after we began to set up our base camp, we witnessed the shooting of several Kurds by the Turkish Jandarme. The result was five dead and three wounded. It seems the offense was one of mobbing a food truck. We felt then that our presence was sorely needed.

Day one in the actual refugee camp started with cheers and applause from the Kurds and wary—almost hurt—looks from the Turks. The camp was spread out more than three kilometers long and about two kilometers wide. I've seen reports of as many as 150,000 people populating the camp, though I believe it was closer to 80,000. The smell was that of a full landfill and the look of the people was of hope—hope that now, with the Americans there, everything would be all right. Well, with the efforts of many agencies (not to mention the Kurds themselves), infant deaths and general life-threatening diseases dropped quickly. We all felt that our presence had made a difference.

Our elation was short-lived. To be honest, most of us wanted to carry out the follow-up mission of outfitting, training and advising the Kurds in their fight for autonomy. Realistically, however, we weren't holding our breath. In our hearts, we knew the answer. We would leave them, just as we've left via the back door so many times before.

I want *Playboy* to know that we truly did the best we could. The best we were allowed to do. I also want you to know that I, like Baber, knew these people as flesh-and-blood beings, with lives every bit as valuable as our own, with beautiful children, with family pictures, with everyday concerns and lifelong dreams, but also with a soul-deep fear that none of us over here can begin to understand.

Goddamn it, I am saddened and very much ashamed of my Government's callous handling of this entire situation. How dare we play God? And what makes it worse is the way the Kurds shared with us what little they had and the admiration and love they showed for us even when they knew the awful truth.

Take this for what it's worth, but many of us are ready and willing to go back and finish what our leaders have started. This war may all be bullshit, but at least we owe the Kurds a fighting chance.

It's time we put away the yellow ribbons, quit patting our leaders on their backs and took care of some unfinished business. If we can't do this, then we need to stay the fuck out of other people's business altogether.

Well, it's now three A.M. and I've rambled on long enough. I guess I just needed to unload and to assure you that Baber's point was not lost on at least one of us soldiers.

S/Sgt. David J. Miller
Fort Devens, Massachusetts

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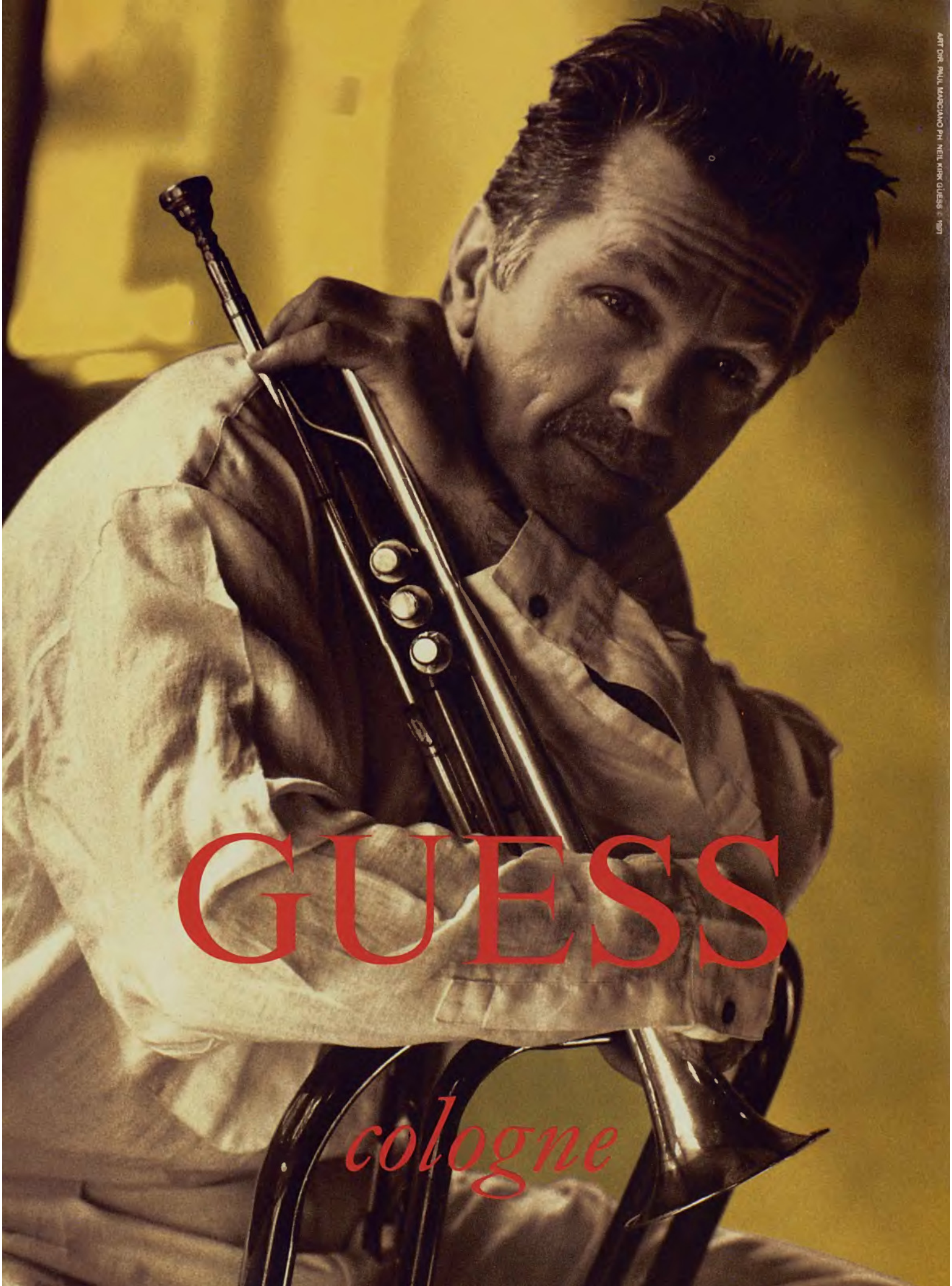
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hairdo or piece of clothing. Second, don't expect anything in return except, perhaps, a thank you. Third, don't act like an asshole when you speak to her. Your tone of voice and facial expression say more than the words. This is what distinguishes a compliment from a "line."

H. Robert Schroeder
Trenton, New Jersey

BILL GATES

Does Bill Gates, the chairman of Microsoft, Inc., and the subject of Contributing Editor David Rensin's September profile (*Bill Gates, Soft Icon*), have *any* social concerns hiding under his silicon exterior? Just imagine if Gates wanted a cure for cancer as much as he does a new spreadsheet or a 24-hour pizza parlor. ($242 for a pizza? I hope he got extra cheese!)

I challenge Gates to do something meaningful for the public with a significant portion of the vast fortune that hangs like a millstone around his neck. A mind is a terrible thing to waste, but a fortune? That's almost criminal.

John Nyhan
Cleveland, Ohio

"SICKOS 'Я' US"

I agree wholeheartedly with Contributing Editor Cynthia Heimel's opinion in her *Women* column, "Sickos 'Я' Us," in the September *Playboy*. I, too, believe that an emotional epidemic is raging on the dating scene. It seems that *many* women are attracted only to verbally or physically abusive men.

I am weary of hearing about how women want nice sensitive guys. If such women exist, where are they? I am honest, sensitive, caring, altruistic and sincere. But men like me seem to be in demand only as friends.

Recently, I had a couple of dates with a wonderful woman. We had several common interests and appeared to have a mutual attraction. But midway through our second date, she stated her intention to return to a relationship with a man who had treated her with very little respect. "Why?" I asked.

"Because I just know he's going to change," she replied. Yeah, sure he will.

Am I missing something? Does a man really have to be a jerk in order to find commitment from a woman? If so, something is seriously out of order.

Clifford W. Schulte
Cincinnati, Ohio

WORKING GIRLS

Although the entire September issue is tremendous, the *Not Your Average Working Girls* pictorial is especially delightful. There could be no lovelier adornment to one of your pages than Cathy Dzik. I'd love to see her in a future pictorial.

Chad Pryson
Kodak, Indiana

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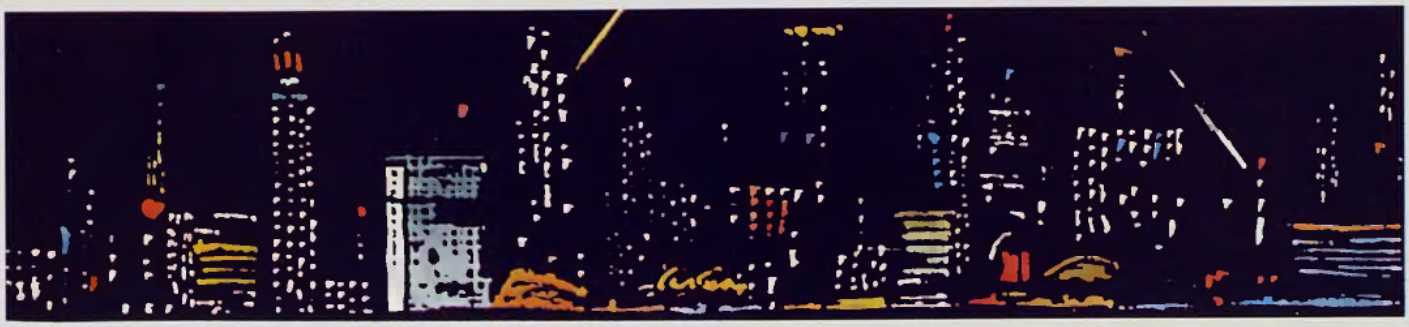
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BUMP, GRIND AND BUSINESS CARDS

Attending publication parties—characterized by poorly chosen cheeses and indifferent wines—is usually a daunting chore. Not so with the party for *Topless*, a sexy new mystery by *Playboy* contributor and novelist D. Keith Mano. The joint was packed when we got there. Behind the bar, two bare-breasted young ladies—one lean, the other voluptuous—gyrated in G strings, high heels and smiles. In a room filled with TV reporters, writers and publishing execs, we flashed hellos to Random House chairman Alberto Vitale, *National Review* senior editor Richard (*The Way of the Wasp*) Brookhiser and writer Dan Greenburg. Manic Mano, emulating the hero of his new book (Mike Wilson, an Episcopal priest forced to run his brother's strip joint), posed next to, between and beneath the eight dancing girls working the party. He passed out a wad of singles to his guests for tips. "These people are shy—I won't say cheap," he noted. "It's good for the publishing types who have never met this kind of girl."

So who dances topless? For the party, Mano had hired an eclectic group of ecdysiastically inclined ambassadors. We were immediately smitten by Nicole: Picture an English version of Isabelle Huppert at 20—flaxen hair, porcelain skin, finishing a degree in photography at a prestigious New York design school.

There, too, was Angie, of whom we are involuntarily reminded every time we see a pencil eraser. One of our colleagues came down with a severe case of Asian flu as Angie explained how she had emigrated from Bangkok and learned an inventive interpretation of *And She Was* by the Talking Heads. Bespectacled Jennifer had cultivated the loose-librarian look for her early sets. So effective was her transformation from bookworm to bombshell that she prompted a bow-tied admirer to note, "That's why they invented the word smoldering."

Mano's novel represents a labor of love, cultivated from nationwide interviews he conducted with the wiggly ladies since 1982. In the process, he compiled other bodacious figures: Sixty-two thousand women in the States dance topless; 750,000 American women have at one time or another been dancers; the combined yearly haul, tips and all, approaches two billion dollars. In one-dollar bills, of course.

•

The New York Times livened up the "Law" section with this headline: "IN COURT, A BITTER DUEL FOR THE RIGHT TO BE A BOZO."

RUTH OR DARE

We had read that Madonna traded in her Jean-Paul Gaultier–designed, armor-piercing bra cups for the more athletic kind in preparation for *A League of Their Own*, next year's flick about a female baseball team. We had also been told that Geena Davis was in the line-up and that Penny Marshall was set to manage, er, direct the venture. It all sounded great on the press release.

So we strolled over to the Illinois Institute of Technology sports field, where college coaches were teaching Madonna and a dozen of the film's Lycra-clad actresses how to run the base paths and shag fly balls. That's where we learned that this type of diamond isn't the Material Girl's best friend.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Madonna, who had never picked up a mitt before, was beaned eight times in the first few days. She complained that the Forties-style cleats hurt her feet. Although Shoeless Mo tried hard—she arrived early and left late—after a few weeks she still threw like a virgin.

To be fair, the entire team's fielding was pretty grim. In the first month, the crew counted five concussions and two broken noses. Regardless of skill, the gals were quick to pick up big-league attitudes. "Most of the time, we're measuring the games in periods instead of innings," an assistant director grumbled as he fetched water for a cast member's two panting pooches. The jockettes also learned to crack wise, just like the guys. A spectator passed out and a gang of girls called 911. When two fire trucks arrived on the scene (911 mistook "heat exhaustion" for "heat explosion"), one of the ladies cried to a fireman, "Show me your hose."

Nevertheless, we're eagerly awaiting Marshall's version of the game. Madonna can't play baseball, but as José Canseco would probably agree, she sure looks good handling a bat.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

From Lenny Kleinfeld, a friend who has gone to Hollywood and *still* returns our calls, we received the following missive:

"The new *Random House Webster's College Dictionary* has been catching unfair flak because of its politically correct improvements on the English language. Herstory is now the word for the study of past events involving womyn. Waiters and waitresses have been desexed into waitrons. Two new forms of discrimination have been codified: heightism and weightism.

"Why the fuss? Language is nothing if not mutable, and, as George Orwell illustrated, our century is the champ when it comes to recombinant meanings and

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Santa is a sex symbol to some women . . . especially those who have had a drink or two at parties."—RALPH GERTZ, 61, OF CLEVELAND, WHO HAS PLAYED SANTA FOR 40 CHRISTMASES

FILM ON TAP

In a survey of 450 modern films, number that feature beer in at least one scene, 115.

•

Number of movies featuring beer in which brand is identifiable, 103; in which only one brewer's beers are seen on screen, 80.

•

Number of films featuring brands by Anheuser-Busch, 34; by Miller, 26; by Stroh, 18; by Coors, 7.

PILING ON

In a study of 34 college football announcers, the most commonly used clichés were, in this order: picked off, explosion, heat, daylight.

•

Average number of clichés used by college-football announcers per game: 20.

•

Average number of clichés used during fourth quarter by Keith Jackson of ABC-TV: 19.3.

HELL ON WHEELS

Number of vehicles entering New York City each weekday, 880,000; number of legal parking spaces in New York, 220,000.

•

Minimum fine for parking violation in New York City, $20; Washington, D.C., $15; Los Angeles, $13; Chicago, $10; Atlanta, $10; Boise, $5.

DAN VACCARINO

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the United States Postal Service, 2782 letter carriers were bitten by dogs in 1990.

TAXING FACTS

Percentage of Federal funds that came from individual income taxes in 1941, 15; today, 45; percentage from corporate taxes in 1941, 24; today, 9; percentage from excise taxes in 1941, 29; today, 4.

TIE ONE ON

Percentage of neckties sold each year that are bought during the holiday season, 20.

SALTY TALK

According to psychologist Tim Jay of *Maledicta Monitor*, the number of different "dirty words" used in everyday conversation, 62; percentage used by males, 95; by females, 47.

•

Average number of rude words in the vocabulary of a five-year-old, 31.

•

Rank of "stupid" among most common insults in Sunday comics, first; of @*#%, third; percentage of insults uttered by male characters, 81.

MILESTONES

Age at which: Sigmund Freud recalled being sexually aroused by seeing his mother naked, two; Mozart went on his first professional tour through Europe, six; Chubby Checker released *The Twist*, 18; Michelangelo sculpted the *Pietà*, 24; Hugh Hefner started *Playboy* magazine, 27; Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, 33; Henry Ford began his motor company, 40; Mae West signed her first film contract, 40; P.T. Barnum opened his three-ring circus, 60; Churchill became England's prime minister, 65; Leo Tolstoy celebrated his birthday by making love to his wife and biking 20 miles, 70; one is eligible for a birthday telegram from Queen Elizabeth, 100. —CHIP ROWE

syntax. The real problem is that the lingo-lutionaries at Random House didn't have the balsamics to really spice up the mother—make that parental—tongue. You can't expect a waitron to suffer being sexually typed as human; we're all hutron beings here (though female hutrons may prefer to look up the word in a clitionary).

"Random House also commits blatant wordism by favoring a few select nonverbs with verbification. For instance, the proper noun Miranda has been verbified, as in, 'The cops Mirandized the suspectrons.' Every word deserves the same opportunity; it's the only way to fairifize the language. Speaking of which, why is it still called English? That's a kind of North Atlantocentric name for something spoken by hutrons of diverse ethnicity. No need for the editors to falsely modestifize their achievement; they've made a fine start at creating a reference work for those who would speak Randomish."

•

Hare's to a fine, feathered friend: A Japanese businessman recently bought a Belgian racing pigeon for a record $144,000. The bird's name? Playboy.

LOLLI GAG

There's definitely a reason *not* to rush ahead and bite through to the center of a Hot Lix lollipop. Suspended in each tequila-flavored candy pop is a boiled, fried worm—not unlike the worm at the bottom of a bottle of mescal. Says Larry Peterman, the Californian who created the sucker, "The worms taste really good—like walnuts." Right—and we bet he thinks walnuts taste like chicken.

GIRL TALK

We've noticed a disturbing speech pattern among some of our girlfriends. For lack of a better term, we'll call it the interrogatory declarative. This post–Valley speech quirk occurs when a girl makes a statement but uses the intonation of a question. As a result, she sounds as if her grasp of what she's talking about is so shaky that she has to ask questions of the air. For example: "So, I got this frozen yogurt? With nuts? But I couldn't hang on to it, because I was also carrying some Evian? And I was late for aerobics?"

What is the purpose? Is it to force tacit assent on the listener? ("Did you understand what I said? Are you with me?") And while a series of such statements can be unsettling, it's really jarring when the lady ends with a declarative sentence, which then has the unearned force of religious writ.

We call this to your attention simply so that you will notice the interrogatory declarative? Know what to call it when you encounter it? Then maybe you can tell us when you figure out a sensible way to get the girls to stop using it?

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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

PRINCE'S BEST albums tie together heaven and a hard-on the way Springsteen's link hot rods and the heartland, so it's great news that ***Diamonds and Pearls*** (Warner Bros.) focuses on sex and salvation. *Diamonds* can be heard as one long ode to eroticism (including the eroticism of big guitar leads). The album's carnal masterpiece is *Gett Off*, the Hendrixy hymn to a heinie so fine it can qualify as either diamond or pearl, but there's no track on which someone isn't getting fucked on the path to glory. That doesn't mean Prince has abandoned the spiritual life. In fact, *Jughead* is a fundamentally political condemnation of music-industry exploitation, describing a fucking of the nasty variety, and uses it as a setup for the ode to music as mystery, *Money Don't Matter 2 Night*.

Such emphasis on music as an alternate vehicle for salvation is not incidental. *Diamonds and Pearls*, Prince's first full record with his group N.P.G. (New Power Generation), is the hardest-rocking and funkiest he has made since *Purple Rain*. On *Push*, he even comes to terms with hip-hop, the revolution that superseded his Revolution and led him to N.P.G. Although the singing isn't always as marvelous as the playing and the writing, *Diamonds and Pearls* is close to a masterpiece and one of the most fulfilling statements of a major career.

VIC GARBARINI

As guitarist and chief songwriter for the Band, Robbie Robertson often used the mythic imagery of early America as a means of exploring contemporary values. He has returned to his musical origins once again with ***Storyville*** (Geffen), his most ambitious parable since the Band's second album.

Like many of his 40-something contemporaries, he's feeling the urge to deal with adult themes by making the journey home to untangle his roots. New Orleans is the wellspring for much American music, and Storyville was the legendary brothel quarter where jazz and blues began. So Robertson went to the Big Easy to recruit a new team, composed primarily of members of the Nevilles and the Meters, and wove a cinematic myth of two young lovers who find, lose and finally reconcile. Nice screenplay, messy album. The individual songs often seem little more than sketchy bridges to the next scene. Combining the ethereal textures of U2 with the earthy funk of the Meters and the more spiritual Nevilles leaves the sound lukewarm and a bit muddled. The lack of compelling melodies doesn't help, either, with the exception of the last two tunes, especially *Sign of the Rainbow*. *Rainbow* ranks with Robbie's best work, an answer to *The Weight* that finds our hero with an "empty heart" learning to hear the "silence between the words." A noble effort, but only his old friend Van Morrison can really pull off this kind of astral funk.

Diamonds and Pearls: Prince's erotic ode.

Some soul shoutin',
sex and salvation and
two heavies: metal and D.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Since I've never worked up much enthusiasm for Gospel music, the true fan—say, a newcomer turned on by the Dorothy Love Coates compilation that Dave Marsh plugged here recently—may find my opinions irrelevant if not sacrilegious. But some new Columbia/Legacy reissues may well suit listeners who, like me, are vaguely put off by Gospel's passionate but narrow world view, even though they respect the moral force of the African-American church and get off on the occasional whoop and holler.

Except for the Abyssinian Baptist Choir's whooping, hollering ***Shakin' the Rafters*** (try *Said I Wasn't Gonna Tell Nobody*), most of this music is very cool. I don't mean CD-boxed totem Mahalia Jackson—too often, she's just dignified, or sanctimonious. But the Golden Gate Quartet's ***Swing Down, Chariot*** elaborates the old close-harmony jubilee tradition, as its key influence, the Mills Brothers, did, without pop schlock. Bending Biblical homilies into progressive parables over light instrumentation that gives them room to swing, they're more *about* Gospel than *of* it. The verve and control of their vocal interplay is beauty made for this earth.

Recorded in the Sixties, just before they went pop, the Staple Singers' ***Freedom Highway*** is cool in a less sophisticated way. Mavis Staple can soul-shout with the best, but the modest wisdom of Staple's vocals and the virtuosity of his blues guitar define the sound. If you like their hits, you'll love what came before.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Those moans and wails you hear outside your window are not the ancient echoes of folkies betrayed by Dylan's going electric. This time, it's betrayed head bangers mourning the latest self-titled long CD album by ***Metallica*** (Elektra). After leading metal to the promised land

GUEST SHOT

WHILE *working toward his lucky break—the newly released "Pretty Blue World"—***Billy Falcon*** learned to write songs with poetic insight as well as the muscle of classic American rock. He also learned to find the territory at the border of commercial and alternative pop. In its own way, cult favorite Crowded House stalks the same territory. Falcon listened to its latest, "Woodface."*

"I'm a big Crowded House fan and every cut on this LP is high quality. Leader Neil Finn's lyrics are so hip and clever, they're almost *too* smart. One wonders what he wants the listener to understand. The passion in Finn's voice compensates for any lyrical gaps in *It's Only Natural*, one of the strongest cuts. This album's version of *Don't Dream It's Over* is *Fall at Your Feet*, a track that kills. Someday, Crowded House will cut a masterpiece. This just isn't it."

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Golden Gate Quartet *Swing Down, Chariot*	9	8	8	10	8
Heavy D. *Peaceful Journey*	7	6	7	7	6
Metallica	3	9	9	6	3
Prince *Diamond and Pearls*	7	8	7	9	9
Robbie Robertson *Storyville*	3	6	6	4	6

HIP-HOP DEPARTMENT: Good old American ingenuity. A Milwaukee-based company has developed a do-it-yourself rap kit for $12.95. In it are a pair of sunglasses, a lyric book for rap classics, a 40-minute cassette with a rapper's voice as a vocal guide and, finally, an instrumental version to accompany the master rapper (you!). Yuppie wanna-bes can call 800-637-2852.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Nile Rodgers** will produce, as well as compose and produce the score for, a movie about the Black Panthers called *Liberated Territory*. . . . **Ice-T** has a production deal with Disney. The rapper says the Disney execs see him as an action star. "Imagine that," says Ice-T, "me and Walt." . . . Details are still sketchy on the **Michael Jackson** film *Midknight*, but we do know Michael's character is all-knowing, all-powerful. Just like real life.

NEWSBREAKS: **Kinky Friedman** has signed a TV deal to turn his mysteries into a series. . . . Check out the latest batch of instrumental videos from Homespun: They include *The Fiddle According to Vassar* by fiddle virtuoso **Vassar Clements** and *How to Play the Five-String Banjo* by **Pete Seeger.** Call Homespun at 800-33-TAPES. . . . HBO's film of **Paul Simon's** Central Park concert last summer is destined to be both a live LP and a video. . . . Unfortunately, there won't be a **Talking Heads** revival any time soon, but the band's greatest-hits double CD will include three new tunes. . . . With **George Harrison's** Japanese tour gearing up, can U.S. concert dates be far behind? . . . The first compact-disc recorder manufactured by Denon has a $19,000 price tag. The company predicts that within two years, the price will drop to *only* $5000. . . . **Jimmie Vaughan** is sifting through various recordings to see if there is enough suitable material for a **Stevie Ray Vaughan** memorial LP. . . . Rhino now has a kids' label, on which a new album of lullabies, *Mickey Dolenz Puts You to Sleep*, finds the former **Monkee** singing everything from *Blackbird* by **The Beatles** to **Neil Young's** *Sugar Mountain*. . . . The boys from **Milli Vanilli** are in therapy—and are taking voice and acting lessons. **Fab Morvan** compared the lip-synching scandal to being in an earthquake: "One day you're rich and famous and have all these friends; the next day everything is destroyed and you're all alone." . . . **The Everly Brothers** will soon have a museum and musical complex in their home town of Central City, Kentucky. . . . Look for **Chastity Bono's** debut LP on Geffen (her Mom, **Cher's,** label). . . . Who are the shills for Trouble, the designer-recycled jeans? **Warrant** *and* the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** (say that very slowly and savor the incongruity). Both groups are featured in a national print-ad campaign. Trouble takes old 501 Levis and custom-embroiders them for resale. . . . *Rock & Roll Confidential* tells us that a **Rock & Roll Bar Association** has been formed because attorneys don't know much about legal strategies and court decisions favorable to rock and rap fans. Membership in the R.R.B.A. is open to lawyers (and nonlawyers) who pass the bar—in this case, a walk through a bar where a band is playing real loud. If you smile, you pass. Want the newsletter? Write to Benjamin J. Eicher, Wallahan & Eicher, Box 328, Rapid City, South Dakota 57709. Maybe we won't have to kill *all* the lawyers!

—BARBARA NELLIS

of thrash with speed, speed and more speed, Metallica has decided to try its hand at grunge, which is to say slow, slow and more slow. Why speed should be a matter of integrity is beyond me. What is a matter of integrity is the song *Don't Tread on Me*. Declaring America to be an "emblem of vigilance" and directing the listener to "love it or leave it," Metallica has hereby produced a towering load of Republican shit. It's hard to believe that the guys who did *One*, probably the most explicit antiwar video ever shown on MTV, can now be endorsing the recent massacre in Iraq. But they are, and I say fuck 'em. The rest of the album has a dark and dreamy feel. *Enter Sandman* is built on a decent riff and the production by Bob Rock is probably the best Metallica has ever had, which brings us back to the words. Those moans and grinding teeth are mine.

NELSON GEORGE

Heavy D. holds a unique position in the world of rap. He makes danceable records. Yet because of his slick, urban style and his agile baritone delivery, the "Heavyster" commands the respect of the hard-core audience. Heavy D. and the Boyz' third album, ***Peaceful Journey*** (MCA/Uptown), illustrates this fortunate dichotomy. The first single, *Now That We Found Love*, recasts the O'Jays standard into hip-house style and is typical of D.'s radio-friendly product. At the same time, *Don't Curse* features an all-star chorus of rappers (Big Daddy Kane, Grand Puba, Q-Tip) in a witty commentary on censorship that has been a big rap-club hit.

All through the 14-cut CD, D. plays out this balancing act between no-holds-barred commercialism (the pro-black-woman *Sister, Sister*, the heavily Jacksons-sampled title rap) with more elemental boasting raps. Much like LL Cool J, Heavy D. covers all the hip-hop bases without alienating the extremists in this increasingly polarized musical community.

Phyllis Hyman, a statuesque, husky-voiced diva with a long track record, has for several years been without a record deal. That recently changed. Her ***Prime of My Life*** (Zoo/BMG) contains ten stylish tracks created by the likes of Kenny Gamble, Nick Martinelli and Preston Glass. The resulting record is solid but predictable, pleasing but not exciting. This collection illustrates the link between the glossy R&B that Gamble helped create and that inspired Hyman and the cabaret tradition that informs pop R&B. Hyman is an interesting and personable vocalist; it's good to have her back in action.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

REHEARSALS OF a Wagner opera in Paris set the stage for **Meeting Venus** (Warner), an adulterous love story for grownups, particularly for grownups who might like to heighten illicit passion with excerpts from *Tannhäuser*. Glenn Close, as a world-famous diva, has her singing dubbed by opera queen Kiri Te Kanawa, but the energetic, hit-the-spot acting is her very own. Close portrays soprano Karin Anderson, who simultaneously undertakes her role in *Tannhäuser* and an affair with her tempestuous Hungarian conductor (played with zeal by Danish-born Niels Arestrup). Directed and co-authored by István Szabó, whose *Mephisto* won a 1981 Oscar as Best Foreign Film, *Venus* is an intelligent, sophisticated erotic comedy with a marked European flavor. In fact, it reflects the ways art and life overlap, while slyly mocking the status quo of an Americanized new world in which sex, ego and union rules control damned near everything. ¥¥¥

•

Mountain climbers as well as timid souls who hesitate to scale the heights should be equally shaken by **K2** (Miramax). Director Franc Roddam mounts a harrowing film version of the two-character play by Patrick Meyers that has had actors clambering up ersatz icy precipices in theaters since 1982. Expanded for the screen, *K2* was shot in the mountains of Pakistan and British Columbia, doubling for the remote summit of the title, which is second in height only to Mount Everest. Michael Biehn, playing a vain Seattle attorney, and Matt Craven, as a physics professor with an inner need to challenge himself, are the two principals whose courage is tested on K2. While other characters are introduced—porters, fellow climbers at the end of their ropes, worried women at home—the movie scores highest as a head-spinning cliff-hanger that mixes action and adventure with vertigo. ¥¥¥

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Startling superimposed images, cinematic bravura and more nudity per reel than any film in memory make **Prospero's Books** (Miramax) a landmark of sorts. It would be wise, however, to reread *The Tempest* before exposure to British director Peter Greenaway's dense and esoteric adaptation, which makes *The Cook, the Thief . . .* and earlier Greenaway movie conundrums look simple. As Prospero, the exiled Duke of Milan who has been banished to a distant island where he works magic and plots revenge, John Gielgud speaks most of the parts in what amounts to a marathon free-form recitation of Shakespeare's text. Other actors, from Sweden's Erland Josephson as Gonzalo to budding French star Isabelle Pasco (see her pictorial in this issue) as Miranda, have little to do but compete with the backgrounds. As consistently original as he is incoherent, Greenaway floods the screen with erotic pageantry that overwhelms more than clarifies the narrative. A viewer may ogle the naked male and female figures flashing or floating across the screen with only a hint as to what the hell is going on. In brief, *Prospero's Books* will titillate Greenaway buffs; it's definitely not for the *Terminator 2* crowd. ¥¥¥

Close waxes operatic in *Meeting Venus*.

See grand opera, a mighty mountain and the Bard in the buff.

•

A surprisingly inoffensive—and brilliantly stylish—comedy about two young male hustlers, **My Own Private Idaho** (Fine Line) co-stars River Phoenix (see *Dogfight* review) and Keanu Reeves. Alternately seeking family ties and tricks, they travel from Portland, Oregon, to Idaho and Italy while Phoenix, who is a narcoleptic, keeps falling asleep at odd moments, even when he's about to peddle sexual favors to a client. Reeves plays a sexually ambiguous rebel, the estranged son of Portland's mayor. Their paid gigs, mostly with men, are shown in slow motion or with such sly bravura—especially in a ribald sequence featuring Udo Kier—that the movie seems more sweet than scandalous. Writer-director Gus Van Sant, Jr., whose *Drugstore Cowboy* spurred his reputation as a hot film maker, is on target in a droll bit that displays Reeves, Phoenix and other pinup boys swapping comments about their trade from the framed covers of beefcake magazines. Van Sant somewhat spoils his cheekily amoral tale by diluting its charms with an irrelevant subplot inspired by Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. Reeves's involvement with a Falstaffian rogue named Bob (novelist–film maker William Richert hams up the part) draws him into a mob of Portland's boy hustlers, whose street talk inexplicably takes on an Elizabethan English air. In fact, there are two movies here that Van Sant never quite brings together, nor does he address anything so realistic as the menace of AIDS. But as a nonjudgmental study of human frailty, *Private Idaho* is bold, risky and disarming. ¥¥¥

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Andrew McCarthy, who used to be linked with Hollywood's Brat Pack, takes some getting used to as an action hero in **Year of the Gun** (Triumph). He seems especially lightweight as a leading man opposite Valeria Golino, playing his Italian activist lover, and sexy Sharon Stone, as the inquisitive news photographer he can't resist. Still, McCarthy's diffidence eventually makes him more convincing as a young reporter in Rome, writing a novel about terrorism and stumbling onto some honest-to-God plotters in the process. The 1978 kidnaping and murder of Italian prime minister Aldo Moro provides the factual background for screenwriter David Ambrose's fiction. Director John Frankenheimer, whose string of hit thrillers goes back to *The Manchurian Candidate* in 1962, keeps *Year of the Gun* spinning along from revelation to revelation. ¥¥½

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A whimsical Capraesque comedy, typically softhearted toward common folk, **29th Street** (Fox) is based on the true story of a born-to-win Brooklynite named Frank Pesce. Anthony LaPaglia (who walked away with *Betsy's Wedding* as a Mafia princeling last year) confirms his starworthy credentials in the role of Frank, a guy so lucky that he wins $6,200,000 in the 1976 New York State lottery. His brother, Vito the cop, is played by the actual Frank Pesce, with Danny Aiello as their doubting, not-so-lucky dad and Lainie Kazan supplying flashy fringe benefits as their mom. Writer-director George Gallo, Jr. (who wrote *Midnight Run*) mounts the entire show as a minor Italian-American treat, wreathed in melting big-city smiles and Christmas spirit. ¥¥¥

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Sold by her poverty-stricken father to slave dealers in northern China, an innocent girl named Lalu is dragged onto the auction block in San Francisco and winds up in an Idaho mining town's thriving bordello. How she survives by refusing to be a whore *and* refusing to be humbled is

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the story of ***Thousand Pieces of Gold*** (Greycat), based on a true 19th Century story and directed with a strong woman's touch by Nancy Kelly. As the lissome, indomitable Lalu—known as Polly when she gets to Idaho—Rosalind Chao (from TV's *Star Trek: the Next Generation*) makes her role a stunning bid for stardom. Chris Cooper, Michael Paul Chan and Dennis Dun are fine as the three main men she enlists in her fight against sexism, racism and ignorance—but Chao upstages them all with ease. ¥¥¥

•

The title of ***Dogfight*** (Warner) refers to a game played by Viet-bound Servicemen on leave circa 1963. They bring the least attractive pickups they can find to a gin mill chosen in advance, and top prize goes to the guy whose date is the doggiest. River Phoenix plays Eddie, the macho young Marine whose choice for the evening is a plain, dumpy little waitress named Rose. Lili Taylor brings pluck as well as pathos to Rose's part, and director Nancy Savoca (whose first feature was the justly applauded *True Love*) sensitively explores Rose's relationship with Eddie, a GI jock with a value system based on his belief in bullshit. "That's what makes us Americans," says Eddie, who learns better after coming home wounded from 'Nam. ¥¥

•

Says the painter to his model: "I want to know and see the inside of your body . . . I'm going to become part of you." So it goes for a good four hours, with lots of sketching sans dialog in French director Jacques Rivette's ***La Belle Noiseuse*** (MK2). The title, derived from the French word for nut, means a somewhat crazy woman, specifically described here as "a beautiful pain in the ass." The movie is the sort of lengthy cerebral exercise that wins big at Cannes (well, the 1991 festival's second prize). As the genius with a masterwork burning inside him, Michel Piccoli actually *looks* the part of an obsessed creator (even while another man gets screen credit for close-ups as The Painter's Hand), and Emmanuelle Beart—naked in a good many scenes—is uninhibited and breath-takingly beautiful. There's a subplot concerning her jealous lover (David Bursztein) and the artist's wife (Jane Birkin). Everything takes twice as long as necessary, however, because it's that kind of movie. ¥¥½

•

One inmate of a psychiatric hospital for troubled teens remarks, "I love violence . . . I'm particularly interested in serial killers." That scary aside amounts to normal conversation in ***The Boy Who Cried Bitch*** (Pilgrims 3). Karen Young is exceptional as a Manhattan heiress and mother of a dysfunctional family named Love, a misnomer if ever there were one. While Mom is clearly a head case with three boys to smother, her 12-year-old son Dan (chillingly played by Harley Cross) exudes sheer malevolence. Arson, child abuse and hints of incest erupt before *Boy Who Cried Bitch* lunges to a melodramatic finale. ¥¥½

J. T., everybody's favorite jerk.

OFF CAMERA

He has been a bad egg in most of his 18 movies to date, and ***J. T. Walsh,*** 40-something and amiably earthy off screen, wouldn't mind changing his image. He was a crooked politician in *Backdraft*, a scam artist in *The Grifters* and an incestuous pornographer in *Defenseless*. "I keep playing these parts because Hollywood is a factory town," says Walsh. "If you once play a six-sided widget, then that's what you're going to be. Actually, it all started when I was on Broadway in *Glengarry Glen Ross*, but *that* was a stretch . . . the first time I'd played a sort of shit . . . you know, a guy I call a Protestant with a poker up his ass."

His first film was *Power*, starring Richard Gere, in which Walsh played a corrupt Senator. Later, "*Good Morning, Vietnam* really got me some attention. I was the asshole sergeant who, they said, needed a blow job more than any white man in history." A University of Rhode Island alumnus and theater veteran who was raised in Europe, Walsh became "a hippie journalist" for a magazine called *Avatar* and finally chose an acting career "because I couldn't do anything else." He still prefers the stage to movies. "Film is difficult, all little bits with no continuity. It's like *coitus interruptus*: You never get your rocks off." He hopes to do more straight roles "playing opposite a woman." Meanwhile, he will be working in *A Few Good Men*, based on the Broadway hit, directed by Rob Reiner, starring Jack Nicholson and Tom Cruise. "Reiner's a friend. He said, 'Pick the part you want.' So I'll play the Marine captain who kills himself." One more shady character Walsh just couldn't resist.

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

La Belle Noiseuse (See review) A cerebral French skin show. ¥¥½

The Boy Who Cried Bitch (See review) Family ties seriously fraying. ¥¥½

The Commitments (Reviewed 9/91) Youth and music in high gear in Dublin. ¥¥¥¥

Dogfight (See review) Giving the dating game a cruel twist. ¥¥

The Fisher King (11/91) Terry Gilliam's romantic fantasy set on a magic island called Manhattan. ¥¥¥¥

Homicide (11/91) Joe Mantegna, as a Jewish cop, checks his roots. ¥¥¥½

The Indian Runner (11/91) Director Sean Penn tackles violence, sibling rivalry and macho myths. ¥¥½

K2 (See review) High adventure. ¥¥¥

Little Man Tate (Listed only) Single mom Jodie Foster battles pedagog Dianne Wiest for winsome whiz kid. ¥¥½

The Man in the Moon (11/91) Boy meets girl—and her sister. ¥¥½

Married to It (11/91) Stressed-out relationships in New York. ¥¥¥

Meeting Venus (See review) Grand operatic adultery. ¥¥¥

My Own Private Idaho (See review) Male hustlers in Gus Van Sant's cheekily kinky comedy. ¥¥¥

The Pope Must Diet (Listed only) Britain's Robbie Coltrane in a broad, bawdy, often out-of-kilter spoof. ¥¥

Prospero's Books (See review) The Bard of Avon meets Greenaway. ¥¥¥

Rambling Rose (11/91) She's promiscuous but charming. ¥¥¥

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe (11/91) This one-woman showstopper is Lily Tomlin. ¥¥¥¥

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll (9/91) Yet another singular sensation is monologist Eric Bogosian. ¥¥¥¥

Shattered (Listed only) Who's who in a sort of who-cares whodunit. ¥¥

Stepping Out (Listed only) Sheer showbiz savvy galvanized by Liza Minnelli as a tap teacher. ¥¥¥

Thousand Pieces of Gold (See review) Chao sinks her teeth into it. ¥¥¥

29th Street (See review) Winning comedy with holiday charm. ¥¥¥

Whore (10/91) Wobbly streetwalking, with Theresa Russell on call. ¥½

Year of the Gun (See review) Italian-style terrorism abroad. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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VIDEO

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Baby Face: An early, erotic Barbara Stanwyck curio stars Babs as a cookie who means big business, sleeping her way to the top, floor by floor. Also features a young John Wayne.

Drums Along the Mohawk: No longer politically correct (the Indians are a threat), John Ford's exciting 1939 action drama stars Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda as beleaguered pioneers bravely holding the fort.

French Postcards: U.S. college kids abroad in an overlooked comedy loaded with wanna-be stars, among them Debra Winger and Mandy Patinkin.

History Is Made at Night: The late squeaky-voiced charmer Jean Arthur at her peak as a girl who runs away from Mr. Wrong and falls in love with a Parisian waiter (Charles Boyer).

The Loved One: Aptly tagged the movie "with something to offend everyone," this wacky all-star comedy based on Evelyn Waugh's novel about U.S. burial rituals features Jonathan Winters, John Gielgud, Liberace and many others.

—BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO HEAVY HITTERS

Holyfield and Tyson are about to go at it. But if you can't wait for the bell, HBO's ***Boxing's Best*** series ($19.95 each) is the perfect video undercard. In the corners:

The Heavyweights—The Big Punchers: Spotlights the crushing blows of, among others, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Smokin' Joe Frazier and, of course, Muhammad Ali.

The Heavyweights—The Stylists: Fancy-pants stuff from Gentleman Jim Corbett, Floyd Patterson, Jersey Joe Walcott and, of course, Ali.

Muhammad Ali: From Olympic Gold to Larry Holmes, a punch-for-punch vid bio of The Greatest.

Jack Dempsey: Watch the Manassa Mauler sock his way to Twenties stardom. Best bout: the controversial Gene Tunney fight.

Sugar Ray Robinson: The man Ali called "the king, my master, my idol." Footage from 25 years in the ring.

Mike Tyson's Greatest Hits: literally. Includes finishing off Marvis Frazier in 30 seconds and the only KO of Larry Holmes.

Other ringside VCR champs: ***Leonard-Hearns Saga*** (CBS/Fox), in which the *other* Sugar Ray starts and finishes an eight-year grudge match with Tommy Hearns; and VidAmerica's two-tape ***Great One-Punch Knockouts***—which are just what the title says they are. Ouch.

—STUART WARMFLASH

VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Helmut Newton: Frames from the Edge: On the set and behind the lens with the daring, voyeuristic and always captivating photographer of the female form. Best sequence: Naked girl humps car (Home Vision/Public Media).

Air Force One: The Planes and the Presidents—Flight II: Charlton Heston hosts a vid spin on the Oval Office in the sky. Tape includes a compartment-to-compartment tour and Q.&A.s with pilots, crew and Presidents—including George (MPI).

Ripley's Believe It or Not!: Three tapes ($9.98 each) of amazing stories, including "The Man Convicted of Murdering Himself," "Lindbergh Was the 67th Man to Fly the Atlantic" and "George Washington Was *Not* the First U.S. President" (Strand VCI).

GUEST SHOT

He may have landed *Ka-Pow!*s and *Socko!*s regularly as TV's original *Batman*, but **Adam West** eschews video mayhem. "I don't like gratuitous violence," he says, "but I do love crazy comedies." High on the former caped crusader's laugh list: the screwball films of Preston Sturges, the antics of Chevy Chase ("I can watch *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* over and over"), Woody Allen's *What's New Pussycat?* and Peter Sellers' *Being There*. West also relies on his VCR to screen the "lesser-known but really fine films" not playing near his remote Idaho ranch, such as *Dark Eyes*, *Pelle the Conquerer*, *sex, lies, and videotape* and *My Life as a Dog*. As for Tim Burton's *Batman*, West is lukewarm. "I have a loyalty to our [1966] *Batman* movie. Their *Batman* is simply not ours. But I *did* cry for three days about the money."

—DOROTHY ATCHESON

FEDERAL FOLLIES

As America observes the 50th anniversary of its entrance into World War Two, it's time to rewind ***Federal Follies,*** the sassy cult collection of Government-funded

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
FEELING FAMILIAL	***The Godfather Part III*** (Pacino oppoints punk Andy Gorcio new don; *Mama mia*, do we miss Duvoll!); ***Class Action*** (lawyers Gene Hackmon ond Mory Elizabeth Mastrontonio snarl in dod–doughter court closh); ***Cadence*** (Charlie Sheen's in Army brig, Martin Sheen's the tough warden, Lorry Fishburne steols the movie).
FEELING FUNNY	***The Hard Way*** (cop James Woods tokes actor Michoel J. Fox to the streets for reality troining; amiable); ***Only the Lonely*** (momma's boy John Candy finally finds a nice girl—then Ma shifts to sandbog mode); ***Switch*** (sexist Perry King croaks and comes back as Ellen Borkin; cute effort).
FEELING NOSTALGIC	***The Doors*** (Oliver Stone's Morrison-as-myth biopic; forceful but exhousting); ***Kennedy's Ireland*** (glonce back at J.F.K.'s 1963 visit to Emerald Isle; rich history and photography); ***Hollywood Chronicles*** (encyclopedic tour of Tinseltown in 13 topes; Jockie Cooper hosts).
FEELING NOSY	***Cyrano de Bergerac*** (Depordieu dazzles as lovesick swordsmon-poet with megoschnozz); ***Roxanne*** (fire chief Steve Mortin's hose nose puts damper on romonce); ***Pinocchio*** (beoky wooden boy on lom encounters whole ond other mishops; a Disney gem).

DOCUVIBES OF THE YEAR

Madonna's *Truth or Dare* is not your typical concert film, gang. The audacious documentary (suggested price: $92.95) tracks the planet's reigning sex goddess' 1990 Blond Ambition tour—on stage, backstage, in her dressing room, in her bed. Our favorite moment: the water-bottle bit (Live).

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AVALON	8583082	HAMLET (1990)	9706082	PUMP UP THE VOLUME	8576072			SEX, LIES & VIDEOTAPE	5963042
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FLATLINERS	8575082	NOT WITHOUT MY DAUGHTER	7226032	WELCOME HOME, ROXY CARMICHAEL	8385082			THE LAST EMPEROR	1974002
THE RUSSIA HOUSE	7392012	POSTCARDS FROM THE EDGE	8582092			AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	2021012	BLUE STEEL (1990)	6965002
CHINATOWN	2025072			THE ROOKIE	9692042			RAGING BULL	0500052
AIRPLANE	2033072	REVERSAL OF FORTUNE	9697092	ABOVE THE LAW	6336022	STAR TREK V: THE FINAL FRONTIER	4486052	THE KARATE KID	1710092
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VIDBITS

TOP STORY: Half a century after its theatrical release, Walt Disney's cartoon musical masterpiece, ***Fantasia,*** is available on video—for the moment. On sale November first for just 50 days, the classic is priced at $24.99 for standard packaging and $99.99 for a deluxe deal, which includes a 16-page commemorative book and a making-of vid. After the sales blitz, Mickey and company will go back into hiding until, per Walt's wishes, the film reappears on the big screen with new segments. Can't wait.

Mouse in the house: After 50 years, *Fantasia*'s yours—but only for 50 days. Get it while it's hot.

THE BEAT GOES ON: V.I.E.W. Video is fast becoming *the* source for all that jazz on tape. Newly added to the company's hot-vibes library is the ***Sax, Drums & Rock n' Roll*** series, featuring *Grover Washington, Jr., in Concert*, *Louie Bellson and His Big Band* and *Bobby (Weir) & the Midnites*. . . . Pop-music vidiots need not live by MTV alone. Rhino has just released five new vids in its ***Shindig*** series, which highlights the popular ABC-TV program of the Sixties. Topping the new-hits list: *Louie Louie* by the Kingsmen, *Stop! In the Name of Love* by the Supremes and a Jackie Wilson–Jerry Lee Lewis duet of *Whole Lot of Shakin' Going On*. . . . MPI is also doing the retro music bit with a four-volume ***Rock & Roll Collection: Dick Clark's Golden Greats.*** The replays of *Chantilly Lace* and *The Twist* are perfect—but *Rhinestone Cowboy*? Hey, Dick. . . .

HISTORIC HAT TRICK: For those who prefer catching oldies on vid (as opposed to the midnight movie), here's a threesome: Time-Life's Bogart Collection offers ***Casablanca, The African Queen, The Maltese Falcon*** and ***Key Largo*** at just $24.99 each; MCA/Universal is going for the laughs with a ten-tape Abbott and Costello library ($14.95 each; our fave: ***The Time of Their Lives***); and Turner Home Entertainment's 50th Anniversary edition of Orson Welles's timeless epic ***Citizen Kane*** ($100) includes the restored version of the film, the original 1941 theatrical trailer, a hardcover commemorative book, a theater poster, publicity materials and a bound copy of the script. Oh, and Ted has kept the flick black and white, thank you.

FIRE LIGHTERS: Hot stuff. HBO has released its hit vid bio ***The Josephine Baker Story,*** which retells the story of the legendary black showgirl who rose to international acclaim despite racism and Walter Winchell. Program features Lynn Whitfield as Baker and more skin than you'd expect from, well, HBO. . . . Did Oliver Stone's movie leave you longing for the real thing? Check out MCA/Universal's Doors trilogy: ***Dance on Fire*** (songs and behind-the-scenes peeks), ***Live at the Hollywood Bowl*** (filmed before an S.R.O. crowd on July Fourth weekend, 1968) and ***The Soft Parade: A Retrospective*** (including the band's last TV gig, on PBS in 1969).

DISC ALERT: If Roger Ebert's *Thumbs Up for Laser Discs* (*Playboy*, November) turned you on to the format, you'll be glad to know that NewVisions, Inc.'s, *Laser Video File* lists more than 6000 disc titles in a digest-size guide—and it's only $3.50. Call 201-712-9500. . . . A little laser-disc company called Lumivision (800-776-LUMI) is making the move on the big guys. Added to its ever-growing library of cool and unusual platters: ***The Dream Is Alive*** (a journey on the space shuttle, as seen on giant IMAX screens around the country), the ***Incredible Animation Collection*** (two volumes of award-winning animated shorts from the National Film Board of Canada) and D. W. Griffith's ***Birth of a Nation.***

BY THE WAY: Among the X-rated films showing at the moviehouse where Pee-wee Herman got nabbed with his pants allegedly down was one called *Nurse Nancy*. Well, we sampled *Nancy* (on video) and we have to be honest: We liked *Pee-wee's Playhouse* better.

propaganda films of the era. A warning: Although these tapes have been edited for entertainment value, not all are a hoot. Some highlights:

Volume One: Etiquette for sailors—i.e., we've been buttering our rolls all wrong; how pregnancy happens ("But she was wearin' this bikini and I just couldn't *help* myself"); A-bomb advice to kids from Bert the Turtle: Get under a newspaper.

Volume Two: Disney animators tell how to construct a latrine; Julia Child explains the chemical building blocks of life as a primordial vichyssoise; more Navy dating tips (let her pick the movie seats).

Volume Three: Sailors take LSD, then graduate to the stronger drug marijuana. (A beefy young seaman takes acid, looks in the mirror and sees himself in drag. Hmmm.)

Volume Four: Flier Ronald Reagan mistakes a U.S. P-40 for a Jap Zero; Marines get warned about dance studios, health clubs and used-car salesmen; lawmen learn how to infiltrate protest rallies.

Volume Five: Soldier causes mayhem by not latching footlocker, disposing of razor blades, heeding SOFT SHOULDERS sign; Jack Webb on being the perfect POW.

Volume Six: Disney's people *again* tell how to construct a latrine (this time, there's a cute animated hookworm); Japanese-Americans pick sugar beets at Utah camps and embrace their internment. For the camera, that is.

(Series available from Brookville Productions, 800-327-FILM.) —JAMES HARRIS

VCR&R

From Peter Roberts Productions comes the city dweller's dream: *Escape Tapes.* Now you can mellow out at a lakeside retreat (*Loons*), scale breath-taking peaks (*Mountain*) and wander the wilderness (*Eagles*) without leaving the couch. Best part: no narration. *(Each tape $19.95; to order, call 800-735-3298.)*

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Steady as She Goes: Save the jiggle for the other side of the camera. Panasonic's PV-41 VHS-C camcorder has digital electronic image stabilization. That means that even if your hands shake, the picture won't. You can thank fuzzy logic.

—MAURY LEVY

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STYLE

ON THE 12TH DAY

When it comes to giving and receiving gifts, the holidays are always a great excuse to go over the top—both in style and in cost. High on the list of luxuries are printed silk shirts by Gianni Versace ($800–$1700)—favorites of heavy hitters such as Sylvester Stallone and Eric Clapton. Designer Jeff Hamilton's soft and supple leather jackets ($1000) are also hot with the movie and music sets (he even incorporates any N.F.L. team's logo as part of the look). Football fans are also likely to get a kick out of the Berek Ltd. hand-knit sweater ($480) shown here. Dressed-for-success types will go knots over a tie from Hermés ($120–$135), while athletes who have everything will flip over a cashmere jogging suit from Donna Karan Menswear ($1200 pants, $1800 shirt) or comfy cashmere slippers from Loro Piana ($200). If basic denim is giving your buddies the fashion blues, check out Moschino Jeans' overdyed black, red or mustard pants ($120) and jean jackets ($250). And for the perfect present for your favorite Crusader, pick up one of Philippe Ambert's chain-mail shirts ($4000). But don't forget: The best thing about not receiving gifts like these is that they usually go on sale December 26th!

HOT SHOPPING: SANTA FE

Santa Fe's a haven for holiday shopping, with unusual boutiques ranging from true West to new West and beyond. Sanbusco Outfitters (550 Montezuma Avenue): Elegant rugged wear displayed in a sleek warehouse. • Robert R. Bailey Clothiers (150 Washington Avenue, Suite 105): The latest looks in Eurosuits. • Harry's (202 Galisteo Street): Casual clothes for men from top designers. • Simply Santa Fe (72 East San Francisco Street): Every Western collectible you could ever want, from handcrafted clothes to pottery and furniture. • Things Finer (100 East San Francisco Street): A shop filled with Russian icons and antique jewelry that attracts famous faces. • Ten Thousand Waves (Three and a half miles northwest of Santa Fe on Hyde Park Road): For postshopping pleasure, try this mountainside full-service Japanese spa with a communal hot tub.

VIEWPOINT

Pittsburgh Steelers quarterback **Bubby Brister** may be flashy on the field, but when it comes to his wardrobe, the self-described country boy prefers function over form. To create an off-field look that "doesn't attract a lot of attention," Brister hangs out in Wrangler cowboy-cut jeans, Ralph Lauren buttondown shirts and ostrichskin boots from Giorgio Brutini. In the off season, he keeps his cool in Sergio Tacchini's lightweight crinkled-nylon sweat suits and Reebok cross-trainers. As for those postgame Mondays, the battered Brister has only a leisurely recovery in mind: "Cotton boxers and Champion T-shirts are all I need"—perfect for a day off the field.

A MATTER OF SIZE

All men are *not* created equal, but for years, suitmakers acted as if they were. A six-inch drop was the rule; that is, a size-40 jacket came with size-34 pants. If that didn't suit you, expensive alterations did. Not anymore. New athletic-cut suits allow more room for pumped-up pecs and trimmer waists, and suit separates let you buy jackets and pants according to your build. Computer technology guarantees piece-by-piece consistency, so that suit separates won't look mismatched. European fashion leaders from Armani to Hermés are showing split suits this spring, and upscale stores are selling them.

CHRISTMAS BONUS

This yuletide, men's toiletry companies are offering a lot more than scents for your dollars. Along with an *eau de toilette* spray and after-shave balm, Colors de Benetton throws in a nylon duffel bag ($50). The Drakkar Noir gift set by Guy Laroche includes a chronograph ($55). Aramis cologne spray comes with a six-tool Swiss Army Knife ($38). Lagerfeld's faux-leather briefcase holds cologne, after-shave *baume*, stick deodorant and shower gel ($125). And Givenchy has packed a cockpitful of toiletries into its radio-controlled Xeryus Lamborghini model car ($312). Ah, the smell of excess.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SUITS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Soft silhouettes with sloped shoulders; fuller, more relaxed fits; wide lapels	Shorp silhouettes; tight fits; overly podded shoulders; narrow lapels
COLORS AND FABRICS	Eorth tones and blues; subtle patterns; lighter-weight fobrics; wool crepes	Bold patterns; lackluster tans ond grays; nylon-ond-wool-blend shiny fobrics
DETAILS	Six-button double-breasteds; three-button single-breasteds; pocket squores	Double vents; brass buttons; high button plocement; tie pins or clasps

Where & How to Buy on page 235.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

GARRISON KEILLOR is up to his wonderful old tricks again in ***WLT: A Radio Romance*** (Viking). His homespun humor and sense of Midwestern family drama continue to hold a delicate balance between hilarity and poignancy. To say that this is his first novel is a technicality, because the previously published stories about his mythical Minnesota town, Lake Wobegon, certainly form a novelistic saga. Keillor began telling these stories on the American Public Radio show *A Prairie Home Companion* in 1974, and gradually they have joined the tales of James Fenimore Cooper, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Hamlin Garland and Will Rogers as part of our national folklore.

The folks at WLT ("The Friendly Neighbor" radio station, broadcasting from the third floor of the Hotel Ogden in beautiful downtown Minneapolis) will remind you of the folks in Lake Wobegon—with the notable exception that they are a great deal more sexually active. In fact, the amount of crazed bed-hopping going on among these folksy characters suggests visions of a porno remake of *Our Town*. Ray Soderbjerg, who with his brother Roy starts WLT (With Lettuce and Tomato) in 1926 to promote their failing restaurant, is busy seducing every available woman at the station. He knows this is bad business policy, so he makes "No sex on the premises" the number-one management rule—for everyone else.

Keillor is having so much fun describing the people at WLT, their corny radio programs and their romantic frolics that he doesn't bother much with plot for the first 150 pages—which, strangely enough, is fine. The heart of this novel turns out to be the story of Frank White, a young man from North Dakota who becomes infatuated with radio and rises in WLT's ranks from gofer to announcer, while falling in love with the girl who plays the beautiful Delores DuCharme on the *Friendly Neighbor* show. Eventually, the staff debauchery seeps onto the air in the form of risqué dialog in the soap operas and a singer who appears on the *Sunrise Waffle Show* and sings *Baby, I Got a Big Wiener for Your Bun*. The final blow to WLT's fading fortunes comes with the advent of television in 1950.

As its title suggests, Keillor's novel evokes the romance as well as the silliness of early radio. It charms and touches you while you are laughing out loud. The only experience better than reading this story would be having Keillor read it to you, which is exactly what is available on a Penguin/HighBridge Audio cassette.

A stimulating contemporary counterpoint to Keillor's nostalgic look at radio is ***The Sound of Writing*** (Anchor), edited by Alan Cheuse and Caroline Marshall. Selected from the National Public Radio program of the same title, this anthology is a stunning cross section of American writing created to be read aloud. This volume is vivid testament to the strength of the oral tradition in literature. The 38 writers include Rick Bass, T. Coraghessan Boyle, Mary Lee Settle, Ethan Canin, Joy Williams, Robert Pinsky, Barry Lopez and John Updike.

ALISON SEIFFER

Crazed bed-hopping and *Radio Romance*.

Keillor's homespun humor, Updike's *Odd Jobs* and *A View from Above*.

Writing fiction is Updike's primary job, but the selections in his ***Odd Jobs: Essays and Criticism*** (Knopf) are all nonfiction excursions. Slightly less than a decade of this secondary activity has produced nearly 900 pages, mostly book reviews from *The New Yorker*. This, the fourth such collection from Updike, is perhaps the most wide-ranging and impressive manifestation of his considerable intellect. Among many topics on which he meditates are sex and the Presidency, the experience of being on TV, the Jewishness of Philip Roth, Ted Williams, the Fourth of July, his mother's death, traveling in Finland and Emerson's transcendentalism. His knowledgeable examinations of literature from Africa, Turkey, China and Peru are dazzling. His essay on Hemingway's *Garden of Eden* is a startlingly fresh appreciation of an old master.

If you crave a lighter touch, two outrageously funny novels filled with California sunshine will fill the bill: ***I'm Getting Killed Right Here*** (Doubleday), by William Murray, and ***In Search of the Perfect Ravioli*** (Ballantine), by Paul Mantee. Murray's sixth race-track mystery featuring magician and horse degenerate Shifty Lou Anderson is a fast-moving story in which Shifty ends up owning a race horse that seems to attract killers. Murray is on his pace in this absorbing comic caper. In his first novel, Mantee chronicles the adventures of a Malibu writer with writer's block whose grandmother's epic 22-ingredient recipe for ravioli takes him on a time trip back to his family home in San Francisco in the Forties—and cures him. This is a wild combination of urbane wit and shameless sentiment that works.

Finally, if you want to read some immodestly candid comments on basketball, sex, money and fame, pick up Wilt Chamberlain's ***A View from Above*** (Villard). Wilt was always an outspoken player and he has not mellowed. He says he would make mincemeat of any other center in the contemporary N.B.A.; he says he would *average* 75 points a game. He points out that last January, Michael Jordan made his 15,000th point in his 460th game. Wilt did it in 358 games—102 games faster. This book not only evokes his great career but it makes you wish he really could go back to the courts and do what he brags about.

BOOK BAG

The Best American Sports Writing 1991 (Houghton Mifflin), edited by David Halberstam: Established writers and new talent explore Soviet baseball, salmon snagging and the nature of sports fans in this debut collection.

The Down Home Guide to the Blues (Chicago Review), by Frank Scott: 3500 reviews of new issues, reissues and vintage blues recordings by the likes of Muddy Waters, B. B. King and John Lee Hooker.

Panati's Parade of Fads, Follies, and Manias (HarperCollins), by Charles Panati: From 1890 to 1990, Americans have danced the waltz and the watusi, swallowed goldfish, played pinball and worn the Nehru jacket. For nostalgia fans, a romp through our nation's obsessions.

Rostnikov's Vacation (Scribner's), by Stuart M. Kaminsky: In the seventh novel of the series, Moscow inspector Porfiry Rostnikov takes a holiday in Yalta and finds he can't get away from his work. So he proceeds to solve a robbery, a kidnaping and a murder. Nice job!

USA Today Sports Atlas (Gousha): Hot tips, detailed maps and listings of hotlines show you where to climb, the best surf spots and favorite cities for cyclists, and cover every major sports activity for spectator and participant alike.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

Gentlemen, some women would pay a lot to learn the secret that I am going to reveal about us in this column. So let's agree to keep it confidential—just between us chickens, you might say.

You know our secret. As men, we wrestle with the perpetual fear of being rejected by women. For most men, being snubbed by women is a major nightmare.

I call this fearful male attitude the Chickenshit Factor, and I happen to own my fair share of it. It lies like a sleeping terrorist at the center of my male heart, and it can kick into action at any moment—especially when I see a woman I would like to meet and date. I am usually very shy and awkward then. Indeed, I usually feel like a fool. And I am not proud of that.

I can hear you howling. "Why are you telling women the truth about us, Baber? Go back to the party line. You know the drill: 'As men, we are not chickenshit. We are not shy or bumbling or afraid to meet women. We are red-blooded, all-American studs, each and every one of us.'"

OK, Macho Man, I often make the same claims of boldness and I often swagger to hide my fear. As I said, I can cluck with the best of them. But this, too, is true: I frequently stand tongue-tied and frozen in embarrassment before a woman who appeals to me, and, yes, those are definitely chicken feathers you then see growing out of my shoulder blades. The Chickenshit Factor has dominated my life, and the women who entice me also tend to paralyze me. Isn't that true for you, too?

Let me ask you another question, Macho Man: In the past few weeks, has there not been a female to whom you failed to introduce yourself because you chickened out? Was there not at least one woman who passed through your life (no matter how fleetingly) who fascinated you, excited you and intrigued you—but who also mesmerized you, stunned you and left you speechless?

You yearned to talk to her, to let her know that your little chicken heart was going pumpety-pump and your little chicken brain felt like lightning had ripped it apart, but nothing happened. You said nary an intelligible word, you sat on your thumbs—excuse me, your chicken claws—and your quarry faded into the mist of another lost opportunity in the barnyard of sexuality. At that moment, the *Chickenshit Factor struck again!*

DOUG TAYLOR

THE CHICKENSHIT FACTOR

Take heart that this is not just your imagination—or the possibility that you're a congenital wimp. Because, while meeting and greeting the women who intrigue us can be hell, the social conventions of our society still demand that we, as men, initiate the overtures. It is not an equal burden, it is not fair to us as men, but that is the way it is.

Given this, I've come up with some specific strategies to counter the Chickenshit Factor when it kicks loose in our hearts. I list these suggestions here to help us break away from the shyness that binds us as men, a shyness that may occasionally seem charming to others but that often leaves us with a sense of frustration and impotence.

1. *Remember that she is probably just as lonely as you are.* It is called the human condition. The lives of both men and women are not easy or simple, and a certain kind of loneliness seems to be a constant in all human hearts. Do not assume that anyone is totally unapproachable. What you see is often *not* what you get. She may seem aloof, but you will never know her true status until you ask her.

2. *Stop griping, start acting.* Sure, you've been rejected about 6000 times and it hurts. Sure, you're tired of the social rule that mandates that you, as the male, are the one who is obliged to run the first risk of rejection. And, sure, some women can be vicious in their put-downs of men who attempt to talk to them. But so what? You've got work to do, Macho Man, if you're going to meet the women who appeal to you. You know the rules. Now play according to them. That is how men handle life.

3. *You are not as lecherous as she may make you feel.* The subject of lechery in this puritanical society is a complicated one, but suffice it to say that your attempt to meet someone who is attractive to you is not a sin. As a man, your motives for socializing will often be questioned, and it will be claimed that there will always be a tinge of the sexual about them. Guess what? Your sexuality is no crime. You are reacting as a man to the presence of a woman who interests you. But here's a news flash: You were programed to respond sexually. It's called nature, and a lot of people have tried to legislate against it. To put their efforts into historical perspective, they might as well legislate against glaciers and gravity. Sex is here to stay. Let's hope somebody tells the puritans someday.

4. *At all times, take no for an answer.* This has got to be your one unbreakable rule. After you have conquered the Chickenshit Factor, and after you have made your move, if she says no to your introduction, she means *no*. Do not debate, do not hang around, do not harass. Make yourself scarce and live to fight another day. And please understand that I do not say this simply out of a misguided sense of chivalry. Because the fact is that if you set limits on yourself, if you put a governor on how much flirtation you will attempt and how much rejection you will absorb, your shyness will gradually fade and the simple act of meeting a woman will become much easier. Your self-limitation will provide you with self-protection, and difficult moments will lessen in number. If you honor her turndown, you will have continued to play by the rules. Once again, that is what men do. And, believe it or not, she will respect you as a man for your self-control.

So remember: The Chickenshit Factor can reign in our hearts and minds. It can oppress us and concern us. But not always, not necessarily and, I hope, not now.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend rises earlier than I do, and on Sunday mornings, she likes to lift my nightshirt and suck my penis. Words fail me when I try to describe how great it feels to wake up in the middle of one of her Sunday-morning blow jobs. Once I'm awake, she scoots around and kneels over my shoulders for some 69, capped by intercourse. All in all, a wonderful way to spend Sunday morning. There's just one problem. I always have to pee when I wake up, and by the time we've both come, I have to go really bad. So I jump out of bed and head for the john. But my girlfriend complains that my postcoital bathroom dashes leave her feeling abandoned and ruin our weekend interludes. She'd like to snuggle for a while and, believe me, I'd love to oblige her, but I'm afraid my bladder would burst. I've tried drinking less water on Saturday night, but that doesn't seem to help. I feel torn between my girlfriend's call and nature's. What can I do?—B. J., Birmingham, Alabama.

First, relax. Your bladder may feel like it's about to burst, but mere fullness won't pop it. The bladder is a tough, elastic organ, and it takes a severe injury—for example, an auto accident—to rupture it. The normal adult bladder can hold 400 to 500 milliliters (ml.) of urine—about a pint. The sensation of fullness typically kicks in around 400 ml., but the typical bladder can accommodate another 100 ml. with no problem, and some people train themselves to hold considerably more. Limiting the amount of water you drink on Saturday night is a good idea, but it's less important than cutting back on caffeine and alcohol, both diuretics that fill the bladder more than water does. Caffeine is found not only in coffee but also in tea, cocoa and chocolate. To minimize the urge on Sunday morning, urinate several times on Saturday night—before and after dinner and definitely before bed, even if you don't feel the urge. If these tips don't do the trick, set a low-volume alarm (you don't want to wake your girlfriend) for five A.M. Get up, hit the john, then go back to sleep. Yes, we know, you'd rather not have an alarm go off at such an ungodly hour, but an early-morning bathroom break seems a small price to pay for the pleasures that await.

If I dress up my car with a stereo, trick alloy wheels and tires, sport seats and other accessories, can I expect to recoup the value of these add-ons when it's time to sell?—M. K., Los Angeles, California.

With a wealth of glamourous after-market equipment available, many people, particularly on the West Coast, like to personalize their cars with upgrades. Unfortunately, our experience shows that you're not likely to recover their cost at sale time, particularly if you're trading your car to a dealer. Our advice: Before committing to any additional accessories, check to ensure that they are demonstrably better (in the case of a custom stereo and extra speakers) or more attractive and functional (such as lightweight alloy wheels or sport exhaust systems) than the optional accessories available through the manufacturer when you buy the car. If you do install after-market extras, we suggest retaining the stock components and refitting them when you sell your car. That way, you can resell it as "original" for the best possible price and advertise your add-ons privately for an optimal return. In some cases, you may even be able to transfer some of those goodies to your new car. But remember: If you can't resist the desire for a custom paint job, the next owner may not like fuchsia-mint metallic. Unless you really want to lose a bundle, keep the modifications simple and in good taste.

I'm sometimes obliged to make a phone call to a woman I have just spent the night with but don't intend to date again. Those calls are nice gestures but uncomfortable as hell. I may have found a way around the discomfort. I wait until she has gone to work and leave a message on her answering machine saying that although I've had a great time, I probably won't be seeing her again. Classy?—P. O., Dayton, Ohio.

Let's hope the next woman you call has one of those machines that let you review and edit the message you leave. You can hear what a jerk sounds like. What do you say? "Last night was memorable. Unfortunately, it satisfied my intimate needs for the decade"? or, "Gee, the evening was great. You ought to patent those contractions. Oh, by the way, I've just been assigned to Antarctica for six years. Call you on the other side"? If you are going to do it (and there is much to be said for letting silence speak volumes), do it live. Do it in writing. Do it with a flower and a card. Do it over breakfast or in the shower. But don't do it on an answering machine.

My sexual appetite has always been hearty—all right, very hearty. My wife and I have joined a health club, and we go there three or four times a week after work. She takes an aerobics class and works the StairMaster. I lift weights, swim and use a rowing machine. We both feel stronger, healthier and horny. On the drive home, I can hardly keep my hands off her. She teases that I'm getting turned on by all the cute women in leotards. I certainly enjoy the view of athletic ladies working out, but there's no shortage of beautiful women where I work, and I rarely get as excited after a day with them as I do after a few hours at the club. I thought exercise was supposed to make you tired, but I find it does just the opposite for my libido. Have you ever heard of this?—J. M., Redondo Beach, California.

Most assuredly. Regular exercise causes bulging of more than just the biceps. Recently, University of California researchers divided 78 healthy men with sedentary lifestyles into two groups. One group engaged in an hour-long aerobic-exercise program three times a week. The other participated in a nonaerobic walking program. After nine months, the strenuous-workout group enjoyed a 30 percent increase in frequency of intercourse—to an average of three times a week. They also reported increased frequency of other forms of sensuous arousal, such as caressing and deep kissing with their lovers. The walkers, on the other hand, reported no changes in frequency of intercourse or other measures of arousal. Of course, compared with an empty health club, we've always preferred to work out when ours is filled with women in leotards cut low across the chest and high around the hips. But it's the exercise, not just the scenery, that's goosing your libido.

Frequently, I have to drive long distances late at night, often battling drowsiness. I'm afraid I'll run off the road one of these evenings. Do you have some hints for fighting fatigue behind the wheel?—T. C., Chicago, Illinois.

The best way to avoid falling asleep at the wheel is not to drive when you're drowsy. But if you must, avoid heavy or greasy foods, which will make you sleepy. Don't rely on caffeine in drinks or pills. During the daytime, wear ultraviolet-protective sunglasses to help ease the transition to nighttime. Be certain your car's exhaust system is tight so that no carbon-monoxide fumes, which can cause sleepiness and even be fatal, leak into the car. Listen to music and news, but avoid self-help

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

tapes, talk shows or other monotonous programing that could lull you to sleep. Once you're on the road, pull over every hour or so. Get out of your car, stretch and take a few minutes to breathe some fresh air. If you do pause for a cat nap, park in a safe, well-lit area off the highway and lock your doors. If you can't stay awake, check into a motel until morning. At the wheel, try not to tense up. Tight shoulder and arm muscles can greatly increase your fatigue. If you're traveling with a partner, switch drivers frequently. Stay awake so you can help your partner stay awake. Try not to be hypnotized by the road—move your eyes back and forth, from the pavement immediately in front of you to a distance ahead beyond your lights; from side mirrors to your instruments to the rearview mirror. If you stay visually active, you'll see hazards before you're upon them. Play games: Count out-of-state license plates or pick a popular make of car and count how many you see. If you have a C.B., talk with your fellow travelers. There are alarm devices to help you stay awake, but we don't recommend them. Good drivers stop before they get into trouble. One last rule of thumb: If you can't remember driving the last few miles or you suddenly wake with a start, it's time to pull over.

My wife recently became pregnant with our first child. The pregnancy was a planned event that feels great, but, after three months of practically nonstop attempts to get her in the family way, our love life has cooled considerably. What with morning sickness and all the changes in her body, I expected her to feel less sexual interest, but her libido has headed a lot farther south than I anticipated. And for the first time in my life, my own level of sexual energy has also slipped. I thought I'd feel really turned on to sex when she got pregnant, but it has been just the opposite, and now I'm concerned about my sex drive. Not only that but when we do it, I don't enjoy it as much as I used to. I worry about hurting my wife and/or the baby. Sometimes I think maybe we should go oral until the baby arrives. Should we?—R. K., Orlando, Florida.

There's no need to refrain from vaginal intercourse during pregnancy. It harms neither the woman nor the fetus. But your fears of injuring your wife and baby are quite common and may well be the reason your libido has hit the skids. In fact, a recent report in the Archives of Sexual Behavior *showed that fears like yours often dampen husbands' sexual ardor. It also showed that the decrease in sexual desire you and your wife have experienced is common. During the first trimester of pregnancy, 40 percent of women and nine percent of men reported reduced sexual interest. By the third trimester, the figures rose to 75 percent of women and 64 percent of men. In addition, both sexes also reported some pregnancy-related decline in sexual satisfaction. But not to worry. Once the baby arrives, your libido and satisfaction should perk up again. Your wife's, too, though she may not return to her prepregnancy interest level until after she stops nursing.*

How far should I go to please my lover? A few weeks ago, she and her girlfriends went to a male striptease show. No problem there, but last week she brought home a present for me: a G string for men. She says that she wears sexy lingerie at my behest (though she also enjoys it) and wants me to learn to do the same. But I can't do it—I feel too goofy and I'm not built like a Chippendale dancer. Aren't boxer shorts sexy anymore?—P. V. K., New York, New York.

Sure they are, but it sounds like your ladylove wants a change of pace. And don't you want her eyes on your G string, not some sculpted stripper's? You have three things to think about: fashion (face it—designer underwear is au courant), an open-minded, up-to-date woman who knows how to enjoy herself and your own inhibitions (sorry, guy). As any hip bachelor knows, you can't fight fashion. You probably want to hang on to your girlfriend, so your inhibitions have got to go. Take it one step at a time. Slip on the G string when you're alone and wear a pair of boxers over that. When it comes time for lovemaking, dim the lights and suggest to your woman that you undress each other. Once she finds your surprise neatly packaged, she'll probably reward you with something good. After that, you can start working on your dance moves.

What's the word on the two new digital recording formats, digital audio tape and Digital Compact Cassette? While I'm sure I'll appreciate improved sound quality, I'm leery about buying into either format, since there doesn't seem to be room in the market place for both. Any advice?—B. T., Chicago, Illinois.

We've been so spoiled by the excellent sound of the compact disc that news of digital audio tape has once again got our juices flowing. But it's smart to take it slow. Remember VHS and Beta? The same thing may happen to digital audio tape (DAT) and Digital Compact Cassette (DCC). It's too soon to tell which format will take the lead—DCC won't even hit the market until the spring of 1992—but industry insiders have their predictions.

Both DAT and DCC record and play digital sound. You can copy a compact disc onto either tape format and achieve the same sound quality; microchips built into both systems prevent you from making second-generation digital clones. The big—and important—difference between the two is that DCC equipment also plays analogue cassettes. Since few of us like the idea of trashing our existing tape collections to make room for new ones, DCC offers the best of both worlds. Picking up on this, most major record labels have already signed on to DCC, as have several electronics manufacturers. DAT, on the other hand, is having a tough time getting the support it needs to make a strong impact. Consequently, experts are saying that DCC is likely to control the mass market, while DAT will be the format for audiophiles. Regardless of which way you lean, be prepared to spend some serious cash for the goods—at least initially. As with the CDs, prices for DAT and DCC equipment and tapes will start out high and go down after they've made their mark.

I enjoy reading vintage erotica, books such as John Cleland's *Fanny Hill* and such classic anonymously written titles as *The Pearl* and *The Autobiography of a Flea*. I also like more recent erotica; for instance, Anaïs Nin's *The Delta of Venus*. But Nin's stuff was written more than 50 years ago, and I haven't been able to find recent books of comparable literary quality. I can't believe erotica has died out. What, if anything, is out there?—G. G., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Quite a bit, mostly like Nin's—from a woman's point of view. Noted sex therapist Lonnie Barbach has published two arousing compendiums: "Pleasures," an anthology of women's real-life sexual experiences, and "Erotic Interludes," a collection of women's sexual fantasies. Some years ago, a group of erotica aficionados in California formed the Kensington Ladies Erotica Society to share their sensuous prose. Their meetings led to an anthology, "Ladies' Own Erotica," which was touted by reviewers but, frankly, never did much for us. Our favorite source of contemporary erotica is not a book but a quarterly magazine, Libido: The Journal of Sex and Sensibility. *Co-edited by Jack Hafferkamp and Marianna Beck, it's a turn-on for both men and women, or at least English majors of both sexes.* Libido *contains a smorgasbord of erotic art, photography, poetry, essays and short stories, with a healthy dash of irreverent sexual humor. Here's an excerpt from "Dawn on the Sixth Day," by Elliot Richman, in the winter 1990–1991 issue: "Bra unhooked from the front/you straddle me,/your Botticelli hair/tangled round/your small breasts . . ./on our lips,/liquid like the sea/where we came from, roiling with life,/eons like us, fins and scales/wet with sex . . ./until two, joined where our/bellies will be/are heaved upon/a Paleozoic beach,/gasping for breath/just like us." A one-year (four-issue) subscription costs $26 from* Libido, *P.O. Box 146721, Chicago, Illinois 60614.*

At a recent convention, I met an attractive woman. We got it on. But apparently I returned home with more than sweet memories and the lingering scent of her perfume, because, a week later, I developed a bunch of ugly little bumps on my cock that look like miniature cauliflowers. My doctor took a look and said, "Venereal warts." Who ever heard of this? Help!—J. W., Silver Spring, Maryland.

You're not alone. Many people haven't heard of venereal warts, which is a shame, because, according to the Centers for Disease Control, those little bumps strike about 1,000,000 Americans each year. Venereal (or genital) warts are known medically as

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THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS® BRANDY ADVISOR

Dear Brandi:
Now that I am out of college and working, I'm planning my first real vacation. I've decided on one of those expensive trips to the islands. But up until now, the only vacations I've been on are low rent road trips with my buddies. What can I do to class up my act and meet the right kind of woman? —Robert Orbe, San Ramon, California

Dear Robert:
First of all, women do notice what a man drinks, so forget about silly cocktails with those little umbrellas. Try looking mysterious and sophisticated with a snifter of Christian Brothers Brandy in your hand. As for your vacation, doesn't a trip to Playboy's Playmate of the Year Party sound better? Then enter our Christian Brothers Brandy Sweepstakes. If you win, not only will you and a friend go by limo to the party at the Playboy Mansion, you'll get to mingle with the famous Playmates at one of the hottest events of the year. You might even meet the winner of the Playmate of the Year Contest. Plus, 450 runners-up will get a free pair of Christian Brothers snifters. It's a vacation you'll never forget, so call ***1-900-370-CBB-1***** (\$4.90 per call) now, or enter free by mail.*

Dear Brandi:
I'm about to spend the holidays at my fiance's house. Her parents don't think I can support her in the style to which she's accustomed. How can I make a good impression?—Mark Walters Fresno, California

Dear Mark:
A gift would be a sure way to win them over and a bottle of Christian Brothers Brandy shows that you're not only a man of means but a man of taste as well. And if it's a dash of savoir faire you're after, give me a call at ***1-900-370-CBB-1*****(\$4.90 per call) and I'll share a little serving secret of mine that will definitely impress them.*

Brandi Brandt
"Win a trip to the 1992 Playboy Playmate of the Year Party"

Dear Brandi:
My office just hired a new sales rep. She's blond and totally beautiful. The company's holiday office party is coming up soon, and it could be the perfect opportunity for me to get to know her better. Any tips on how I can break the ice?—John Arden, NYC

Dear John:
Office parties are infamous for seedy pick-up lines and corny introductions. You'll need something pretty special to get this rep's attention. Offer her a Christian Brothers Brandy Colada. It's a delicious twist on an old favorite and the perfect way to introduce yourself. She'll be flattered that you thought to give her this unique drink, and you can take it from there. For the recipe, give me a call at ***1-900-370-CBB-1*****(\$4.90 per call).*

Dear Brandi:
Last week I planned what I thought was the perfect romantic anniversary surprise for my wife. She was picked up by limo and taken to the restaurant where we first met. At the bar, she was presented with roses. Then she was given a snifter of brandy, with an anniversary ring at the bottom, along with a note. It read, "You warm my heart and soul." As I made my grand entrance, she took a sip, burst into tears and ran out the door. Was it something I said?—Mike Gassaway, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Dear Mike:
No, silly, it was something you did (or didn't do, actually). It sounds like you went first class all the way except for the brandy. Next time, make sure they fill the snifter with Christian Brothers Brandy XO, the limited edition, extra smooth, extra old brandy that makes any occasion special. That way any tears you see will be tears of joy. By the way, there should be a lot more hopeless romantics like you.

Dear Brandi:
My girlfriend and I are going to Vail for a week of skiing during Christmas. I heard it gets real cold there at night. Any suggestions on how to keep warm?—Scott Smith, Alameda, California

Dear Scott:
Two suggestions. And the second one is to bring along a bottle of Christian Brothers Brandy. That way you can introduce your girlfriend to the French Kiss—a Christian Brothers Brandy French Kiss, that is. It should warm things up considerably. To find out how to make this fantastic drink, call ***1-900-370-CBB-1*****(\$4.90 per call).*

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condylomata acuminata. They're caused by the human papillomavirus (HPV), the same kind of virus that causes warts on the hands and feet. Venereal warts are transmitted sexually, but we doubt that your convention paramour gave them to you. According to the National Sexually Transmitted Disease Hotline, scientists aren't sure of venereal warts' incubation period (the time from infection until you develop the pesky bumps). However, they estimate that it varies from three weeks to eight months, with an average incubation of two to three months. It's possible that you became infected at your convention and developed your warts a week later. But it's more likely that you were infected during an earlier sexual encounter. Genital warts have been associated with an increased risk of cervical cancer in women. Women often develop warts internally and don't know they have them, so you should encourage any recent lovers to get checked and treated, which means alerting your convention friend that you may have given them to her. Unfortunately, as you've learned the hard way, warts are difficult to get rid of. Doctors have tried all sorts of treatments: surgery, freezing (cryosurgery), zapping with electricity and lasers and burning with caustic chemicals. But no treatment provides fast relief. Your case is typical. Warts often return and must be treated again and again. The most popular treatment is the one your doctor is using on you, a caustic chemical called podophyllin, which is applied to the warts and washed off a few hours later. Recently, the FDA approved a prescription home treatment, Condylox, which contains a chemical similar to podophyllin in a less concentrated form. Condylox is applied twice a day for three days, followed by four days of no treatment. Three days on and four off make one treatment week. Most warts clear up after three treatment weeks.

We recommend that you contact the American Social Health Association, which has expanded its support services with a program for those infected with genital warts. The program includes pamphlets for those who suspect that they may be infected, names of local support groups and a quarterly newsletter. If you want to learn more, send a self-addressed, stamped (52 cents) business envelope to A.S.H.A., P.O. Box 13827-P, Research Triangle Park, North Carolina 27709.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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BEYOND PRIVACY

an interview with constitutional scholar Laurence H. Tribe

If you study the Constitution, you can have no doubt that it was intended to create a democratic central Government, give it a job to do and then limit its power. It was a radical idea; there wasn't another one like it anywhere. By assigning the Government specific functions—regulation of commerce, taxation, war—the document also tells the people which rights are retained by them. Read the history—it allows for no confusion about the framers' intention. With this in mind, we asked Harvard constitutional-law professor Laurence H. Tribe some questions about the new Supreme Court and what its interpretation of the Constitution may mean to all of us.

It was not without some regret that we asked Tribe to sit for an interview. He was in the middle of his first sabbatical in 20 years (he has taught at the Harvard Law School since he was 27). His idea of relaxation? To write a 1000-page supplement to his treatise "American Constitutional Law," read "Anna Karenina," write a few articles, dabble in advanced mathematics and prepare a few pro bono cases to argue before the Supreme Court. Tribe has prevailed in 13 of the 18 cases he has presented to the Court. In an era in which the most important qualification for a seat on the Supreme Court has become how little you've said about controversial issues, Tribe is no stealth candidate: He just published a 270-page tome, "Abortion: The Clash of Absolutes."

We met in an office filled with copiers, fax machines, computer terminals and cardboard boxes bearing Magic Marker labels such as "Rust vs. Sullivan." Whatever wall space was not covered by floor-to-ceiling bookcases was filled with mementos of a life in law: letters of thanks from Justices who found guidance in his arguments, an autographed profile of Justice William Brennan and, appropriately, an engraving of the Constitution.

FORUM: Let's start with a parable. You contract with a garden service to take care of your lawn. You go home one day and find the gardener looking through the windows. You let it pass. You go home the next day and find that he has yoked your children to a plow, rifled the contents of your safe, your Rolodex and your library and informed your wife when and how she can procreate. When you complain, he hauls out the contract between you and says, "Nowhere in here is mentioned the right to privacy." The next day, your gardener is appointed to the Supreme Court. Are we, as citizens, in this sort of trouble yet?

JOHN LABBÉ

TRIBE: The Constitution, like any other written document, can't give you within its own four corners the spirit in which it is to be read. Unless you start with some general understanding of whether the Constitution has one tilt or another—that those provisions that deal with the boundaries between Government power and the individual are to be read one way or another—you have to be mystified by the document.

FORUM: Explain how the tilt affects us as individuals.

TRIBE: It makes all the difference in the world if you start with the premise that the document cedes only certain limited powers to the Government, and that the powers that it cedes are to be quite narrowly construed—and that there is a reservoir of liberties not explicitly spelled out, and not frozen in time, that are presupposed by the whole text. Or you can start with the notion that the Constitution is a contract complete within its four corners, and that rights are to be derived from that contract entirely. If you start with the premise that the Government has all the power unless explicitly denied in the document, that majority rule is the norm and that rights are the exception, then it is a mystery that the document would protect marital intimacy, or nonmarital intimacy between consenting adults; whether it would have anything to say about freedom of thought, about privacy in the broadest sense, because, after all, it doesn't say anything about it.

FORUM: One commentator has suggested that the founding fathers envisioned an island of Government surrounded by a sea of rights. Today's conservatives read the Constitution and see islands of rights surrounded by a sea of power.

TRIBE: I agree in general, but I do not like the impulse to ground that in what the framers of the Constitution *envisioned*. The fact that they personally had one or another vision is interesting, but not decisive. It's not our task to plumb the vision of giants long dead in order to figure out where we start. It's to take personal and collective societal responsibility for the orientation we will take toward this document.

I would agree that those who want to tether their picture of a sea of power and little islands of right to the original intent are Borking up the

wrong tree. That is clearly not something they can ground in history.

FORUM: What's the danger of that interpretation?

TRIBE: Well, a Government that is all powerful except for the small list of citizens' rights that can be identified in fine print has a kind of bargaining power in ordinary encounters with human beings that is demeaning and degrading, even if in the end it doesn't pull out the gun and blow your head off.

FORUM: Alexander Hamilton argued against naming any freedoms in the Bill of Rights for fear that the Government would come to view that list as the sum total of protected rights. Madison wrote eight amendments specifying freedoms, then ended with the ninth: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." What did Madison leave unsaid in the Ninth Amendment?

TRIBE: I think the whole point is that he *didn't* have a residual list that he forgot to mention. The Ninth Amendment isn't a P.S. that says, "There are other rights that I'm too busy to write down. Look through my notes if you want to find out what they were. See you later; I'm out of here." Rather, the Ninth Amendment is an affirmation of the limited nature of the limited-Government character of the Constitution as a whole. It is a rule about how to read the document, a rule mandating that you cannot read the exclusion of certain rights as having any decisive significance. It is a textual answer to those who say a certain right isn't mentioned. To go back to your parable, it's almost as though in your hypothetical contract with the gardener there had been a clause similar to the Ninth Amendment that said, "The failure to mention in this contract that my family retains certain rights shall not be used to deny or disparage their existence." And when you come back and find the gardener abusing your children, the gardener, citing the current conservative position, says, "Can you show me that the right not to do that to your family is one of the rights you had in mind?" The right answer to him wouldn't be "I'll find it in my notes somewhere." That's putting the burden on the wrong foot.

FORUM: And yet not a day goes by without some conservative's smugly noting that "the right to privacy is nowhere to be found."

TRIBE: Nor can you find the words pregnancy, reproduction, sex, bodily integrity or procreation. Neither do you find the words freedom of thought, rights of parenthood, liberty of association, family self-determination. And yet nearly everyone supposes that at least some of these dimensions of personal autonomy and independence are aspects of liberty, which the Fourteenth Amendment says no state may deny to any person without due process of law.

FORUM: Unfortunately, five of the Justices on the present Supreme Court have no respect for unenumerated rights. What can we expect?

TRIBE: The nowhere-to-be-found tool that the conservatives on the Court use to deny the unenumerated rights essentially requires them to overrule *Roe vs. Wade*, the rights to reproductive freedom that stem from *Roe vs. Wade*, to reaffirm *Bowers vs. Hardwick*—the right of states to prohibit sodomy—and decisions that would apply to heterosexual, marital, nonmarital, extramarital and premarital intimacy. It would also roll back the decision in *Griswold vs. Connecticut*, the birth-control decision.

"A government that is all powerful except for the small list of rights that can be identified in fine print has a power that is demeaning and degrading, even if in the end it doesn't pull out the gun and blow your head off."

FORUM: How does the current natural-rights argument fit into the Court's approach to privacy issues?

TRIBE: I don't have an allergy or aversion to the idea that there are rights we have just because we are human beings. The idea that the Constitution was written against an understanding that there are certain rights that are very fundamental, very basic and not subject to political bargaining—call them natural rights or rights derived from natural law—it's not *that* idea I find distressing. It's just the particular *way* that Clarence Thomas and people like him tend to invoke natural-rights rhetoric to justify conclusions that are inimical to freedom, privacy and equality.

FORUM: Would you give us an example?

TRIBE: The natural-law view says that it is nature that dooms women to pregnancy as a consequence of sex. It's not the state's decision that women, unlike men, may become pregnant from intercourse. That's life, not law. And because it's life, there's nothing oppressive about having the law mirror life. There are decisions in the Supreme Court about occupational freedom for women that suggest that because it was nature's plan that women be breeders and not earners, that a law excluding women from the occupation of being an attorney is perfectly natural in that it carries out God's plan. I am not concerned about the religious origins of some of the natural-law views. But I am concerned with a set of views whose invocation of nature tends to be part and parcel of the dangerously imprisoning view of the Constitution, of law as simply the mirror of the way in which the powerful view nature.

FORUM: Let's look at the history of the right to privacy. Some commentators suggest that the sexual revolution happened because of the three Ps—the pill, penicillin and *Playboy*. The real change, however, was prompted by a series of Supreme Court decisions elaborating the right to privacy, decisions that struck down laws prohibiting the dissemination of information on birth control, the sale of contraceptives to singles, the possession of erotica in the sanctity of one's home. In *Eisenstadt vs. Baird*, the Court wrote, "If the right to privacy means anything, it is the right of the individual, married or single, to be free from unwarranted Governmental intrusion into matters so fundamentally affecting a person as the decision whether to bear or beget a child." That's a good definition. Is it the only one?

TRIBE: There are many, but the most famous is Justice Louis D. Brandeis' declaration that "the makers of the Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of

his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred, as against the Government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men."

Justice John Paul Stevens, quoting legal philosopher Charles Fried, argued that "privacy embodies the moral fact that a person belongs to himself and not others nor to society as a whole." Privacy is the boundary between the individual and society. It is a zone of protection in which respect, love and friendship flourish. It is a zone in which individuals make decisions.

Some writers focus on the inward qualities of repose, sanctuary and intimate decision—freedom from unwanted stimuli, the protection against intrusive observation, autonomy with respect to the most personal of life choices. But there is an outward quality to privacy that I call personhood, that invokes such words as autonomy, identity, dignity. The Constitution contains no definition of person, no discussion of personhood, perhaps because these concepts were deemed too obvious to require elaboration. Not only do you have the freedom to shape your inner life, to control the face you present to the world, but you also have the freedom to have an impact on the world.

At the core of this is an evolving concept of a sphere of personal space that is home to activities that have so much more profound an impact on the lives and liberties of those who choose them. Whether it's how to bring up your children or how you choose to spend your intimate times with another adult, the choices make much more difference in the shaping of the identity of the person who chooses them than they do in the shaping of the society. Except, of course, from the point of view of the society's discomfort with the choices these people have made. If liberty is to be overridden by the mere fact of traditional disapproval or perceived discomfort, then it is emptied of any substantive significance.

FORUM: Judge Robert Bork says that the people who champion privacy leave unanswered the question "Privacy to do what?" Then he recites a litany of conservative demons: privacy to abuse your children, privacy to inject addictive drugs, privacy to get together and fix prices, privacy to commit crimes against nature.

TRIBE: At one level, I would say that someone who cannot intuitively see the difference between fixing prices in a hotel, abusing children and sex between consenting adults is out of touch with the Twentieth Century idea of limited Government. There *is* a dramatic difference, and if they can't see it, that's their problem.

FORUM: Is the proper answer to Bork's "Privacy to do what?" a simple reading of the Fourth Amendment, "None of your business without a warrant"?

TRIBE: In *Bowers vs. Hardwick*, Georgia had reason to believe that the state's sodomy laws were being violated and it could have gotten a warrant. But the real question is what Georgia was doing in a man's bedroom—not why it didn't have a warrant. A warrant is just a procedural protection. Why would we bother having a set of procedural protections for the privacy of the home if the Government could regulate every last detail of what you *do* in the privacy of your home? If it could regulate everything that is not specifically forbidden by some right enumerated in the Constitution, it could make it a crime to sleep past eleven or to walk around in the nude, and get search warrants to make sure that no one was slothful, that everyone was dressed. The liberty invoked in the Fourth Amendment protects the person, not the place.

JOHN LABBÉ

FORUM: A privacy that includes repose—freedom from unwanted stimuli—is clearly a two-edged right. The Reverend Donald E. Wildmon campaigns to control airwaves, starting from the couch in his living room. Is he extending his privacy too far?

TRIBE: I think the relevant issue here is the complicated one. When is it too burdensome to make people just avert their gaze? Clearly, the right not to be assaulted by stimuli you find offensive, that would put you on the spot and require you to expose something about your inner personality that you should be allowed to keep to yourself, justifies that there be some Government limits on things that people do that can transform you, willy-nilly, into a captive audience. A rule that *Playboy* cannot insist on sticking the centerfold under everyone's door as a subscription inducement but that *Playboy* has to find less intrusive ways of reaching a voluntary audience would be a rule that wouldn't offend me very much. But what is dangerous is allowing the Government to put the burden on the individual who wants to receive *Playboy*. This person is simply exercising his outward-looking aspect of personhood. Similarly, a person may wish to express him or herself not behind closed doors but in another way, on the airwaves or in print. To force these outward-looking persons to make an appointment in advance with their audience is too much.

As long as there is a reasonably effective way for people to avoid exposure to something that they would find intrusive and invasive, and to protect their own kids from it—that is the most the Government has the right to insist on. For the Government to insist on going the extra mile and, in effect, trying to purify the world in accord with what the "normal" adult ought to invite and want to see is profoundly at odds with the First Amendment.

FORUM: But the contemporary message seems to be that we're allowed to have sex, we're just not allowed to talk about it or refer to it on television—to bring it into the public realm.

TRIBE: I think what builds the bridge between the privacy that is presupposed—or unenumerated—by the Constitution and speech, which is explicitly mentioned, is a continuous web of rights that focus on the outward-looking

character of liberty. There is a continuum between the private and intimate expression with someone you care about, in which the only audience is the two of you, and the broader expression of personhood, in which the audience is all who want to be exposed to a certain idea or vision. I don't think you should see speech as purely and quintessentially public and sexual expression as purely and quintessentially private. I think there is a continuum.

It's a mistake to think of privacy, and the values that it represents, as somehow equated with secrecy, silence and darkness. In the darkness, there can be grave abuses. The fact that it happens in the dark does not make it any more tolerable. And in the light, there can be magnificent expression, and the fact that its subject is sexual is not, and should not be, a basis for its repression.

FORUM: Let's take a look at freedom from unwanted intrusion. A couple in a Florida condo was video-taped through their blinds by a neighbor. One commentator said that most of America would think that the bizarre act was the video-taping, but in Florida, the bizarre act was having sex in the bathroom.

TRIBE: The whole distinction between the private and the public is somewhat problematic. Inescapably, much of what happens in private affects the public realm. And inevitably, as long as someone is not completely solitary and simply having a daydream all by herself, there are possibilities—no matter how much seclusion and secrecy there is—of the kinds of abuse of other people's personalities and integrity and rights that society at large may have a legitimate interest in. So I don't really see the concept of privacy, though it's a popular term and it's evocative and I don't intend to abandon it, as fully capturing the sense of personal freedom and equality that I think ultimately is—and should continue to be—protected by the Constitution. That's why, in particular, those who say, "Well, the word privacy is nowhere mentioned," don't move me at all. I would have been just as happy to have these rights defined as rights of liberty or as privileges of citizenship in the Fourteenth Amendment.

There are two aspects to the personhood I mentioned earlier: One is the heightened right to do whatever you want, subject to limits that protect others, behind closed doors when you're not impinging yourself on unwilling viewers. And the other is the right to experience and fulfill intimate and serious personal relationships and associations with others in broad daylight and in public. But when what's involved is fulfilling intimate associational values behind closed doors, then constitutional protection should be at its maximum. The scope of that protection may change when the door is opened, but it shouldn't simply end. And if what somebody is doing is simply sleeping late or walking around in the nude or, you know, doing any number of other things that have nothing to do with human association, the fact that it's in private should create an even higher hurdle for the Government to jump over to explain why it's intruding.

"The Ninth Amendment isn't a P.S. that says, 'There are other rights that I'm too busy to write down. Look through my notes if you want to find out what they were. See you later; I'm out of here.'"

FORUM: Conservatives always complain that we invent rights helter-skelter, and yet they do the same. Justice Byron R. White views the right to sexual intimacy involved in the Hardwick case not as a right of privacy but as a right to homosexual sodomy—and rejects that. Bork views birth control as a violation of the right to practice abstinence.

TRIBE: Increasingly, the Rehnquist Court's stratagem for shriveling liberty and emptying it of its capaciousness and significance is to define the asserted right at the most absurd level of specificity, factoring into that definition all of the countervailing interests. Justice Scalia in one case does not talk about abortion just in terms of the right to it but says—suggests, anyway—that what we're talking about is the right to kill a fetus. Where is that right mentioned?

FORUM: Since you mention abortion, would you discuss *Roe vs. Wade*, its importance and its future?

TRIBE: I think the Court was fundamentally right in *Roe vs. Wade*. The decision was a landmark in the history of liberty. Its demise will be a tragedy. Not because I have less sympathy, I think, than some others for the helpless unborn. I don't agree with the argument that a fetus is just a bunch of protoplasm. I just think the profound choice that confronts the woman should be up to her, at least in early pregnancy. And I think any conception of liberty that does not encompass the right to resist forced pregnancy is an incredibly barren and empty conception of liberty. Any legal regimen that forces women and, by the nature of things, women alone, to use their bodies as involuntary incubators for future generations is a form of enslavement.

FORUM: The writing in the Court's privacy decisions has always seemed so eloquent in its discussions of freedom and liberty. By contrast, the writing of the current Court sounds like that of so many bureaucrats typing memos. Why do you think this is so?

TRIBE: The writing that you find beautiful, that I often find celebratory of human freedom and the human spirit, is viewed by people on the other side of a cultural and political divide as decadent, threatening, degrading and fundamentally disrespectful of the people and of democracy. To them, the writing you may be dismissive of, that I find unconvincing, is the quintessence of what courts in a society devoted to democracy should say. So we shouldn't underestimate—especially when the judiciary is going to be on the other side of that divide—the force of the other argument. We have to reach across that divide and convince people that what they find threatening to their way of life, their stability, their roots, their feeling of connection, isn't all that threatening. And that the Government to which they are ceding power may return to feed on them.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NIPPED IN THE BUD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*U.S. Marshals confiscated more than 800 Misti Gold–brand breast implants from a St. Paul,*

Minnesota, company. The FDA had challenged the marketing claim that the implants made it easier to detect breast tumors.

CONSUMER PROTECTION?

LOS ANGELES—*Concerned that Trojan's lambskin condoms protect only against pregnancy, a Federal judge ordered 360,000 of them confiscated. The U.S. Attorney's office had sued Carter-Wallace, the makers of Trojans, for failure to warn explicitly that the natural-membrane condoms wouldn't protect against sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS.*

DON'T GET MAD, GET EVEN

CHICAGO—*The American Family Association, the Reverend Donald Wildmon's group of busybodies, likes to bombard ad agencies with postcards asserting the "right" of A.F.A. members not to purchase products advertised on programs they dislike. At last, someone has come up with a response to these "benign boycotts." An unsigned editorial in* Advertising Age *asks, "What if the agencies beam those names and addresses into giant data banks and deluge the protesters with polite replies, selected product samples, brand-specific promotional literature and the obligatory cents-off coupons? [Then] marketers can actually benefit from [the boycotts]."*

NOT SO LUCKY

SAN FRANCISCO—*The commendable efforts of Lucky Stores, Inc., to combat workplace discrimination backfired when a group of female and minority employees, preparing for trial in a job-discrimination case, decided to use the results of bias-awareness workshops as evidence. It seems that when asked to visualize a manager, many of the store's employees envisioned a white male—according to the plaintiffs, this revealed the company's prejudices.*

ALL IN THE FAMILY

FORT LAUDERDALE—*The vice-mayor of Fort Lauderdale, who was a full-bore antiporn crusader, resigned from that aptly titled office after his name turned up on a list of clients of an alleged prostitute. The prostitute turned out to be the wife of a county deputy now charged with pimping, a felony. The attorney for the deputy's wife said his client suffers from nymphomania, and sex with surrogate partners is one form of treatment. The former vice-mayor, who campaigned against topless bars, adult bookstores and wild spring-break parties, suffers from hypocrisy, for which scandal is one form of treatment.*

AIDS REALITY CHECK

TORONTO—*Canada's Addiction Research Foundation has found that giving free needles to addicts seems to curtail the spread of AIDS without increasing I.V. drug use. And a New Haven, Connecticut, program reports a drop of more than 30 percent in the AIDS infection rate since used needles have been returned for new ones. Both studies contradict Bush Administration policy, which assumes—without empirical support—that needle-distribution programs encourage drug use.*

IRONY RULES

CHICAGO—*Attorney Albert B. Friedman has been appointed to the Illinois Supreme Court's Committee on Character and Fitness. That's the good news. The bad news handed down by the Illinois Appellate Court is that he can't collect his entire $15,500 fee from a divorce client. The court determined that he had inappropriately charged for time spent having sex with her.*

SUPERSLEUTHS?

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA—*A controversial plan called for citizens to list the names, addresses and/or license numbers of suspected drug criminals on crime-stopper mail-in coupons that proclaimed, "Enough! I've had enough of drugs in my neighborhood!" Before implementation, civil libertarians worried that the suspects wouldn't be able to face their accusers. The program, it turned out, was a bust. The cops got no useful information. Maybe with their coupons and a few cereal box-tops, they can get a decoder ring.*

HOT AND SOUR SEX

SHANGHAI—*A mammoth sex survey, the Chinese equivalent of the Kinsey report, finds that country in the midst of a sexual revolution. Researchers discovered among other things that now 60 percent of all*

couples "often or sometimes" remove their clothes before having sex. Foreplay, however, lags far behind: 34 percent of the peasant class engaging in less than one minute of it. The survey had no questions about female orgasm—fearing that the respondents wouldn't understand the concept.

KILLED IN THE RATINGS

The problem with televising executions ("If Death Were Televised," *The Playboy Forum*, October) is not that they would prove revolting or savage but that they'd be seen as benign. Modern executions, unlike public hangings or beheadings in times past, are not spectacles of violence. The instruments of modern executions produce bloodless deaths, mostly devoid of obvious signs of physical pain. The horror of a televised execution is that it will not seem horrible, which, of course, makes capital punishment seem all the more palatable. What is awful about modern execution is the slow death of the human spirit. Little of the true drama of execution is revealed in the mechanics of the execution itself. A clear dehumanization is suffered by condemned prisoners, first on death row, then in the death house and, finally, in the death chamber. The helplessness this entails can be known only to the prisoners. They struggle to come to grips with an execution process the aim of which is to objectify them, transforming them into nonpersons who can be killed in cold blood. I, for one, can't imagine a more profound violation of a fellow human being than to play before the world his or her demise at the hands of the state.

Robert Johnson, Ph.D.
Washington, D.C.

Johnson is a professor of justice, law and society at American University and author of "Death Work: A Study of the Modern Execution Process."

WILLIAM CONE

FOR THE RECORD

WARNING
PARENTAL ADVISORY

Warning! This is a Parental Advisory
The words on this disc are in no way offensive
They're just gonna say what you already know

Warning! This is a Parental Advisory
The words that you hear will just pander and please you
And leave you much duller than you were before

Freedom of speech is a figure of speech
The sure way to lose it is if you don't use it
We're on some moral desert—or is it a beach?
And everyone's dying of thirst
So we're taking the Fifth on the First

We all love a song that has nothing to say
But why the aversion to sex and subversion?
And everyone's trying to keep Satan at bay
But how can he lead us to ruin,
When we all know he has the best tunes?

—FROM *Warning Parental Advisory*, BY JOHN WESLEY HARDING/STEVE WYNN (SIREWARNER BROS.)

PAST AS PROLOGUE

I thought the *Forum* would appreciate a quote from *Sin and Sex*, by Robert Briffault. The book was published in 1931, but the sentiments are chillingly appropriate today.

> Western morality is quick at suppressing literature but slow at suppressing war . . . alert in preventing vice but slothful in putting down starvation; shocked at clothing insufficient for purposes of modesty but indifferent to clothing insufficient for purposes of warmth. It spares no effort to secure a perfectly pure world but is ready to tolerate a perfectly iniquitous one. Its efforts are wholly successful in eliminating indecency but wholly unsuccessful in eliminating injustice. The "morality" of Western culture is a scandal.

Arnold Walter
Madera, California

NAVARRO'S RAP

In case *Forum* hasn't heard, Nick Navarro hasn't been idle since he busted 2 Live Crew on obscenity charges last year. The Broward County sheriff made local headlines again when his office came under investigation in a major corruption probe. Last June, Navarro was hit with ten subpoenas for thousands of departmental records as Federal investigators tried to determine if he and several of his men were involved in any internal hanky-panky. The wide-ranging investigation of the celebrity sheriff and his office includes:

Giving protection to a known drug dealer in exchange for sex and drugs;

Falsifying medical, polygraph and aptitude tests in order to promote friends and political allies;

Harassing employees who complained about departmental corruption;

Granting improper or inflated office contracts to longtime political pals;

Doctoring internal-affairs reports.

Where would Broward residents be without the likes of Navarro to keep them on the map?

John B. Caylor
Panama City Beach, Florida

Probably in the 20th Century with the rest of us.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

Elizabeth Broun, director of the National Museum of American Art in Washington, D.C., decided to remove Sol LeWitt's *Muybridge I* from a traveling exhibition on the grounds that the work was "degrading and offensive" to women. Broun reversed her decision after hearing expressions of outrage from the exhibition curators and threats of withdrawal from other participating artists. In light of the trend toward censorship, it's refreshing to witness a

RESPONSE

united front foil the arbitrary censorship of a close-minded authority. Kudos to those who let their voices be heard.

Mary Mason
New York, New York

As with the attempts to censor Robert Mapplethorpe, Andres Serrano and other artists, the ultimate issue is control. Broun waved the scepter of authority in her declaration that "one of my most important responsibilities is to present art that I personally believe has significant merit." What was eventually brought to her attention was the fact that, as a director, she must appraise a work of art independent of her personal biases. The National is a major American museum, not her living room.

TEEN ANGELS

Why does the sanctimonious right insist on ignoring the existence of sexuality among teenagers? The proposal for a comprehensive study of teen sex approved by the Public Health Service is a good approach to understanding teenage sexual practices. But the anti-information campaign waged by Representative William Dannemeyer, Gary Bauer (president of the Family Research Council) and Secretary of Health and Human Services Louis Sullivan once again demonstrates the danger and absurdity of tunnel vision. These stalwarts pay lip service to reducing the number of pregnancies and the rate of sexually transmitted diseases among teenagers, but, when faced with the reality of teenage sexual behavior, their only solution is abstinence. To resist accepting valuable information in favor of artificial morality is simply stupid. Apparently, these guys prefer the notion of immaculate conception.

William Anderson
Washington, D.C.

The need to establish effective ways of communicating with teens about the risks of irresponsible sexual behavior is urgent. The Centers for Disease Control has estimated that every year, 2,500,000 adolescents contract a sexually transmitted disease, while the American Social Health Association has determined that one third of this country's teenagers have intercourse before the age of 15. These kids are growing up fast; fairy tales are not what they need.

NEWS ACROSS THE NATION

John Dentinger's "One Toke over the Line" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is a sobering documentation of the corruption that exists within the law-enforcement rank and file. As an addendum, *The Detroit News* uncovered some interesting statistics: Detroit police officers were alleged to have committed 151 crimes annually for every 1000 officers. Nationwide surveys cited New York (112.7 per 1000), Los Angeles (109.5), Dallas (65.6), Houston (42.7), Philadelphia (20.7), Chicago (13.6) and Phoenix (10.7). In substantiated allegations, Houston led the pack with more than 30 percent, followed by Dallas, Los Angeles and New York. The *News* further reported that in 1988 and 1989, several Detroit officers were accused of rape, car theft, insurance fraud, illegal-substance possession, armed robbery and hiring a contract killer. Obviously, efforts to take back the streets need to be aimed at the cops playing robbers.

Bob Baker
Detroit, Michigan

WINKEN, BLINKEN, DANNEMEYER AND REISMAN

What do you call it when William Dannemeyer and Judith Reisman turn up in the same place? Obviously, a circus, but to an audience in Orange County, it was billed as a symposium titled "The Preservation of the Heterosexual Ethic." The taped conference turned into a free-for-all as evangelical participants started "speaking in tongues" when ACT UP members protested the homophobic agenda. Addressing everything from sexologist Alfred Kinsey's alleged bisexuality to paranoid charges that the gay movement has "control at every level of sex education," symposium participants lost all decorum as their fundamentalist leanings veered out of control. The evening ended with Ed Eichel delivering this mock eulogy: "Lord, I'm gay. And I enjoyed the bathhouses and sex with hundreds of children. I'm a rapist and a serial killer. But don't call me a Christian or fundamentalist. I don't want to be embarrassed in front of my friends."

All in all, lots of hype but no content.

Tom Bates
Los Angeles, California

STANFORD PENALTIES

Stanford lecturer Stuart Reges turned academia on its ear with his nose-thumbing responses to drug czar Bob Martinez. In articles published in *The Stanford Daily*, Reges, an award-winning school of engineering lecturer, openly discussed the fact that he had experimented with the "love drug" MDA. On the basis of those articles, Martinez threatened then–Stanford president Donald Kennedy with loss of Federal funds if steps were not taken to sanction students and employees in violation of antidrug policies. Reges was ultimately fired. Protesting Government efforts to involve universities in enforcing drug laws, Reges stated that if his comments on drug use had been negative, he would still be teaching. He called his involuntary leave "a tremendous threat to intellectual freedom." ("If the university is going to fire people who advocate drug use . . . the war on drugs has gone much too far.")

Artist Joy Kullberg's *¿Que Sera Sera?* illustrates the fear that as our rights go out the window, we can end up like this guy—numbed by propaganda.

Reges should keep mooning Federal drug warriors (who can't fight their battles on their own) and Stanford's wimpy administration (which apparently will buckle at the suggestion of pain).

Randy Smith
Houston, Texas

DATE LINE:

LEGISLATORS EDUCATION CONFERENCE

a report from the anti-abortionist movement

By Ted C. Fishman

Dr. Alan Keyes came to Chicago promising to add the American flag to the anti-abortionists' arsenal. He told a powerful group of pro-life activists that to win the battles at clinic doorways, they must fight for God *and* for country. "The question we put is not only whether we . . . respect the lives of the unborn," Keyes said, but whether we "retain the doctrines through which we are entitled to govern ourselves as a people." Pro-choicers not only risk their place in heaven, they risk losing the vote as well.

Keyes, a conservative black scholar who made an unsuccessful 1988 Senate bid as a Republican from Maryland, heads an organization called Citizens Against Government Waste and was once a resident at the American Enterprise Institute. His remarks came in a fiery after-dinner speech that kicked off the third Legislators Education Conference, a gathering of 140 pro-life lobbyists and legislators from 38 states. In his remarks, he spoke of natural law, philosophy and American history. He compared the pro-choicers to slaveholders. I had to remind myself of his credentials when he explained that the Declaration of Independence was a proscription against abortion and recreational sex. "I . . . argue that you can rethink contemporary sexual relations," Keyes said, referring to casual sex, "simply on the basis of reasoning from . . . our civic principles." If he weren't a certified smart person, I might have thought he had confused Thomas Jefferson with, say, Jerry Falwell.

Attaching the Declaration of Independence to anti-abortion rhetoric offers the perfect tonic for pro-lifers, who feel that their appeal is fading. Most Americans—even by pro-lifers' own polls—believe the pro-choice movement fits better with our tradition of individual freedom and describe pro-life activists as "extremist." Alan Keyes told the audience that they could rally support by dishing up the whole democratic smorgasbord—"life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." With only a few logical leaps and rhetorical flourishes, this would still allow them to tell people how to run their private lives.

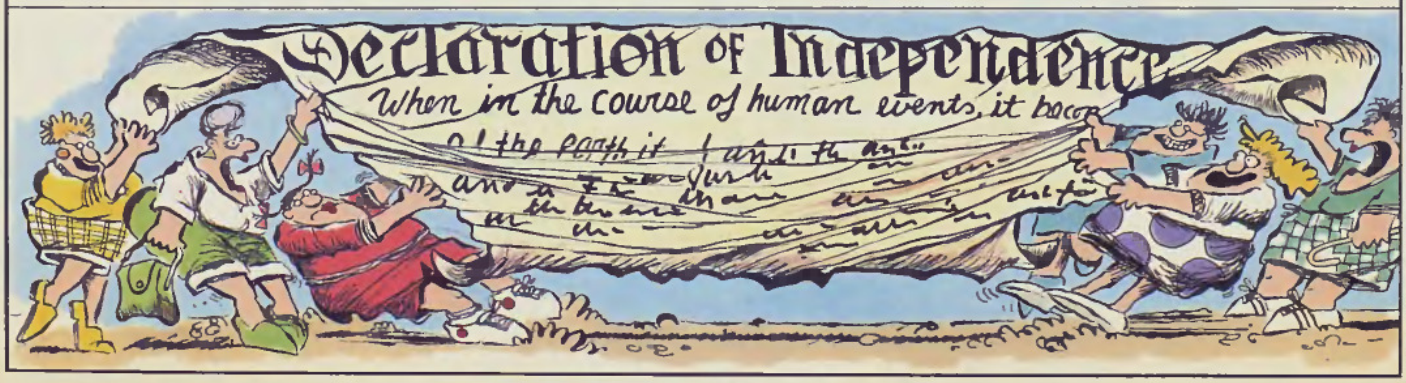
In an audience of plump, white conservatives, Keyes was an anomaly. Although his politics fit his listeners', he did not speak as if among friends. He scolded them for not seeing all along that abortion violates America's deepest principles. The argument Southerners made for keeping slaves, he said, was that it was inconvenient to give them up. "We did not tolerate [that argument] in order to discriminate against and enslave human beings who could speak and act for themselves," he said, his voice rising. "And we should not tolerate [it] now, when [it is] used against those human lives that are helpless to speak, helpless to act unless we speak and act and win this struggle for them." The audience got the point and responded with forced, polite applause. Once, you whites enslaved my people, he seemed to say. Let's not let that happen to the unborn.

None of the delegates with whom I talked, however, could explain exactly what it was they liked about Keyes. Brian Young of the American Life Lobby praised his "use of natural law and philosophy." When asked what part of the argument appealed to him, he said, "Just that it was something new."

Indeed, Keyes's message is difficult to restate. He drags the Declaration into his argument by claiming that "the 'inalienable right' to life . . . set out at our republic's beginning was the first, most fundamental, of all rights. From it, every other right was deduced." To understand this, you must accept his premise that *conception* immediately yields a fully endowed individual. Then civic duty becomes part of your own loveplay. Every sexual act is a possible human-rights violation, in that it has the potential to create a life; even heavy petting puts democracy in the balance.

"The act of procreation itself," Keyes asserts, "is a kind of contract, and . . . that *moment* of affirmation that folks find so enjoyable is, in fact, nature's way of telling us we just made a big commitment. . . . *That* is the moment of choice. If we want to help women control their own lives . . . it's time we started to rediscover the basic principles . . . that allow them to exert *self-control* at the moment *self-respect* is most at stake. Our stake in our crisis of promiscuity is our interest in retaining in this society the capacity individuals have to rule themselves and, therefore, to sustain the system of self-government that our founding fathers established."

Keyes kept his promise by wrapping both the rhetoric of "choice" and the Declaration of Independence in one pro-lifer package. The power of his message depends on whether or not people in a democracy that has faced kings, Commies and Fascists are willing to add lovers and women who do not want children to its list of enemies.



CHRIS BRITT

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NOT-SO-GREAT EXPECTATIONS

this under-30 generation is the first that won't live as well as its parents. there goes the great american dream

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The other day, while contemplating the death of my second American-made 200-horsepower outboard motor after only 470 hours of operation, I began to think about the future of America.

My fishing buddies had long before warned me to switch to Yamahas, which they claimed started every time and were still going after thousands of hours. Not me; I went with America's oldest and most reliable producer of marine outboard motors and got stuck with a $4000 bill for my loyalty. We're not talking miniaturization here; if this country can't make a decent outboard motor, a quintessentially American product, then we are in big trouble. Damn it, my uncle Edward, who lured me into this fishing business in the first place, had an American-made outboard that lasted ten years longer than he did.

Thinking about my uncle reminded me of his son Eddie, Jr., coming back to Brooklyn after the Korean War determined to live the American dream. Now that I think about it, the amazing thing is that Eddie, who had never been to college, actually did it. For $99 down, he got a veteran's loan and a house on Long Island. He landed a decent-paying job cleaning airplane bathrooms while he went to airplane-mechanics' school on the GI Bill and, thanks to a generous pay scale obtained by a strong union, supported his wife, who stayed home to raise their three kids. Eddie had fruit trees in the back yard and lived much better than his father, a welder, who remained stuck in a cold-water flat. My uncle died happy because his son had done better than he.

That was the American dream: Strive to do better than your parents. And it mostly worked. Nowadays, forget it. It's clear that we're facing the first generation of Americans who, as a group, will not live as well as their parents. The Eddies of today will have to settle for lower-paid nonunion jobs, usually outside manufacturing. They will have a hard time buying a home in a safe neighborhood, and most families will require two incomes to get by on a level below what one of their parents supported. The majority of those now under 30 will get stuck at the bottom of the ladder, mostly going nowhere.

"What happened to the American dream?" *Business Week* asked in a recent cover story, which answered, "The under-30 generation may be losing the race for prosperity." While the politicians of both parties talked about an ever-more-prosperous and highly mobile America, the gloomy economic data kept piling up. As summarized in an insightful 1988 book, *The Great U-Turn*, by economists Bennett Harrison and Barry Bluestone, the basic problem should be obvious to anyone trying to sell an American car. Highly paid manufacturing jobs have gone abroad in increasing numbers. The union pay scales they demanded are on the way out and low-paying work, in service or sales, is the likely lot of this new generation entering the job market.

True, jobs may be cleaner and even more glamourous in the service sector than in the old steel mills and auto plants, but the pay will be considerably lower. What those ads telling kids to get into computers don't say is that most jobs in that category pay closer to the minimum wage than to what auto workers used to command. Does anyone remember those thousands of highly paid steelworkers some people used to refer to as the "labor aristocracy"?

Most Americans were raised to think of themselves as middle class, which meant they had access to the good life as defined in popular advertising and that their share of the national pie would increase with each passing year. More than that, it meant that the gap between various sectors of society (we hate the word class, despite the fact that the top one percent of Americans own a quarter of the wealth) was not glaringly noticeable and, in any case, was inevitably closing.

The latest news from the U.S. Bureau of the Census refutes this cherished myth. The gap between the wealthier 20 percent of American families and the remaining 80 percent is growing. Not between the very poor and the rich, but between the middle class and the elite, something rarely discussed.

In the past ten years, comparing 1989 with 1979, the income of the richest 20 percent of families went up from 44.2 percent to 46.8 percent of all income earned in this country, while that of the middle 60 percent of American families declined from 51.7 percent to 49.3 percent. Dry stuff, you say, but think for a moment what that means. We all know that the poor, the lowest 20 percent, took it in the neck during the years of the Reagan economic revolution. But the census figures show that we have made the U-turn from a more equal society with an ever-more-powerful middle class to the opposite direction—a relative weakening of the clout of the broad middle class.

We don't hear a lot about this, because for some people, this shift in the American economy from the production of goods to a service economy has had its rewards—home delivery of our dry cleaning and an explosion of eating spots. What has gone largely unnoticed is that the people making these services possible are not at all like the union plumbers and electricians of old whose incomes were the source of cocktail-party jokes and *New Yorker* cartoons. Nowadays, we are catered to by a new class of workers that has been granted "the right to work" free of union protection.

Union membership is on a severe decline and efforts to organize white-collar workers have not turned back the clock.

The answer is not, as some Democrats increasingly urge, to engage in Japan bashing and other forms of economic jingoism. It's not Japan's fault if it produces better products; and stopping imports only hurts American consumers, particularly the bottom 80 percent of them. But one also has to ask why it is that, with all of the warnings and shocks of the past 20 years, we still cannot produce cars and outboard motors that people want to buy.

One thing is clear, the go-go days of real-estate speculation, savings-and-loans plunder and junk-bond hustles, combined with mindless Government deregulation, tax breaks and general coddling of the high rollers, have brought us farther away from the American dream. They have seriously eroded the economic base of the middle class. And a strong middle class, as virtually every student of the American system has noted, is the linchpin of our system of democracy. Who can be sanguine about an America in which the Eddies out there have crummy jobs producing lousy products for pay that is difficult to live on?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CARL SAGAN

a candid conversation about heaven and earth and all the ozone in between with the most influential space scientist in the cosmos

Billions and billions of years ago (about 15, give or take a few billion), the universe, in its present incarnation, was formed. To get a sense of how recently humans came onto the scene, imagine the history of the universe condensed into a single year. If the Big Bang that likely started it all was on New Year's Day, the Milky Way originated on May Day and the solar system on September ninth. Earth didn't show up until mid-September and, around November 15—hallelujah—the first living cells with nuclei came to be.

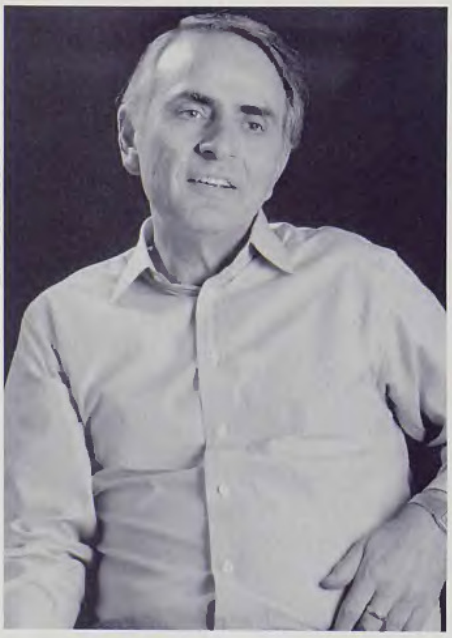
December was a big month on the green planet: Worms appeared on the 16th, fish a few days later; dinosaurs joined the group on Christmas Day and, the day after that, mammals. Humans, however, didn't appear until the last day of the year, December 31, and then not until 10:30 P.M. Stuffed into the last hour and a half was the history of man: Buddha was born at 11:59:55, Christ a hundredth of a second later. The Renaissance took place between 11:59:58 and 11:59:59. Then, a fraction of a second later, just as the champagne cork was about to be popped, the man who came up with this engaging stellar calendar was born. His name was Carl Sagan.

Since that time, Sagan has become one of the best-known space scientists, astronomers and environmentalists in the world—a man lauded not only for a solid body of scientific work but also for an ability to make complex science palatable, even enthralling, to the rest of us. Instead of talking ring occultation and radiative-convective models, Sagan tells stories. "To make an apple pie, you need wheat, apples, a pinch of this and that and the heat of the oven," he writes on "The Lives of the Stars" in his book "Cosmos." "The ingredients are made of molecules—sugar, say, or water. The molecules, in turn, are made of atoms. . . . A star is a kind of cosmic kitchen inside which atoms of hydrogen are cooked into heavier atoms. . . . If you wish to make an apple pie from scratch, you must first invent the universe."

Sagan's science reached its huge audience through his books, many of which (including the Pulitzer Prize–winning "The Dragons of Eden") have been best sellers. But it was television that propelled Sagan to superstardom—most notably, public TV's adaptation of "Cosmos," whose initial three-year run was seen by 400,000,000 people in 60 countries. (The program has since been rerun on TV and released on video.) Not unlike most cultural icons, Sagan has also earned his share of dubious honors; specifically, the distinction of being made fun of more than any other scientist in history. While shows such as "Saturday Night Live" have taken their shots, the "Tonight Show's" Johnny Carson is credited with the definitive lampoon: Donning a wig and a corduroy jacket, he folds his arms across his chest and intones, in a voice trapped somewhere in his sinuses, "Billions and billions of years ago. . . ."

Well before he became fodder for comedy writers, Sagan was at the forefront of space-science research. He worked on Government space-advisory committees and, after NASA was formed, began participating in its unmanned space projects. His more esoteric research during those years included a ground-breaking report on the structure of Venus' lower atmosphere and a study that explained the nature of Mars's seasonal changes and dusty surface. He has since been involved in research projects related to most space flights, particularly to the unmanned Mariner, Viking and Voyager interplanetary expeditions. For the Pioneer and Voyager missions, Sagan was asked to create interstellar records—visual and aural messages about earth that were intended for any intelligent beings who might stumble upon them in the far reaches of space.

Sagan has collected dozens of awards (including NASA's medals for Exceptional Scientific Achievement and for Distinguished



"Look at Mr. Bush! He has said that he can't understand anything about science, as if he were proud of it. I don't think that's something to be proud of. It's a sign of a nation that doesn't care about its future."

"The oddest part is that I never said 'billions and billions.' Then again, Humphrey Bogart never said, 'Play it again, Sam,' and in the books, Sherlock Holmes never said, 'Elementary, my dear Watson.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"All through history, people looked up at the moon. And then we got there. What a mythic accomplishment! It would be foolish to forget the historic accomplishments of NASA just because it launched a nearsighted telescope."

Public Service), belongs to 24 scientific societies and has 18 honorary doctoral degrees. But he is viewed by some scientists and critics with suspicion, even scorn. (A journalist once claimed Sagan was interested "more in Sagan than in science.") Clashes with Sagan have most often taken place on the battlefield of politics; his outspoken candor covers issues from nuclear weapons to abortion. He has come out against not only Star Wars but also against the space shuttle and the space station; he openly campaigns for political candidates—he was even arrested while protesting nuclear testing in Nevada.

More recently, Sagan has been at the center of another storm. In "A Path Where No Man Thought," a book published last year, Sagan and atmospheric-scientist Richard Turco outlined their controversial nuclear-winter theory. They claim that a limited nuclear war could do far more damage to earth than has been previously imagined, turning it into a "dark, cold, soot-covered world." For their work, the two received the American Physical Society's Leo Szilard Award for Physics in the Public Interest. The theory was vehemently attacked in conservative circles as being more about politics than about science.

Despite the discord, Sagan continues to be a favorite source on matters scientific. He has testified before Congress, Presidents and the Department of Defense on many issues, including his nuclear-winter theory; when "Nightline" needs an expert on the Kuwaiti oil-well fires, Sagan is called; he writes articles for newspapers and magazines on why we should teach our children more about science and why there should be a joint U.S.–Soviet mission to Mars.

That last issue—going to Mars and other planets—is not a new one for Sagan. He has dreamed about it since he was a child. Born in Brooklyn on November 9, 1934, he was the son of a Russian immigrant who worked as a theater usher, then a garment cutter. At the age of five, Sagan recalls, he looked into the heavens, spotted the stars and wanted to know about them; by the time he was eight, he was determined to visit the planets; and as soon as he learned that there was such a thing as an astronomer, he decided to become one.

Graduating from high school and enrolling at the University of Chicago, Sagan earned a doctorate in astronomy and astrophysics. He taught at Berkeley, Harvard and Stanford before being appointed to his current position as director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies and professor of astronomy and space sciences at Cornell University.

Sagan is married to Ann Druyan, novelist, television writer, producer and an officer and a trustee of the Federation of American Scientists—an organization concerned with the responsible use of science. Druyan was also creative director of a "sound essay" placed aboard a Voyager spacecraft. Together, the couple have worked on various projects, including TV's "Cosmos"—she wrote several episodes—and a novel, which is being made into a feature film. The two, who recently had their second child (Sagan has three other children from two previous marriages), are currently at work on a trilogy of books. The first installment is "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors: The Earth Before Humans."

While Sagan's stellar calendar puts us at the brink of a new year, our calendar says that we are fast approaching a new century. As issues of technology, space and the environment continue to confront the human race with increasing urgency, we decided it was time to press America's reigning space scientist for some answers to the big questions. To interview Carl Sagan, we picked Contributing Editor **David Sheff,** *who had just returned from his interview with globe-trotting media baron Robert Maxwell. Here is Sheff's report:*

"Sagan lives on the outskirts of Ithaca, New York, home of Cornell, in an impressively large yet comfortable wood-and-glass home amid a forest of pine, oak and an abundance of wildflowers.

"When he greeted me for our first interview session, he was holding his youngest child, Sam, who was only a few months old. We sat in the living room in the middle of a charming familial scene: Since Mom was out shopping, Dad fed Sam a bottle while nine-year-old Alex ate sticky cotton candy and played on the floor near us—all while Dad waxed eloquent about meteor-burst communications.

> *"My secret in being able to talk to others about science is to remember what it was like when I didn't understand whatever it was we were talking about."*

"The second time I showed up in Ithaca, Sagan was disheveled, his dark hair fighting against whatever brushing had occurred that morning. He also needed a shave. When it was time for lunch, he pulled on an old leather jacket and suggested that we head to the faculty club at Cornell. Although he once drove an orange Porsche with a license plate that read PHOBOS *(his favorite Martian moon), we rode to Cornell in his current car, the far more ecologically friendly VW Rabbit.*

"Between our meetings, I had been in Kyoto, Japan, at an international conference of scientists. The subject was relativity and the keynote speaker was Stephen Hawking. There were days and nights of workshops about basic theories of creation, matter and time.

"Sagan didn't attend, but he was nonetheless a topic of conversation among a group of astronomers and physicists at the sushi bar in the lobby of the hotel. 'Look,' one of them said, 'Sagan is simply wrong half the time he says anything. There are holes everywhere.'

"A colleague interrupted. 'You just don't like it because it's Sagan,' he said. 'You're jealous.'

"The first scientist shook his head. 'No, but it does irk me that he is always in the middle of everything, everywhere you look. Besides,' he added, 'what's he got that I haven't got?' The crowd began laughing when he broke into an impression that was even better than Carson's: 'Billions and billions of years ago. . . .'

"Although my conversations with Sagan would eventually delve into the great mysteries of the universe, I decided to begin with a question that more or less cut to the chase."

PLAYBOY: What *don't* you understand?

SAGAN: Almost everything. Seriously. There are lots and lots of people who understand things better than I do, but there is no one on the planet who understands any issue perfectly. There's always a place where human limitations come in and we just don't understand anymore.

Since I have difficulty understanding many things, I have to go through a certain internal procedure. As far as I can see it, my only secret in being able to talk to others about science is to remember what it was like when I didn't understand whatever it was we were talking about.

PLAYBOY: Most scientists spend their time in research labs. Was there a single experience that made you want to *communicate* science?

SAGAN: I would speak at a scientific meeting and a reporter would talk to me afterward to ask about the work I was discussing. I guess I did OK explaining things, because people would come back to me. Then I would be invited to television talk shows. Johnny Carson saw me on one and invited me onto his show. That was about the time that a popular book of mine called *The Cosmic Connection* came out. Also, the BBC asked me to host some science programs and things just sort of snowballed. I found that people were interested and they knew a lot. Carson himself, I discovered, was truly interested in science; he has real knowledge of astronomy. At the same time, of course, he'll take the heat shield from my model of the Viking spacecraft, put it on his head and start talking Martian.

PLAYBOY: Thanks to Carson, you'll never live down your line "Billions and billions of years ago. . . ."

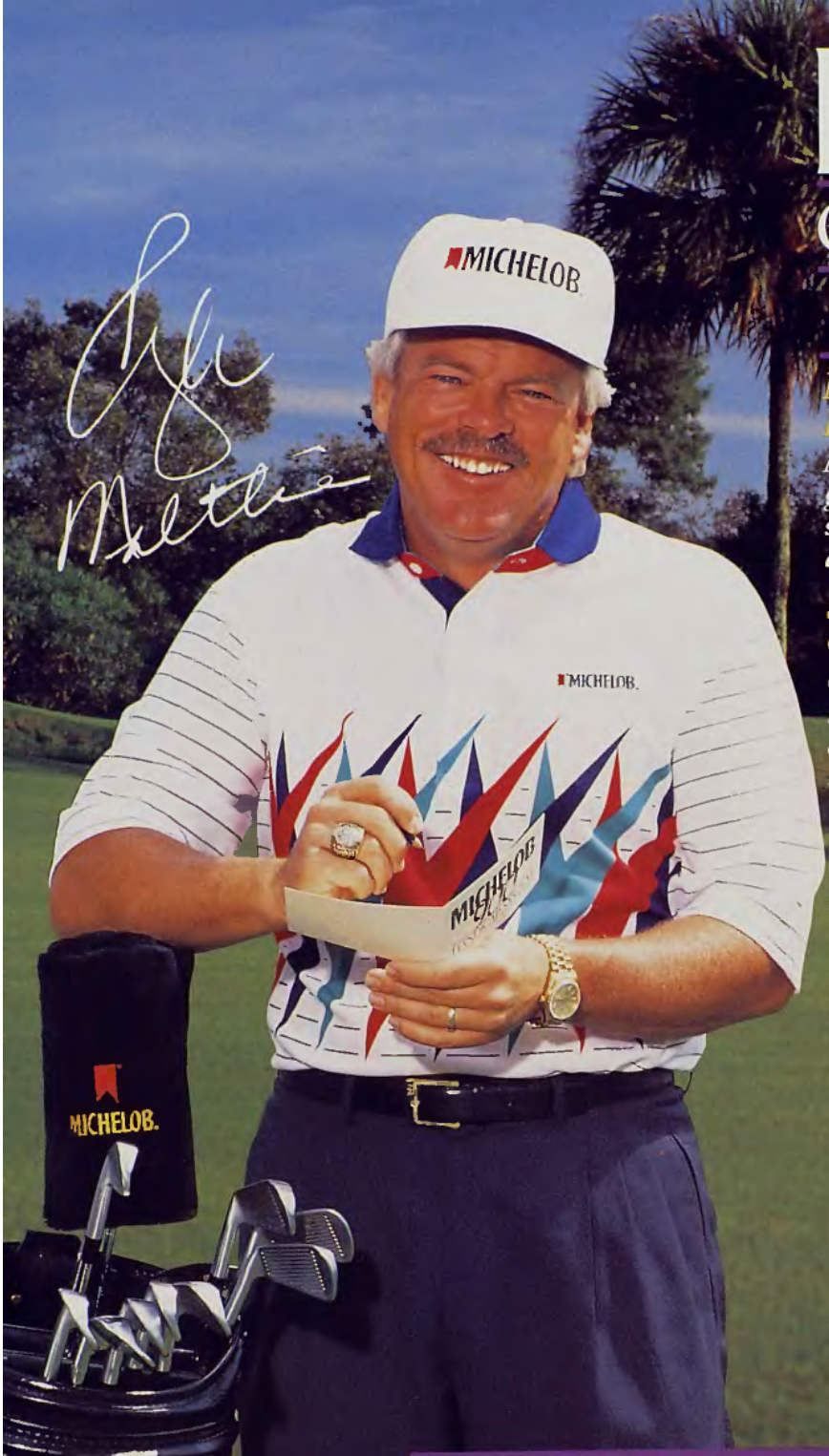
SAGAN: The oddest part is that I never said "billions and billions." Then again, Humphrey Bogart never said his most famous line, "Play it again, Sam," and in the books, Sherlock Holmes never said, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

PLAYBOY: Why is there often contempt within the scientific community for the idea of popularizing science?

SAGAN: In about five hundred B.C., the Pythagoreans discovered that the square root of two is an irrational number. You can't represent irrational numbers as the ratio of two numbers, no matter how big those numbers are. This was considered to be such dangerous information that it was classified. No ordinary person was permitted to know this.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SAGAN: No one knows. For whatever



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reason, it was considered dangerous. You can find examples all through history of this insulting attitude: that the public cannot be trusted with knowledge. Nowadays, some scientists justify that stand by saying it's impossible to communicate such knowledge accurately; you always have to simplify things because, in essence, the public is too stupid. But the dumbest thing scientists who depend on public funds can do is *not* tell the public what they're using the money for. It's suicidal. I think those attitudes are declining swiftly and there are lots of scientists who do an excellent job of explaining things. They convey a sense of excitement, a sense that science is worth while.

PLAYBOY: Why do *you* do it?

SAGAN: Because the chance to talk to millions of people—probably very few of whom subscribe to *Scientific American*, yet are still interested in science—is too good to pass up. Scientists who can get people excited about the field serve as role models for youngsters. Beyond that, if you're in love with something, then there is a natural tendency to want to tell people about it. And we must! If people who disseminate information think their audiences are too stupid to understand science concepts, they'll never let them have any *real* science. It's a small thing, but Hollywood movies in which science is somehow involved in the plot almost always get it wrong. Why don't they just hire a graduate student to check it?

PLAYBOY: Give us an example.

SAGAN: In *Star Wars*, a movie I greatly admire, the term parsec, which is a unit of distance, is used as a unit of time or velocity. Why not get it right?

PLAYBOY: Probably because some people consider the science part unimportant.

SAGAN: People are *intimidated*. The idea that they aren't interested is nonsense. *Cosmos* shows us that they're interested. It is one of the most-watched public-TV shows ever. The accompanying book is also one of the most widely read science books ever published in the English language. Yet parents and even teachers freeze up when their kids ask them simple scientific questions: Why is the sky blue? Why is the sun yellow? What's a dream?

Look at Mr. Bush! On several occasions, he has said that he can't understand *anything* about science, as if he were proud of it. I don't think that's something to be proud of. It's a sign of a nation that doesn't care about its future. Every newspaper in America has a daily astrology column. How many even have a *weekly* science column?

PLAYBOY: What is the interest in astrology and other pseudosciences all about?

SAGAN: The contentions are interesting, even flattering. "The motion of the stars is connected with my character? Boy, I must be really important!" If ghosts exist, then my loved ones who have died are not really dead. Personally, I would *love* to believe I could make contact with my parents, whom I miss terribly. But I recognize that I'm vulnerable for just that reason, and so I demand rigorous standards of evidence in such a case. Whenever there is a dearth of science, people will fall for all that stuff.

There was a notion in the Sixties and Seventies that monumental structures world wide—the Pyramids, the city of Great Zimbabwe, the Easter Island megaliths, straight lines in the plains of Nasca in Peru—were built by occupants of UFOs who visited earth in the past. The proof for the theory was fundamentally that our ancestors were too stupid to build big. All of this is a mixture of genuine intellectual interest and the absence of any countervailing examples of skeptical thinking.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying that the Egyptians, not aliens, did, in fact, build the Pyramids?

SAGAN: It's fundamentally naïve to look at the Pyramids, see that they're really big and then conclude, "I couldn't even lift those stone blocks with my friends helping; therefore, aliens had to do it."

PLAYBOY: What about the Bermuda Triangle? How do you explain that?

SAGAN: Statistically, it's a fallacy. Compared with other places in the world as well traveled as that area of the Atlantic, do airplanes and ships go down more? The answer is no. Why is it always planes and ships that get lost? It's because they can sink in water. If we started losing trains—if we had a Duluth Triangle in which trains began disappearing—*that* would be interesting.

PLAYBOY: Your skepticism doesn't keep you from believing there's life on other planets?

SAGAN: It seems to me very likely that the galaxy is brimming with intelligent life, but that doesn't mean I *know* that that's the case. And it sure doesn't mean that I know that we've been visited.

PLAYBOY: But, in a sense, extraterrestrials are no different from astrology, crystals or channeling: They represent people's longing for something more than just the here and now.

SAGAN: The difference is the statistical likelihood that in the universe, there is more life than ours. There is so much organic matter, so many worlds, and billions of years of evolutionary time; why should we be the only life to have developed? But I don't *know*. The only way to know is to look.

PLAYBOY: You've even tried to communicate with extraterrestrial life by creating messages that have been sent into space.

SAGAN: The human species has launched four spacecraft to the stars. After they finish doing their jobs of exploring the outer solar system, they leave it and just wander in the dark, essentially forever. For the first two spacecraft, Pioneers ten and eleven, my colleague Frank Drake and I designed a plaque—essentially, a license plate—that is affixed to one of the supports. It shows a naked man and woman, some scientific hieroglyphics of our solar system, information about when we launched the craft, a model of DNA—a few things like that.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't the plaque presuppose that a being able to decipher this would have an awful lot in common with us?

SAGAN: Sure. But remember, the being would have to intercept a spacecraft whose transmitter had long before failed in the depths of interstellar space—and that's a capability far beyond our own. So they would have to be much further advanced than we.

PLAYBOY: Then, with the Voyagers, you sent audio messages.

SAGAN: Right. By then, the technology had come along, so we didn't have to do a license plate. Instead, we made a sort of phonograph record.

PLAYBOY: Which assumes that the aliens have a stereo.

SAGAN: Again, if they can find the spacecraft, they can understand the message. The laws of science are the same throughout the universe.

PLAYBOY: What's on the record?

SAGAN: First, it has greetings in sixty human languages—not that we expect extraterrestrials to know any of them, but it seemed dumb not to say hello. Then, there is a sound essay that includes everything from the mud pots of primeval earth to the launch of a rocket to the sound of a kiss. There are also a hundred and seventeen digitally coded pictures that include information about our civilization, science, the planet and ourselves, and then an hour and a half of the world's great music—from east and west.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

SAGAN: Some Louis Armstrong, Blind Willie Johnson, a Bach partita, the Queen of the Night aria from Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, gamelan music, Japanese *shakuhachi* music, native American music, Australian aboriginal music. We tried to get the Beatles' *Here Comes the Sun*, which we thought appropriate. All four Beatles gave permission, but they didn't own the rights, and the record company said no. They were afraid of extraterrestrial competition or something. We used *Johnny B. Goode*.

Although the messages are certainly intended for out there, more importantly, they're intended for down here—to help us to think of ourselves in a cosmic context.

PLAYBOY: You're now pushing for a joint U.S.–Soviet program to Mars. What are we looking for there?

SAGAN: There's so *much* to look at. Mars was once an earthlike world; today it is in some deep ice age. What happened? I want to know how an earthlike world gets into a permanent ice age. It seems to me there are practical reasons we should understand that.

PLAYBOY: How earthlike *was* Mars?

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SAGAN: There were rivers, running water. There may have been oceans. But how deep do you dig before you get to some remnant of that ancient environment?

PLAYBOY: Why are you pushing for a joint program rather than one for just the U.S.?

SAGAN: To save money and get many countries involved in one incredible joint adventure. Beyond that, and in the long term, this could be a step toward humans' settling on other planets. It is as major a step as when our simian ancestors came down from the trees and into the savannas, and as important as when our amphibian ancestors first settled the land five hundred million years ago. The historical importance cannot be overstressed. This is a *long* way off. I'd love to see it done in my lifetime.

PLAYBOY: Since we're not working with the Soviets, will there be a new space race against them?

SAGAN: No. They've won.

PLAYBOY: They've won?

SAGAN: We won it to the moon, the Soviets won it to space stations in low earth orbit. So now we need to work together. Except for considerations of national pride, there's no reason not to do it. I think there is a real chance that we will see, before this interview is published, an announcement about U.S. astronauts on Mir, the Soviet space station, and Soviet cosmonauts on the shuttle. The logic is so clear and the money is so short that it is in the best interest of both nations to cooperate.

PLAYBOY: Still, both countries are facing some hard economic times. . . .

SAGAN: Right, and what I find galling is this: Why, then, are both countries spending so much money on defense?

PLAYBOY: But it's not just defense. How can you justify spending money on space research and exploration when there are so many issues we have to face closer to home? Shouldn't we first feed people, conquer AIDS and cancer?

SAGAN: But if you cut basic scientific research down here, you're eating the seed corn. You've got a little bit of corn to get you through the winter, but then you'll have nothing to plant. And the economies of the United States and even the Soviet Union are big enough that it's possible to spend money on short-term *and* long-term objectives. We have to do both. What would you say to someone who said, "Let's close all the schools in America. Think of the money we can save"? Everybody recognizes that, while you might gain something in the short term, in the long term, it's catastrophic.

PLAYBOY: But why does our country allocate money for the space program when our budget is such a mess?

SAGAN: There are so many reasons: communications satellites; weather satellites, which save billions of dollars in crops every year; and military reconnaissance, surveillance and treaty-verification satellites, which calm the hotheads and paranoids on all sides. If the space program did nothing more than those three things, you would still have to support it.

But there's lots more. Scientific satellites, starting with those that orbit the earth and monitor the environmental health of the globe. And what we learn about our environment from spacecraft that explore other planets is worth the entire investment of the space program.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

SAGAN: If anybody doubts that a big carbon-dioxide greenhouse effect can be dangerous, look at Venus. Nine hundred degrees Fahrenheit! Now tell me that the greenhouse effect is just made up by liberal college professors!

See, exploration of all those other planets, searching for life elsewhere, is as essential as anything. It helps us understand how our world came to be and where it may be going. We have the earth-orbital satellites with large telescopes looking into the depths of space——

PLAYBOY: Such as the Hubble telescope, with its myopic lens.

SAGAN: Well, Hubble is an embarrassing example, though the lens is fixable with a correcting lens, like an eyeglass. And it *will* be corrected. But in spite of the problem, Hubble has already trotted out dozens of important new discoveries, and it's just starting. When the correcting optic is sent up—which, by the way, is the size of a silver dollar—it will be invaluable. And the over-all point: The military budget is three hundred billion dollars a year, Persian Gulf excluded. The space program's entire budget is fourteen billion dollars.

PLAYBOY: In general, does NASA spend its money well? Is the Hubble mistake an exception or the rule?

SAGAN: For many years, NASA was perceived to be—and, to some extent, was—a group of wonder workers. All through human history, people looked up at the moon. And then we got there. What a mythic accomplishment! It would be foolish to forget the historic accomplishments of NASA just because it launched a nearsighted telescope. But without the kind of Presidential attention that it got in the Kennedy and Johnson years, NASA has sort of dwindled. It has been forced to find its own justifications.

PLAYBOY: How did the Challenger disaster affect the country's attitude toward space exploration?

SAGAN: It certainly did call into question NASA's invulnerability, which was a myth, anyway: The Apollo One fire lost astronauts well before Challenger. But after Challenger, a lot of people had the sense that we had to go back with a redoubled effort in order to make sure the loss of those brave astronauts was not in vain. You could argue that it helped pump up the program.

PLAYBOY: Was the Challenger disaster bound to happen?

SAGAN: If you believe some of the statistics they gave us after the fact, it was exactly when you would expect a disaster. But one of the NASA contractors that built the shuttle said you would have to wait ten thousand years before there would be such a disaster.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when it happened?

SAGAN: I was flying to Tel Aviv. I got off the airplane and the press was waiting there to ask me about it. I was devastated.

PLAYBOY: How does the current Administration's less-than-vigorous support of the program affect the program itself?

SAGAN: The shuttle is an attempt at bureaucratic self-maintenance.

PLAYBOY: You obviously disapprove of the program. Why?

SAGAN: When the Apollo program ended, there was no long-term goal for NASA; it had to invent a goal, and the shuttle was it. But, mostly, there is no reason for the shuttle. For example, the objective of the Challenger mission, which killed seven brave Americans, was to launch a communications satellite. But we've been launching communications satellites for decades with unmanned rockets that don't risk people's lives.

PLAYBOY: NASA says we need the shuttle to construct and maintain its proposed space station, Freedom.

SAGAN: But why do we need the *space station?* One answer: because the shuttle has to do something.

PLAYBOY: We would imagine you to be a staunch supporter of the space station.

SAGAN: What is it good for?

PLAYBOY: For starters, isn't it a fairly exciting science lab in space?

SAGAN: For what? For observing the earth or the stars? No, because you do that with the robot satellites. So what is it for? For manufacturing in gravity-free environments? That was an original argument—you could make pharmaceuticals, cure cancer, make ball bearings—but you could tell very early that that was a fantasy. Essentially, no American corporation was willing to spend significant money on the space station as a place to do its manufacturing. You don't hear much these days about space industrial parks.

PLAYBOY: When has sending people into space been merited?

SAGAN: Since Apollo, manned missions have not been essential. They haven't done a thing, in my view, except learn a little about humans in space.

PLAYBOY: But there are things a robot cannot do; it can't think in a crisis, for one important example.

SAGAN: It can make most decisions on its own, and if it doesn't have an answer, it can always send questions back to earth. Voyager, which was Seventies technology, had to fix itself mid-mission many times.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any merit in sending people into space just for the sake of it—as in the *Star Trek* motto, "To boldly

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SAGAN: Certainly—if we were going to other worlds. If we had a spacecraft like the Enterprise on *Star Trek*—with men and women aboard who could go anywhere—boy, I'd be signing up myself. But what we're talking about is spending an enormous amount of money to make something we don't really need. The manned—*peopled*—program now in effect is an incredible waste.

PLAYBOY: Ohio Senator John Glenn, who was one of our nation's first astronauts, points out that the money question is easy to answer: Every dollar we put into the space program gives us seven dollars' worth of new technology. He cites ten thousand medical devices and programs we have because of the space program.

SAGAN: That has been one of the justifications offered since Apollo. Two items widely touted as examples of what we got from Apollo were the stickless frying pan and the cardiac pacemaker. In actuality, Teflon was invented in the Thirties and had nothing to do with the space program—a fact that Du Pont will be very quick to confirm. Also, I met the inventor of the cardiac pacemaker, who almost had a heart attack himself discussing the claim that Apollo had anything to do with his invention.

Still, suppose that weren't right. Suppose stickless frying pans, in fact, emerged from the Apollo program. What is the argument? Give us seventy-five billion dollars to send people to the moon and we'll throw in a stickless frying pan for free? If we're into stickless frying pans, let's spend whatever it takes to get a stickless frying pan. Why go to the moon in the process?

PLAYBOY: Of the fourteen billion dollars budgeted for space exploration, how much goes to the manned program?

SAGAN: Well over half. And what's the real reason we send people?

PLAYBOY: Economics—or, as they said in *The Right Stuff*, no Buck Rogers, no bucks.

SAGAN: Right. That's a prevailing prejudice in NASA, in the Executive branch and in some parts of the legislative branch. I don't know if it's true or not—and criticizing the manned, and womaned, space program may be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs—but this is a view that is contemptuous of the intelligence of the American public.

PLAYBOY: What will the Gulf war—with its prolific use of Patriots and other antimissile missiles—mean for American technology in space; specifically, the Strategic Defense Initiative? Did it give more credibility to S.D.I.?

SAGAN: There's no question that some people think the Patriots demonstrated the utility and importance of Star Wars, even though Patriots were not developed in the S.D.I. program. But beyond that, some recent testimony by experts such as Theodore Postel of MIT suggests that they were very ineffective in shooting down the Scuds; actually, they may have killed more people than if the Scuds had gotten clean hits each time. Regardless, even if you thought that the Patriots had done a perfect job, that doesn't say anything about how good you would be at shooting down a volley of intercontinental ballistic missiles.

The biggest effect of all the attention to military technology in the war is that now every tinhorn dictator in the world is going to want to have lots more smart weapons—more of that wonderful American technology that was so stimulatingly displayed on world television. That may be its most dangerous consequence. What's more, vast resources for many nations will have to be spent on these exceptionally expensive weapons instead of on the national economies. And who's going to sell it all? The United States.

Another way to look at the war is that it was a massive arms bazaar arranged by the United States to showcase some of the products that you, too, might acquire—and only for all the critical resources of your society that might otherwise be spent on bettering your people. Line up over here!

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SAGAN: Which gets directly to the national leadership of all of those nations. If I'm sitting in Burundi or Nepal or El Salvador, to take three very different countries, and I'm a military officer, I think, Gee, it would be wonderful to have some of that stuff. What I could do with that! Other nations wouldn't be able to push me around anymore! So what if the people have a little less?

PLAYBOY: Getting back to S.D.I., what are your primary objections to it?

SAGAN: Its purpose keeps changing. Ronald Reagan's original justification, as sold to him by Edward Teller and others, was that it would provide a kind of complete protection for the citizens of the United States against a Soviet attack. Well, that was quickly modified; even the S.D.I. scientists admit that the protection couldn't be complete. But even if the system were ninety percent effective—which no one thinks it could be—and the Soviets launched, let's say, ten thousand warheads, and we shot down ninety percent of them—a thousand warheads would still get through. A thousand nuclear explosions on American soil is enough to destroy the United States many times over. Star Wars is a delusion.

PLAYBOY: Some say S.D.I. could also destroy the possibility of a limited nuclear war. If we used it to shoot down a missile or two, for example, the enemy would feel it would have to launch thousands.

SAGAN: That's it. You shoot your wad in order to guarantee overwhelming the American defense system.

PLAYBOY: But another argument is that S.D.I. enhances deterrence.

SAGAN: Maybe a much better way to disarm the Soviets' ability to destroy you is to have a treaty that destroys lots of their weapons. Star Wars is a technology desperately seeking a justification.

PLAYBOY: Has the end of the Cold War slowed down the scientists who are building nuclear bombs?

SAGAN: No. We and the Soviets are still building nuclear weapons every day.

PLAYBOY: Bigger and better?

SAGAN: At least better. New kinds of weapons—weapons that can burrow and kill people hiding in subways. All sorts of wonderful new inventions. There are a lot of bright people who are dedicated to their tasks and are doing rather well for themselves working on nuclear weapons. They are all convinced—or at least they were the last time I talked with them—that what they're doing is patriotic and in the national interest.

PLAYBOY: Physicist Ted Taylor built some of our most powerful bombs before becoming an advocate of complete disarmament; he worked twenty years before it dawned on him that his bombs might actually kill people. If you had your way, would you eliminate all nuclear weapons, as Taylor would?

SAGAN: No. Getting down to zero, at least with the world the way it is today, is just too dangerous. Then somebody who had a handful could extort on a grand scale. A lot of people I admire don't agree with me. I'm not a hundred percent sure I'm right, but my sense is, you need a minimum deterrent. Yet it can be at much, much lower levels than anything we have now. Fifty weapons could destroy any country on earth.

PLAYBOY: Is that a realistic goal?

SAGAN: Who knows what's realistic? Was the dissolution of the Warsaw Pact realistic ten years ago? The world is changing at a phenomenal pace.

PLAYBOY: How have Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces [I.N.F.] and, now, the new START talks affected the world's nuclear arsenals?

SAGAN: I.N.F. did not reduce the world's nuclear arsenals by one weapon; it merely destroyed the delivery systems. Our warheads were brought back to the United States and reconfigured into new nuclear weapons on new delivery systems. As for START, the number of deployed, operational warheads in the world would be reduced to the low forty thousands from something like fifty-five thousand. It is an obscene number—and *still* no warheads would be destroyed. What we need to do is get down to numbers that can't trigger nuclear winter.

PLAYBOY: Let's move to that. How did you arrive at your nuclear-winter theory?

SAGAN: The starting point was NASA's Mariner Nine mission to Mars; it was the first spacecraft to orbit another planet. Instead of all the wonders that we thought we would find on Mars, once we got there, we saw a featureless planet covered by a global dust storm. An infrared

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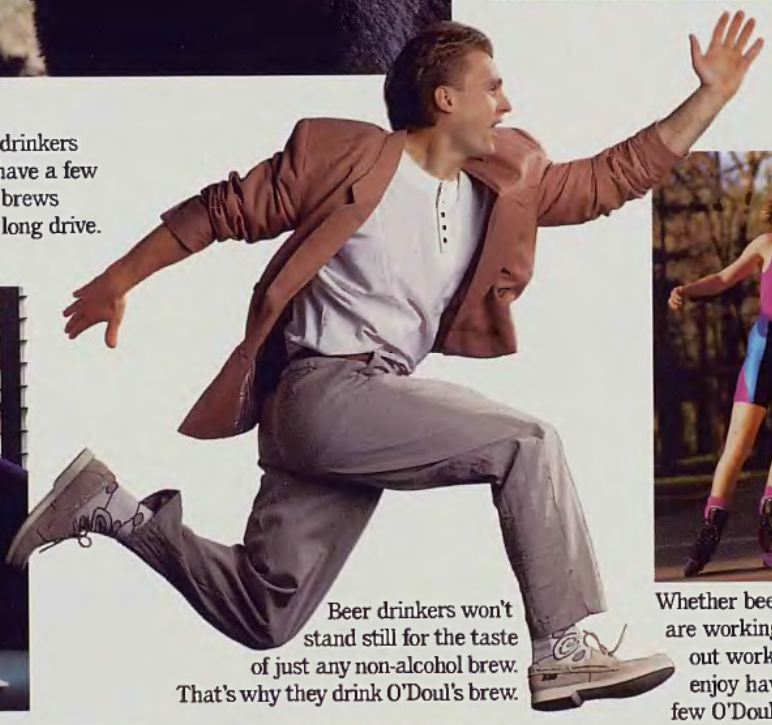

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spectrometer and radiometer measured temperatures in the atmosphere and on the surface, and we discovered that the atmosphere was much warmer and the surface much colder than they ought to be. It didn't take a lot of insight to recognize that the dust storm was probably the cause. When it finally cleared, the wonders of Mars were revealed to us. So we forgot about the dust and didn't look back at it for a few years.

When we did look back, it was when my colleagues and I were studying the climatic effects of large volcanic explosions on the earth. We did some calculations and noted similarities between the temperature drops following major volcanic explosions here and the dust-storm temperature drops on Mars.

The next thing that happened was related to Luis Alvarez' discovery of the iridium layer around the earth. It——

PLAYBOY: Back up. Alvarez? Iridium?

SAGAN: OK. Normally, there isn't much of the metallic element iridium on the earth's surface—that is, when compared with meteorites, asteroids and, presumably, comets. Luis Alvarez and his colleagues examined the sediments near what was the earth's surface at the time of the extinction of the dinosaurs. He discovered that there had been a huge amount of iridium all over the world at that time. The assumption is that the iridium is a geological signature of an impact by an extraterrestrial body that was, according to the calculations, an asteroid ten kilometers across. It is now the most accepted theory that the asteroid hit the earth and scattered a dust cloud including iridium into the atmosphere, which eventually settled onto the earth. Temperature drops caused by the dust-cloud layer—like the temperature drops caused by the Mars dust storms and the volcanoes, but far worse—seem to be what caused the extinction of the dinosaurs. Later, I suggested that we take a look at what would happen in the atmosphere after a nuclear war using those climate models. Because of the questions about dinosaur extinction, the Department of Defense got interested as well.

PLAYBOY: Why was the Department of Defense interested in the dinosaurs?

SAGAN: It wanted to know if the climatic effects resulting from the catastrophe that destroyed most of the species of life on earth sixty-five million years ago could be caused by the ground bursts of nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: What causes the dust in a nuclear explosion?

SAGAN: An explosion excavates a giant crater, pulverizes the stuff and shoots it up into the skies. Scientists Paul Crutzen and John Birks have suggested that there would be another component far greater than the dust: soot caused by a nuclear war. None of our initial calculations considered the burning that would occur after a nuclear war—particularly of cities,

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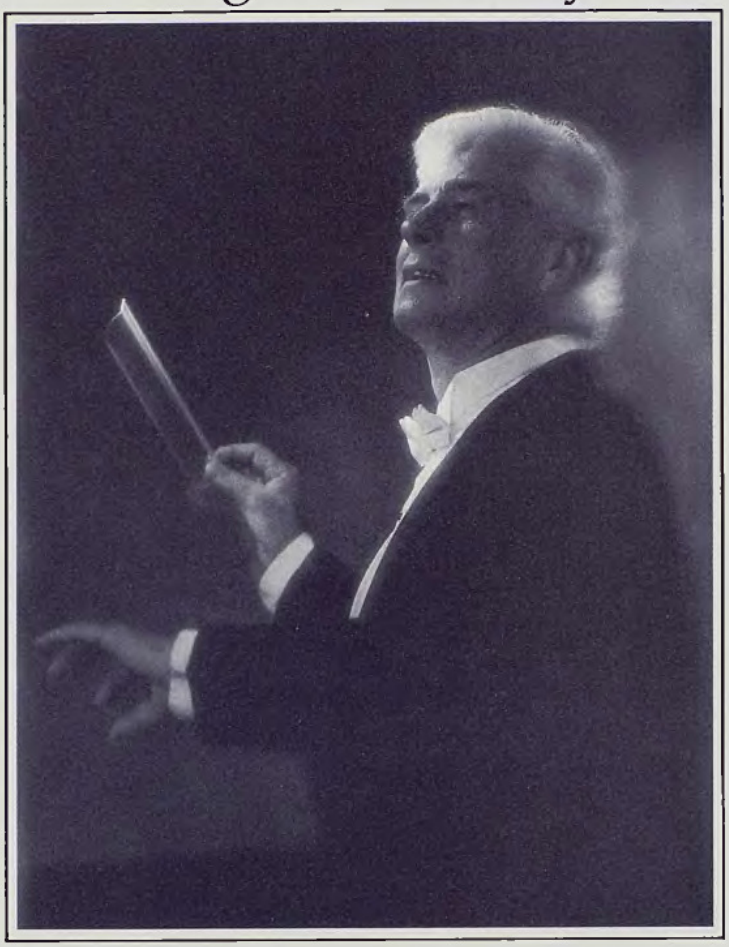

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which are made of very burnable stuff.

PLAYBOY: So the final calculation combined the effects of the dust and the emissions from fires?

SAGAN: That's right. Essentially, the dust and soot would envelop the earth at a very high altitude, darken it and cause a devastating drop in temperature, below the temperature of the planet during the last ice age. That is nuclear winter.

PLAYBOY: But wouldn't a nuclear war destroy so much that concern about the aftermath is, frankly, irrelevant?

SAGAN: The number of people who would be killed by the prompt effects—the blast, the radiation, the immediate fallout, the fires—are, indeed, so many, and the deaths so horrible, that you might think: Anything more than that, who cares? A lot of people have that view, but most of those people are living in the northern middle-latitude target zones. They would be killed—promptly, of course. However, people living in places that would not be targeted consider nuclear winter an important point. Nuclear winter is a way for nuclear weapons to kill people who don't live in American, Soviet, European and Chinese cities. It is a way for nuclear weapons to kill *everybody*.

PLAYBOY: Your argument points to the fact that there *could* be a limited nuclear war, and that's the premise espoused by nuclear-war proponents.

SAGAN: What *they* meant when they said limited nuclear war was that nations with twenty-five thousand nuclear weapons would be able to have a nuclear war and use only a few dozen each. That is absurd. The losing side would up the ante. It always does. Warring countries would stop using nuclear weapons only when there were no more left. The only experience we have had with that was in 1945, when the United States used its entire nuclear arsenal—*both* weapons.

PLAYBOY: Are we less threatened now that we're talking with the Soviets?

SAGAN: I think we face a different set of dangers. The day-to-day tension between the United States and the Soviet Union has gone way down. The fear that the Soviets would make a massive armored attack across the Elbe into western Europe is completely dissipated. And we do have a much less nuclear-confrontationalist group running this country than we did in Reagan's first term. In all those respects, things really are better. But you can't say that if there's no nuclear war in the next two or three years, we have nothing to worry about. There *will* be new nuclear-weapons states. And there *will* be new leaders, military and civilian—leaders who go crazy.

PLAYBOY: Which is more threatening, a small country with weapons or a terrorist with a bomb?

SAGAN: Look at what one weapon can do versus what a hundred can do versus what a thousand can do. It's very clear that the biggest danger, in terms of both prompt and long-term effects, is from the nations that have hundreds or more.

PLAYBOY: Do the officials who would make the decision to use nuclear weapons consider nuclear winter a serious deterrent?

SAGAN: It's hard to know. In the Soviet Union, the answer seems to be yes. How seriously it is taken in the United States is unclear. In the Reagan years, nuclear winter was considered a dangerous idea, because it might make Americans think that nuclear war was foolish. Our deterrence of the Soviet Union depended on having a credible threat.

PLAYBOY: With whom in the current Administration have you discussed this?

SAGAN: Over the years, I've talked with the State Department, the Department of Defense, the Central Intelligence Agency and even the National Security Agency.

PLAYBOY: And do they accept the theory?

SAGAN: There are those who do and those who don't. I was asked to talk in a lot of forums about it. I can't complain that the whole thing was stiff-armed, that nobody wanted to hear it. I know of cases in which high Government officials were hiding behind a one-way mirror when they were being briefed on nuclear winter. The scientists did not know which officials might be hiding behind the glass; the officials were unwilling to have it publicly known that they had heard something about nuclear winter.

PLAYBOY: What did the Department of Defense do with the information you provided?

SAGAN: People high in the department were appalled at the ideological implications of nuclear winter; others thought we were exaggerating; a few thought we were minimizing.

PLAYBOY: In general, have you found military leaders to have much scientific understanding?

SAGAN: It's hard to make generalizations. My anecdotal impression is that the professional, high-ranking military officers were much more open to nuclear winter than the ideologically oriented civilian political appointees. In my experience over the past twenty-five years with the Department of Defense, I have found that the willingness to consider new ideas is much greater than you'd expect from the stereotype of the closed military mind. Or maybe they just have a better tradition of politeness. But ideological civilians don't want to hear things that might affect their politics. In the DOD, some right-wingers have accused us of having *invented* nuclear winter *in order* to accomplish the nuclear freeze or to prevent the installation of Pershing Twos and cruise missiles in Europe. Some people were afraid of the truth—afraid that knowledge of a much worse, long-term consequence of nuclear war had unacceptable political implications—and so maybe we should pretend that this evidence didn't exist or was mistaken.

PLAYBOY: How would a nuclear war affect the ozone layer?

SAGAN: The ozone layer would be severely affected by a nuclear war—and not just by the oxides of nitrogen that rise into the stratosphere in the fireball but by the soot itself. Calculations at Los Alamos National Laboratory show that there would be a very serious depletion of the ozone layer—one that hadn't been anticipated before. You'd take your life in your hands going for a walk—which is only a slight exaggeration.

PLAYBOY: For the confused, explain the ozone problem.

SAGAN: There is a thin layer that protects us from ultraviolet radiation from the sun. The gas, ozone, is transparent and invisible—we can look out in ordinary visible light and see stars—but is opaque to ultraviolet light. When we deplete the ozone layer, excessive ultraviolet light gets in. There are many dangerous consequences. Skin cancer in light-skinned people goes up, as do cataracts. The immune system is attacked, kind of like AIDS, except you don't have to do anything special to get it. Most serious and least understood is the fact that the primary photosynthetic producers—such as the phytoplankton in the oceans—are vulnerable to ultraviolet light. You kill those guys, you kill everybody above them in the food chain.

PLAYBOY: A report recently released by the Government said that the ozone depletion around the earth is far worse than previously predicted.

SAGAN: Right. And notice what "far worse" is? Far worse means that there has been a few-percent depletion at northern mid-latitudes, where most Americans live, whereas in the nuclear-winter scenario, it's, say, thirty times worse.

PLAYBOY: Do most people take the threat seriously?

SAGAN: Many of us take it very seriously. Almost all of the industrialized nations have agreed to phase out the chlorofluorocarbons [CFCs], which are the worst enemy of the ozone layer. But molecules of CFC, which are released by air conditioning and refrigerators, continue to do damage to the ozone layer for what will be the next hundred years.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the good news, explain the greenhouse effect.

SAGAN: While ozone absorbs radiation in the ultraviolet, the greenhouse effect works in the infrared—that's wave lengths of light longer than visible light. In ordinary visible light, the atmosphere is transparent, except in Los Angeles and Denver and a few places like that. The earth tries to cool itself by radiating to space in the infrared. Now, because of carbon dioxide and other gases, the atmosphere is fairly opaque in the infrared. Consequently, the heat can't get out and the temperature rises. Just like

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how a greenhouse is supposed to work.

PLAYBOY: How does the damage from chlorofluorocarbons compare with the damage from CO_2 emissions?

SAGAN: The CFC industry in the United States was a six-hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry. That's a lot, but compared with the U.S. economy, it's trivial. Whereas if you're seriously talking about phasing out a significant fraction of the fossil-fuel industry, you are taking on the coal, oil, gas, auto and chemical industries. That's much tougher than taking on a six-hundred-million-dollar industry.

PLAYBOY: Of the two—CFCs and CO_2—which is the more significant problem?

SAGAN: It depends on which you think is more dangerous—ozone depletion or global warming. Who knows? [*Laughs*] But our reaction shouldn't be, "We can solve only one of these problems, so which will it be?" We must solve *both*—they're both extremely perilous.

PLAYBOY: Part of the debate is over whether or not the greenhouse effect is actually occurring.

SAGAN: The six warmest years of the Twentieth Century were in the decade ending in 1990.

PLAYBOY: Do you attribute that to global warming?

SAGAN: It is impossible to know for sure, but it seems a good bet. At least ignoring it looks to be imprudent.

PLAYBOY: Is global warming also responsible for the recent drought in the Midwest and the West?

SAGAN: It's a riskier step to draw that conclusion. The question is, do we have the *signature* of global warming? Some very capable scientists say yes, though some say no, not yet.

PLAYBOY: How can we expect governments to react?

SAGAN: It's a question of how cautious you want to be. On the one hand, if scientists make some pronouncement about a danger—and nations take precautionary action that's expensive—and then it turns out that the scientists were wrong, then we've wasted a lot of money and the scientists are in trouble. Some scientists say that you have to be certain that it's happening before you speak out. But in my view, even if we take steps to stop global warming by burning fossil fuels more efficiently and coming up with fossil-fuel alternatives, and then find out that every scientist who had worried about it was just dead wrong, we'd *still* have helped ourselves. It would help end our pernicious dependence on foreign petroleum. It would help solve the problem of oil spills. Also, a lot of acid rain is connected with the burning of high-sulphur coal. We can solve many serious environmental and political problems by lessening our dependence on fossil fuels.

PLAYBOY: Which fossil-fuel alternative do you consider the most viable?

SAGAN: Solar electric power, wind turbines, biomass burning, hydrogen fuel. The principle of that last one is wonderful. It may work off of water and sunlight.

PLAYBOY: What's our country's argument against hydrogen fuel?

SAGAN: Cost—but it's not a valid argument. For instance, what is the cost of a barrel of petroleum? Well, if we charge only the direct cost of the petroleum to the consumer, then we get a comparatively low figure, and it's hard for hydrogen fuel or solar electricity to compete. But if we throw in the military cost of maintaining armed forces to protect our oil supplies, the cost of occasional excursions such as the Persian Gulf war, the environmental cost of cleaning up the damage, the medical cost of people's breathing toxic fumes, the agricultural cost of dealing with global warming, the refugee cost, the cost of the sea level's rising and low-lying cities' being flooded—if we add all that to the cost of a barrel of oil, we'll find that hydrogen fuel and solar electricity are cheaper by far. We just don't do the accounting right. We cheat.

PLAYBOY: Are the oil-well fires in Kuwait remaining from the war contributing to the greenhouse effect?

SAGAN: Of course, but not in a major way. Still, no one has ever before burned five hundred oil wells at once; there is a nightmarish, hellish situation in Kuwait right now. The skies are darkened, temperatures are lower—five, ten degrees Fahrenheit lower than they ought to be for this time of year. These Mephistophelean flames are all over the landscape. That's quite a vision of hell. It's only one example of the formidable, maybe even awesome, technological powers we humans now have.

We keep discovering—by accident—the danger these things pose, yet the discoveries are never made by the industry that's making money from the new technology. Who discovered that chlorofluorocarbons are a danger to the ozone layer? Was it Du Pont, a principal manufacturer, exercising corporate responsibility? No. Was it the Environmental Protection Agency, which is supposed to be protecting us? No. Was it the Department of Defense, which is supposed to be defending us? No. Then who was it? It was two white-coated ivory-tower scientists at the University of California Irvine—Sherwood Roland and Mario Molina are their names. They weren't going after Du Pont or anything like that; they were simply interested in the photochemistry of the upper atmosphere.

Why were Roland and Molina the ones who discovered the problem? Why didn't the industrialized nations make a concerted effort *beforehand* to explore the dangers of the new technologies?

PLAYBOY: Cost priorities, maybe?

SAGAN: But in terms of the cost to the society, you *save* money by finding out the dangers early. So why is there no Governmental research institute, no Department of Citizen Protection, to seek these things out?

PLAYBOY: As far as the oil-well fires are concerned, at least one report says that the pollution isn't toxic.

SAGAN: I have heard a lot of complaints about respiratory illnesses. People with asthma are leaving the country; respiratory wards in hospitals are oversubscribed. Also, there's now the petroleum pollution of the Persian Gulf. We now have black rain—or black *snow*—as far away as the foothills of the Himalayas. All of that is going to have some serious consequences.

PLAYBOY: How serious?

SAGAN: The estimated time required for putting out the fires is something like two to five years. A lot can happen in two to five years. Much depends on the weather. One of the things that I've been most worried about is the possibility of the climatic consequences, not just over the region but extending to all of South Asia or beyond. It would require the soot to get up to very high altitudes. So far, very little of it has done so. If the stuff gets up to high altitudes, the climatic effects will be more serious and widespread.

PLAYBOY: Could this fiasco result in a scaled-down version of nuclear winter?

SAGAN: The worst-case scenario of the Kuwaiti oil fires doesn't come near nuclear winter. However, nuclear winter is so serious that even something far short of it can do substantial damage. One of the ways that nuclear winter works is by partially turning off the greenhouse effect. That is, if soot blocks sunlight high up in the air, above where the bulk of the greenhouse gases are, then it doesn't allow those gases to do their stuff. We need *some* greenhouse effect, just not much. The earth, without our present greenhouse effect, would be below the freezing point of water. The oceans would freeze. We'd be dead.

PLAYBOY: One way we freeze, the other way we burn. Nice choices.

SAGAN: [*Smiles*] Exactly.

PLAYBOY: How much does President Bush listen to scientists?

SAGAN: There is currently a Presidential science advisor, Allan Bromley, a distinguished physicist from Yale, but there is no evidence that Bush listens to scientists on anything that challenges policy. Bush is interested in science and the space program to accomplish very short-term political objectives, nothing else. It's ironic, because, in the Soviet Union, Gorbachev has been close to a number of scientists, and I believe they have played a critical role in many of the changes that have occurred there.

The last U.S. President who had science advisors with a great deal of influence was Eisenhower, though Kennedy paid a lot of attention to his, as well. Carter had a very capable advisor, Frank Press, who's now the president of the National Academy of Sciences; and Carter himself was personally very interested in

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science. Nixon actively ignored the scientists. One example was when his Administration, for political reasons, wanted the supersonic transport, but experts pointed out various deficiencies in its cost-effectiveness. So politics and science collided, as they often do, and Nixon's response was to dissolve the entire Presidential science-advisory committee. That's the thing about science. It's completely unreliable politically—there's no telling what nature will reveal.

PLAYBOY: For one thing, experts often don't agree.

SAGAN: You can make any conclusion you want by finding the right scientist, and you've really got to concentrate to understand what they're saying. But their advice is an iffy thing for Presidents and prime ministers and premiers, mostly because it cannot be controlled.

PLAYBOY: Do most scientists have a sense of social responsibility?

SAGAN: Some are just concerned with salaries and promotions. Many are unprepared for the rough-and-tumble, unscrupulous world of politics. Others don't want to offend those in power; if you find something that's contrary to the prevailing wisdom, it may be better not to mention it. Others don't care about the prevailing politics—they just feel they should speak their conscience.

PLAYBOY: Were you always political, or has your career politicized you?

SAGAN: I grew up in the Depression. My parents were very poor, so I understood poverty and I understood what Government could do to help or hurt those who were poor. When I was born, my father was an usher in a movie theater, but things eventually got better for us. I was aware of politics, I suppose, but I never was political.

PLAYBOY: Was your childhood unique?

SAGAN: One very important thing was that my parents had a sense of the worth of knowledge—the value of learning just for fun. That was certainly communicated by both of them. They had a good command of the English language, there were books in the house. One of the things I'm most grateful to them for is that they did not discourage even my wildest flights of fancy. In the Forties—in the middle of World War Two—when I decided I was interested in being involved with sending rocket ships to the planets, they didn't say, "Oh, come on."

PLAYBOY: So, when you were a child, you knew what you wanted to do?

SAGAN: I had *questions*. I'd ask bigger kids what the stars were and they'd say, "They're lights in the sky, kid." *I* knew they were lights in the sky—but what *were* they? My parents sent me to the library. Kids are naturally curious and want to understand about the world and they're eager to learn. It's only when they're turned off by adults that they stop asking questions—which is why I put so much emphasis on the fact that my parents didn't discourage me. When I discovered that there were such things as planets, I wanted to go to them. Then, when I was eight or nine, I came upon science fiction. These people *were* going to planets. I read loads of science fiction, especially Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter series about a guy who gets to Mars by wishing hard. I spent a lot of time wishing at Mars hard. It didn't do a thing.

PLAYBOY: What were you like socially? Did you fit the stereotype of the awkward, nerdy kid interested in science?

SAGAN: Well, certainly at the age of thirteen, I was awkward and perhaps nerdy, and that probably would have been the case no matter *what* I was interested in. But by the time I was a junior or senior in high school, I had lots of friends and a steady girlfriend.

Still, kids interested in science are usually defined as *uncool*, which is a way for those who are uncomfortable with science to deal with it. It seems that those who are not very good at thinking, or those who haven't been encouraged, have a vested interest in putting down the social importance of learning. You can see lots of peer pressure in high school *not* to excel in academics, but you never see peer pressure not to excel in sports. I think high schools ought to give letter jackets to students who are excellent academically, at least as much as to students who are excellent in sports.

PLAYBOY: How do you encourage your kids?

SAGAN: Are you kidding? They are *unstoppable*. When they ask questions, *answer* them. If you don't know the answer, help them find it.

PLAYBOY: You have children ranging in age from ten months to thirty-two years. How has being a parent affected you?

SAGAN: Annie pointed out to me that I had one child per decade for the last five decades in the Twentieth Century. [*Laughs*] I think I get to be a better father each time. I hope so. And while I recognize that there are still lots of things I have to learn about being a parent, I have certainly enjoyed it from the beginning. It's an opportunity to reach into the future a little bit. A parent has an awful lot to say about how a child turns out. And having children sews up all the various parts of your own life—if that makes any sense. You can't spend time with a child of a certain age *without* getting back to yourself at that age. There's a tendency to lose contact with the different parts of you as you grow up, the eight-year-old in you, for example—it's childish and embarrassing. But it's still there. When you have an eight-year-old, it all comes back, and you sort of reintegrate it into your personality. It's a deep experience, and I think men in general don't get nearly enough out of it.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your work, are people becoming more enlightened about environmental issues—celebrating Earth Day, recycling, that sort of thing?

SAGAN: They are, except that there is what I call the brick-in-the-toilet problem. It's very easy to tell people that they should work hard in their local communities to improve conditions: Put a brick in your toilet so the amount of water per flush is less, separate plastic from paper for recycling. I'm certainly for those things. But they tend to obscure the major environmental issues that cannot be solved by changes in individual behavior—global warming, say, or ozone depletion. The significant things that must be changed involve industrial and national policy, short-term profits versus the long-term well-being of the environment.

PLAYBOY: Are bricks in the toilets trivial?

SAGAN: No, but we have to do *both*. The danger is that people have a sense of satisfaction after they separate the paper and they forget about it; they think the problems are solved.

The tendency to solve the problems that you know how to solve is very human; but if that takes away from solving the most serious problems, there's grave danger. All sorts of industries that might have reckless environmental policies are happy to encourage individuals to put bricks in their toilets. People in Detroit are happy to have people recycle bottles rather than insist on fuel-efficient automobiles. Having modern fluorescent lamps as opposed to incandescent ones is something General Electric ought to worry about, but it would rather have you pile up newspapers. Building solar-electric alternatives to fossil fuel is something that the Government should pay attention to in its tax-incentive and sales-tax-rebate policies.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't the same people who put bricks in their toilets buy fuel-efficient cars and more efficient bulbs?

SAGAN: Maybe. Detroit says no. G.E. says no. But public-opinion polls show that people would be willing to pay significantly more taxes if they were sure that those taxes would be spent ameliorating the environmental problems.

PLAYBOY: Is it significant when a company such as McDonald's succumbs to the country's mood and begins recycling in its restaurants?

SAGAN: Yes, but are they doing the *significant* things and not just things that the customers see? In other words, are they doing more than just PR?

PLAYBOY: Do we have the technology to solve the environmental problems?

SAGAN: Absolutely. It's a question of having the political will.

PLAYBOY: What would it take to change?

SAGAN: Imagine freeing up a significant amount of the Department of Defense's scientific and engineering talent—away from weapons and toward solving these problems.

PLAYBOY: So it's money. But can Detroit make fuel-efficient cars at prices that

(concluded on page 239)

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can our
wise man get religion
in time for his first trip to the
holy land?

My Jerusalem

IF I FORGET THEE, *O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning*. But I haven't forgotten thee. I just haven't gotten around to thee. And that's about to change. (Besides, I'm a lowly screenwriter. How cunning can I be?)

It's my first trip to Israel. For years, I've lived apart from Jews. Now I'll be among millions. How will I do? As the day of my departure approaches, my voice takes on a Talmudic lilt. I become a cross between Yitzhak Shamir and Jackie Mason. All day long, I hum selections from *Fiddler on the Roof*.

"Getting ready to leave, eh?" says my wife.

She has seen me become rangy and laconic before trips to Fort Worth, turn into Charles Aznavour on my way to Paris.

Suddenly, Hurricane Bob devastates my area and I'm clearing tree trunks off the back roads with Foster, Robbins and McNee. Can I become Jewish again in time for my trip? I leave my house without power, water or light, clearly a Biblical prophecy. (I'll find light in the land of Israel?)

On the El Al flight, I ask the stewardess, Zipporah ("Zippy to you"), if she knows of a pub in Jerusalem for writers and artists.

"That's funny," she says. "Neil Simon asked me the same thing."

The captain, whose vocal coach clearly was Shimon Peres, announces the in-flight film, *Misery*.

"And for her performance, the actress Kathy Bates received an Academy Award."

I go into a coma (clearing all those tree trunks); when I

article By Bruce Jay Friedman

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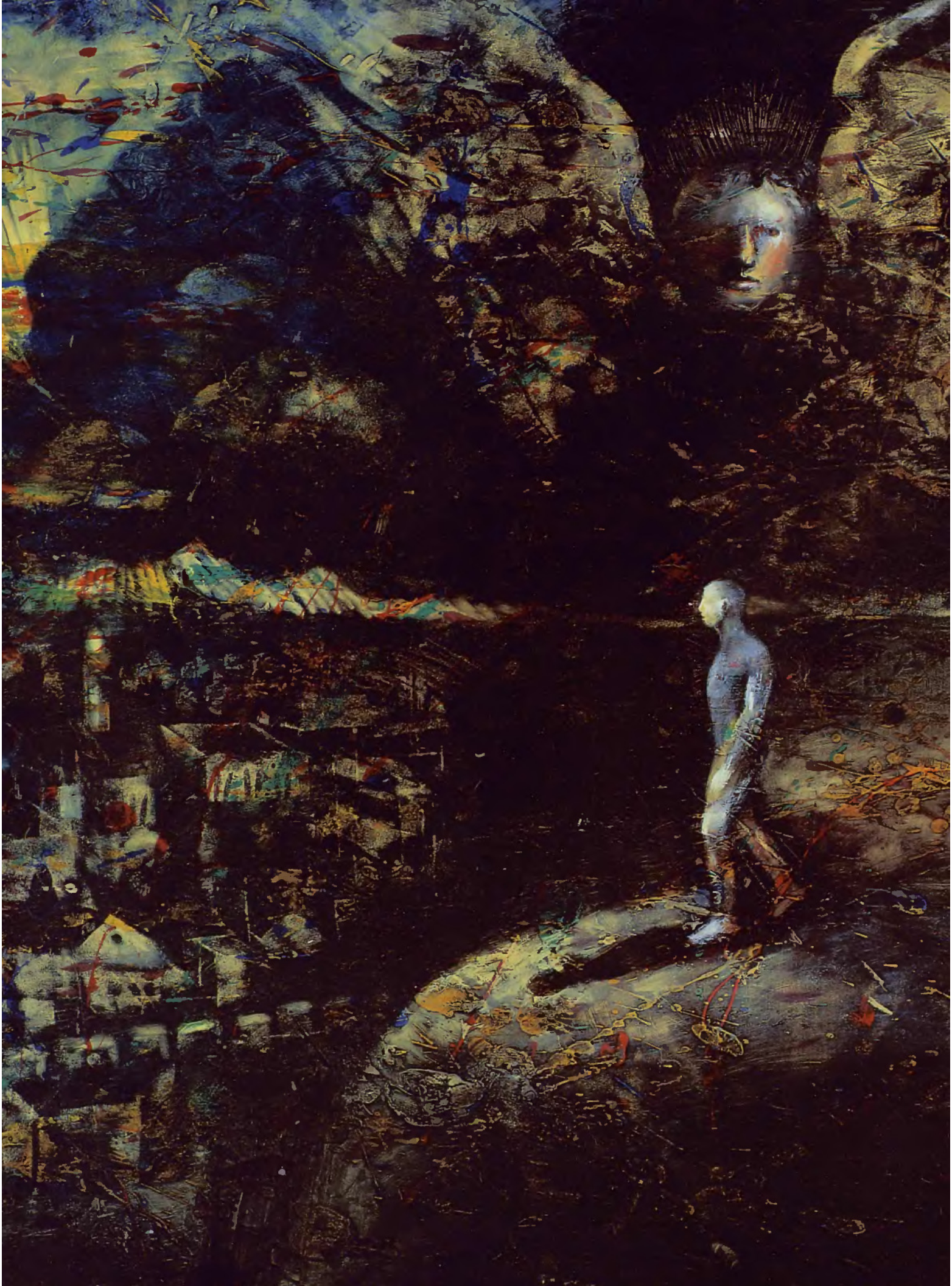


wake up, we're over the Greek islands. I look out the window, marveling at the terrain, convinced I can make out the Bacchae in a Dionysian frolic.

"So this is Greece."

"No, you're looking at clouds," says Zippy. She points to the other side of the aircraft. "That's Greece over there."

Soon I'm lined up at the exit door, along with Yeshiva students, touring groups of the hearing impaired and bearded rabbis who smell of candy. The doors fly open, the man behind me starts to daven. "*Sh'ma, Yisroeyl, Adonoy Eloheynu. . . .*"

I join him in prayer and become a Jew again, in the nick of time.

•

The cabdrivers look like Jewish gangsters of the Prohibition period. The car of choice is Mercedes. And here I'd agonized for months over whether to lease one. I'm assigned to Bugsy Siegel. Quickly, on the road to Jerusalem, I see that Israelis can hold their heads up high among the crazy drivers of the world. The terrain is harsh and scruffy. It begins to sink in that this is the Middle East, not Santa Barbara. The desert hasn't been made to bloom so fast. But the air is sweet and spicy and altogether intoxicating (fertilizer? the land of milk and honey?). After 45 minutes, we roll up to the doors of the celebrated King David Hotel. The manager points to Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid at the check-out desk and tells me they had a wonderful stay.

I take my first bath in a week—in the Holy Land.

•

Everyone at the hotel seems to be from New Jersey. A woman complains to her husband that a clerk ignored her ("Should I make a stink?"). My spacious and somber room looks out on the walled Old City of Jerusalem, rebuilt by Suleiman the Magnificent in the 16th Century, thought by some to be the site of the Garden of Eden. It's felt by Orthodox Jews that here the Messiah will return in three centuries or less. The King David appears to be a jolly Catskills hotel flung back in time to the land of Abraham and Jesus and Mohammed. The room furnishings are faded deco. The peach-colored bathroom tile, the orange bath mat, the Forties shower fixtures—it's as if the Federmann family, owners of the hotel, have produced a replica of my childhood apartment in the Bronx.

•

With questionable timing, I've arrived on the night of the Shabbath. Jerusalem is wrapped up tight as a drum, or a scroll, as it were. I decide to have dinner in the formal dining room of the King David and order—what else?—gefilte fish. If I can't trust it here. . . . Also chicken stuffed with pine nuts, from a kibbutz in Galilee. The captain asks if I'd mind another single at my table. I tell him, Why not? This is the Holy Land. I'm joined by a dour, middle-aged Frenchman who owns a condo in Tel Aviv. Thanks to Hurricane Bob and a week of eating out of cans, I'm famished and prepare to dig in. Jean-Claude asks if I'd mind if he said a kiddush. Of course I don't mind. How can I mind? He rises, I rise with him, holding a cloth napkin over my head in place of a kippe. His kiddush is a long one—and when he's finished, the hotel presents a cantor with a beautiful voice to do another, more formal kiddush for the entire dining room. Soon, rival kiddushes break out around the room. I'm still on my feet and I haven't eaten. Finally, the ceremonies end and I attack my dinner, which, since it's kosher, is on the bland side but which has the saving grace of being authentic. Jean-Claude says he is from Morocco and that at the age of 12, he saw arm patches being prepared for the Jews as Rommel took Tunisia. "Then the Americans came," he says, smiling, giving me credit for their appearance. I order a bottle of wine, take a sip and pronounce it excellent. The captain says it's from the Golan.

"Really? In that case, you should never, under any circumstances, give up the Golan Heights." There's a silence. I look at the captain's name tag—Mahmoud, an Arab—and see I've made my first blunder in the Holy Land. ("You *didn't*," my wife will say.)

•

My guide arrives, Ami of Galilee Tours. Fresh from steering 27 Indiana charismatics through the Old City, he appears happy to see me but asks why I've never been to Israel before.

"I'm here now."

"But what took you so long?"

This is a refrain that follows me throughout my stay. It's not enough that I'm here. I didn't get here fast enough.

Tall, confident, a 38-year-old paratrooper and veteran of three wars, Ami carries a backpack and has the long stride of an antelope. I picture him bounding zestfully over archaeological ruins in Masada while I struggle to keep up with him.

"Not to worry," he says, sensing my discomfort. "I'm tired all the time."

We set out for the Old City in 90-degree heat, but *dry* heat, which is supposed to make a difference. Ami points to an abandoned trunk road beside a two-lane highway.

"This," he says, "is Jerusalem."

The road was supposed to alleviate traffic congestion. But when construction began, the Jews decided the site concealed a Maccabean fortress. The Moslems insisted it lay above an ancient mosque, and the Greek Orthodox Christians were confident it was the site of a 12th Century Byzantine church.

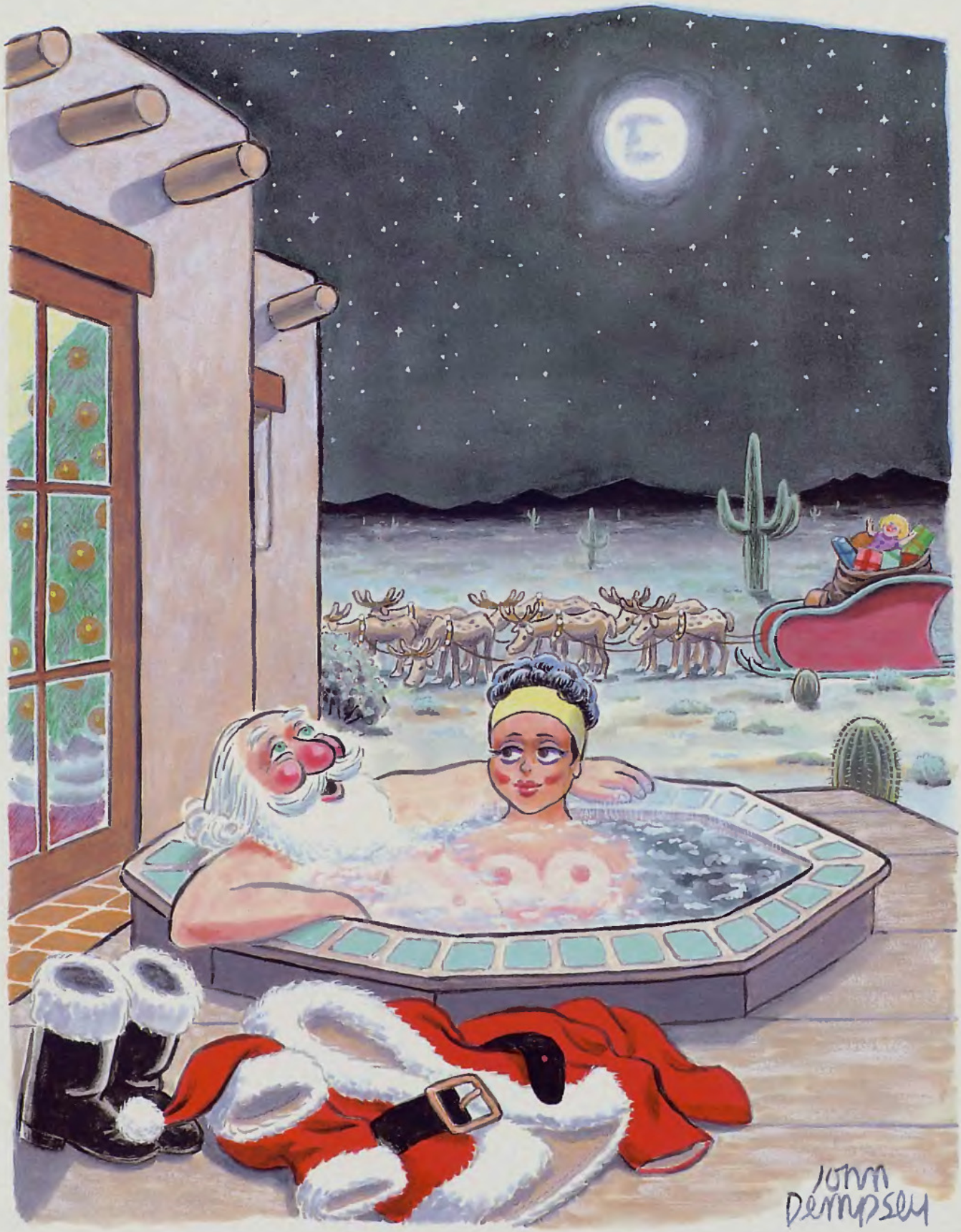
The result? Endless, contentious, Jerusalem-style arbitration—and, as yet, no road.

We approach the Jaffa Gate, most heavily trafficked of the seven open entrances to the city (least used is the Dung Gate in the back). The effect is dizzying, stupendous, a cascade of history pouring down on my head. We enter the Old City itself, and within minutes, I've sidestepped a camel, leaped over a goat, brushed against Bedouin women, collided with a Druse and shaken hands with a former Greek Orthodox monk who has become one of Jerusalem's top archaeologists. One of Ami's charismatics comes by and, assuming I'm a native, congratulates me on my English; I'm high-fived by a black fitness instructor from Harlem who has toured seven countries with a backpack. Ami points out graffiti scribbled on a wall by bored soldiers in Rome's Tenth Legion. I almost fall into a tomb—supposedly used to seal up, and punish, two engineers who helped build the wall and forgot to include David's tomb, which still lies outside. Turks, Armenians, Arabs in black-and-white-checked kaffiyeh, Iraqis, Yemenites, ramrod-straight Ethiopians all parade by—none of them Hollywood extras. I've heard of interesting places, but this is ridiculous. It's a feast and a headache. Why would the Israelis want to administer it?

We approach the Church of the Holy Sepulcher where Christ is thought to have been crucified, buried and resurrected. Six religious groups govern the church—Syrians, Catholics, Armenians, Ethiopians, Greek Orthodox, Copts. (The Copts, from Egypt, are allowed to use a small entrance in the back, but there's pressure from the Cairo government to allow them to enter in the front.) The job of controlling access falls to a Moslem—a slight, pleasant-looking man named Mr. Nusseibah whose family has been entrusted with the keys to the church for seven centuries. Mr. Nusseibah introduces himself, lets me hold the keys and confides that he also gets to vouch for Greek Orthodox miracles.

We line up behind several dozen visitors from Athens whose turn it is to visit the tomb. Half a dozen of Ami's charismatics fall in behind us, refusing to relinquish him as a guide. When it's our turn, Ami and I hunch down and wiggle through the entrance of the tomb to a slightly larger cave inside—the enclosure itself. We take perhaps a fraction more time than we should in

(continued on page 214)



"Oh, how I enjoy these Southwest-desert stops!"

Dian Parkinson, COME ON DOWN!

the price is right's sought-after blonde steps off the stage and into *playboy*

IN 1975, WHEN SHE JOINED the cast of *The Price Is Right*, we started getting letters. *Playboy* readers wanted Dian. In the late Eighties, as the swimsuits she wore on television got skimpier and the show's ratings went through the roof, the refrain swelled. "You've shown us Marilyn and Madonna, Brigitte, Vanna, Joan and La Toya, Cindy, Kim and more. Where's Dian?" Still she played hard to get. "I was shy," says the blonde beauty. "In fact, I was kind of a prude." At last, she has changed her mind. "I finally realized I had nothing to be ashamed of. I thought, Why feel guilty about my sexuality? I'd been a child-woman all my life. It was time to be a *woman*."

Dian Parkinson, come on down! The time is right, and America's hottest quiz show just got a lot hotter. The child-woman who became TV's daytime delight was a self-made star from the start. As a fourth grader in Falls Church, Virginia, staring at her name and deciding that Dianna wasn't quite right, she erased the final NA and was uniquely Dian ever after. Raised by Mormon parents—Dad was a Marine, which explains why she was born in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina—she first resisted her strict upbringing by entering beauty pageants. Her face, figure and fluorescent smile made her Miss World U.S.A.—a triumph that won Dian a ticket to a fire fight. As a member of Bob Hope's U.S.O. Christmas-show troupe, she was strutting her stuff for our boys in Vietnam when the sky suddenly lit up. Bombs burst in the air, rockets glared. Dian, a born trouper, was still blowing kisses to the audience when an MP unceremoniously hoisted her over his shoulder and tossed her into a waiting helicopter.

A volunteer with United Activists for Animol Rights, Dian helps find homes for stroys like this one ot the West Los Angeles Animol Core ond Control Center. As for the more reveoling shots on these poges, Dion says, "There's o lot of my personolity in them. After yeors of being o prude, I just decided to be noturol. There's nothing shameful obout the human body, I realized. You ore whot you are, so be proud of it! I felt beoutiful!" At left, Dian on the job.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

It's harder than it looks," Dian says of her job. She spends as many as nine hours a day on her feet, quick-changing through four or five outfits per hour. Then there's the challenge of relating to an appliance. Recalling her audition, she says, "You'd be surprised how many girls couldn't smile. I guess they couldn't warm up to a refrigerator." Dian can. She fingers a fridge's freon coil as if it were Mel Gibson's back pocket. "I enjoy my work and I think our viewers see that," she says. "*Price* fans are very observant." And how. If a show airs without Dian in a swimsuit, producers get angry letters: "Bikinis! We want Dian in bikinis!" There have been scarier snafus: Once Dian drove "*a new carrrr!*" through a mock-up of a car wash into a wall.

Back home, things were less apocalyptic. The only shooting she faced came from the lenses of fashion photographers. Her 1971 *Cosmopolitan* cover was one of the most popular ever. Four years later came *The Price Is Right*, which now rivals the soap opera *The Young and the Restless* as daytime's number-one show. You know the basics: The cry "Come on down!" brings giddy contestants racing up the aisles to meet host Bob Barker, consumerism's high priest. Dian is one of four *Price* priestesses (among them Janice Pennington, *Playboy*'s Miss May 1971) who smile and gesture winningly, inviting players to conjure up their best guesses and win dishwashers, love seats, spice racks, fantasy vacations and even, yes, "*a new carrrr!*"

On another occasion, Janice Pennington, gesturing a bit too winningly, thrust out an arm and broke Dian's nose. "It healed. We're still friends," Dian says. She suffers Hollywood's hazards with humor. During the week we met her, Dian, in minuscule silver bikini, adorned the cover of the *National Enquirer*. The tabloid linked her to singer Kenny Rogers, a close friend who happens to be married. "Kenny is a very cool guy. We're pals, but we are not lovers," she says in an effort to put the rumor to rest. "His wife is a wonderful woman. I just hope that story doesn't hurt her." We were lunching with Dian at a small café near her home in Sherman Oaks, a celeb-packed colony northwest of Hollywood. She was dressed in black-fringed boots, cut-off denims and a low-cut black tank top. The café proprietor's eyes widened when he recognized her, but he wasn't close enough to spot the beauty mark on her left breast—he'll have to wait to see that in *Playboy*. Twice divorced, Dian shares her digs with a Doberman named Sunshine and sleeps with Smokey, the luckiest Teddy bear in the San Fernando Valley. "I still think there's a man out there for me," she says, "but for now it's just me and Smokey." All together, now: "Awww!"

the bus was headed

for nirvana, and

ramsey hitched a ride

fiction **BY JANE SMILEY**

FAHRVERGNÜGEN

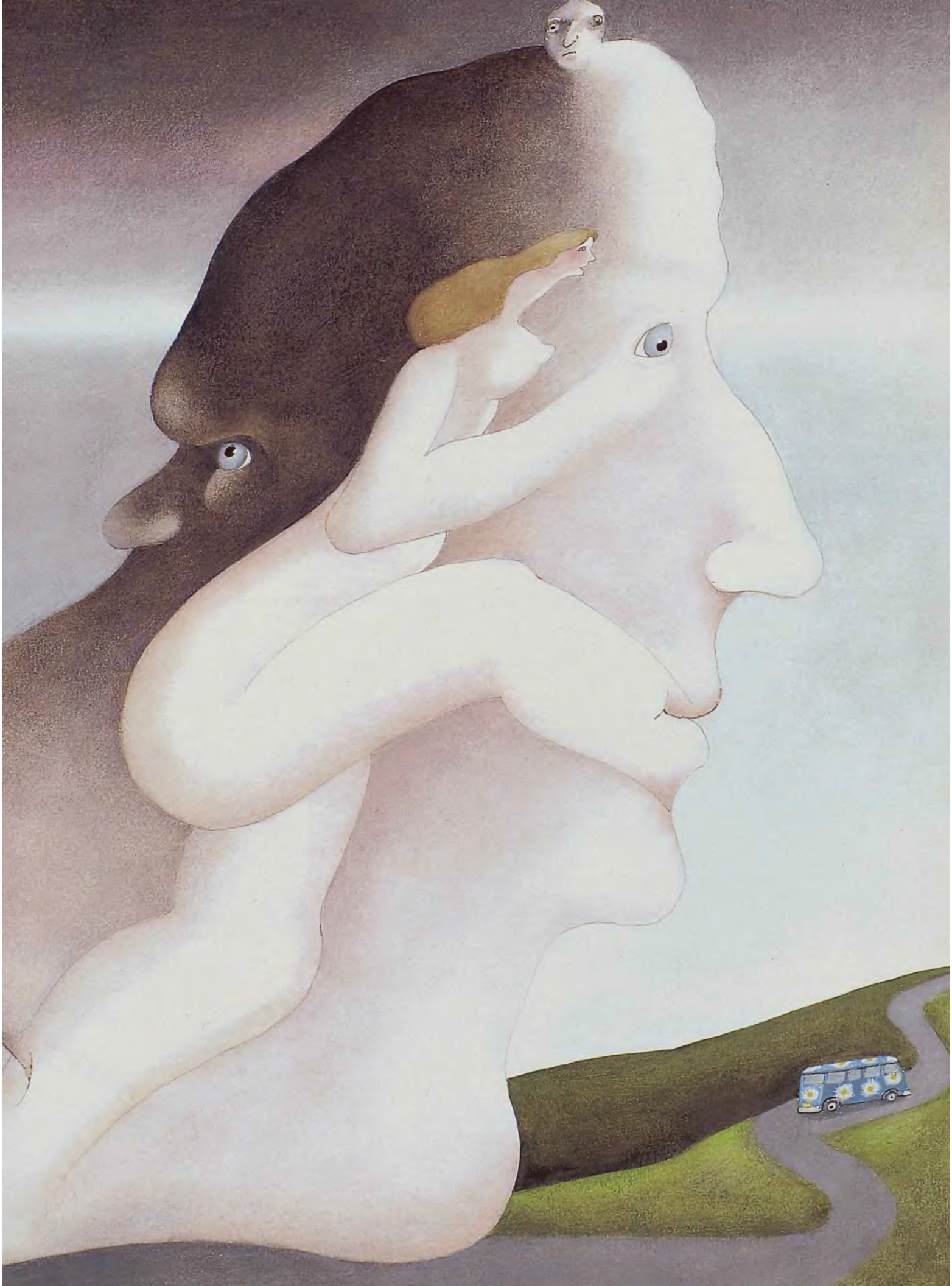
RAMSEY WAS AN IRRITABLE MAN. It had cost him one wife, and it was going to cost him again, but irritability was something that it looked like Ramsey couldn't give up. You could take, for example, his present circumstances, pacing the shoulder of a sun-blasted road in Kerhonkson, New York, just down from the Texaco station, where his car, only 2000 miles on its $46,000 engine, had stalled and jerked to an unforgiving halt. He could just see its ivory flank if he looked back, but he didn't dare look back; he knew he would feel that bright flare of irritation ($92 a mile, so far, not counting gas or insurance) that had already sparked him into sarcasm with the garage mechanic (Ramsey believed his exact words had been, "There are still three good hours in the working day, you know, even assuming you knock off at four"), resulting, when he asked about a loaner to get home, in a stubborn and you might say (he said) bovine idiocy on the mechanic's face, and a shrug. "No taxi, I'll bet," said Ramsey, his voice sharpening, his eyes rolling.

"Nope," said the mechanic, and Ramsey knew, and he knew that the mechanic knew he knew, that there might or might not be a taxi, but the mechanic would never tell him and, furthermore, the promised repair of his expensive and self-indulgent vehicle would take days and more days—long enough for the defective part to be manufactured by hand and carried to Kerhonkson over earthen tracks by wagon train.

Ramsey's head was burning. Not having foreseen a breakdown, he had forgotten his hat. He kept pressing his finger into his glabrous crown. He couldn't see the mark he was making, but knowing that ever-deepening redness was flowing into the white imprint of his finger, a sure sign of sunburn, got him so irritated that he kept at it, poking his head over and over until he could feel a moonscape of little craters up there.

That, in a nutshell, was Ramsey's problem, and he understood it, though he hadn't ever quite been able to explain it to his wife, his daughter, his present mistress or her daughter, all of whom, he knew, found him more or less insufferable. The problem was his body, the way that it felt everything. He could smell the difference between a rare steak and a medium one, feel the difference between 40 percent polyester and 100 percent cotton, hear dissonance in tones that were harmonious to others. On top of that, as soon as he imagined something, he could feel that, too. He was extraordinarily careful never to read in the newspapers about

ILLUSTRATION BY ETIENNE OELESSERT



accidents or injuries.

Ramsey stuck out his thumb. Just under the nail, there was a tiny red mark where a sliver had inserted itself two nights before. As Ramsey looked down the road to see if any cars were coming, the tip of his thumb seemed on fire again. It was strange and irritating, too, to look at it and see just a thumb. No cars came. He opened his shirt. The hair on his chest and back, he thought, had thickened in the past year and now dusted his shoulders, as well. He wouldn't have felt so hot five years, or even a year, before.

The garage mechanic could be seen at the cash register inside the station, smoking a cigarette. Ramsey advanced prudently down the road. There was no telling how he might be further spurred to vent his irritation on the man.

The road skirted a copse of maples, and Ramsey positioned himself in this shade, though the curve obstructed, for oncoming Jaguars, say, or Mercedeses, a good look at his respectability. He stood there. On a Friday afternoon, Kerhonkson was no vortex of activity. Since no one was around, he put both of his hands to his head and smoothed away the craters. He pretended he was rubbing in a nice, cooling aloe-vera gel.

Perhaps as a result of this concentration, he didn't see the VW bus until it had already stopped about ten yards beyond him. At first, he forgot that it had stopped for him, but then an arm arced out of the passenger's window and motioned him forward. In spite of its sausage-like, elderly style, not very safe or comfortable, its blue and white paint job shone in the sunlight so that Ramsey had to shade his eyes. And the rear bumper carried a sticker—WAR IS NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS—its blue and yellow sunflower-crisp, unfaded. Ramsey felt a powerful surge. All through the Gulf war, he'd been uniquely irritated, even for him, the way those peace people who had come out of the woodwork hadn't had a single new idea, hadn't even had a single new haircut, in 20 years. He passed the right rear fender, tickticking the glistening paint job with his fingernail. Amazing the way someone had gotten just that VW color in this day and age. Annoying somehow, too. The paint on his own car was guaranteed not to chip or blister in the worst Saharan or arctic conditions. He'd been congratulating himself on that moments before the breakdown. In Newburgh, Ramsey consoled himself, he could rent something he'd prefer—a Caddy if nothing else.

It wasn't so easy getting into these old buses. You had to pull the door in pretty hard, and then it took three tries to make the latch take hold. By the time Ramsey had seated himself on the edge of the homemade bed, he was huffing and puffing from the effort. He looked around. Things were worse than he'd realized. There were two dogs on the bed, staring right at him. There was a bead curtain in the back window. The bucket seat bolted to the floor behind the driver's seat was draped with a length of muslin decorated with peace signs. The copper-colored ponytail of the kid who was driving swayed against the back of his seat as he shifted and the bus strained for second gear. Only the woman's wide and welcoming smile reassured Ramsey. She had promising teeth, large and white. Ramsey preferred that in a woman, because women like that were usually too good-humored to take his moods seriously. She said, "Hey. Been out there long?"

"Long enough."

The man said, "Where you headed?"

One of the dogs turned its gaze away from Ramsey, but only to roll against his leg. The hairy radiator of the dog's body prickled through Ramsey's cotton slacks. He said, "Newburgh will be fine. It's not that far." He tried to sound polite, even though the pressure of the dog seemed to be throbbing in every direction from his leg, suffusing him in heat. The dog opened its mouth and its tongue lolled out, dripping. Ramsey said, "What's the dog's name?"

The woman said, "That's Shantih. The other one's Attila. Shantih had that name when we got her. Isn't that cool? That's exactly what we would have named her."

Ramsey said, "Shantih, down."

The woman said, "She always lies on the bed. That's her spot." And, indeed, it was. The paisley cotton bedspread looked swampy with grime. In the distance, the road climbed out of the broad valley they traveled in and curved into the treetops.

Ramsey introduced his hand between his thigh and the dog and pushed. The dog pushed back. Ramsey licked his lips. He could feel the ever-hot coals of his irritation begin to glow. Shantih bared her teeth. The woman said, "Oh, look. Shantih has a great smile. They don't smile among themselves, you know, just at people." Ramsey pushed again, harder. The dog growled. The woman exclaimed, "See? She's trying to talk, too. She's very people oriented." She turned away, evidently satisfied with Ramsey and Shantih's interaction. Ramsey pushed again, this time fairly violently. Shantih growled with keener resolve. Ramsey looked into the dog's obsidian-black eyes, upside down beside his knee. They came to an understanding. Ramsey removed his hand and put it out of the way, behind himself.

In the front seat, the woman reached across and removed a slender, expertly rolled joint from between the man's lips and put it to her own. A *frisson* of fear penetrated Ramsey's irritation. Smoking marijuana and driving this unstable, high-center-of-gravity vehicle? No seat belts, either, and certainly only limited insurance coverage. Of course (Ramsey stretched to peer over the driver's shoulder), they were going only 43 miles per hour. The woman's hand, slender, long-fingered, her wrist and her forearm, the skin tan and the hair blonde from the sun, loomed in his face. She said, "Want a hit?"

Ramsey shook his head. She said, "My name's Sun. This is Blues. We named ourselves after our favorite things."

"When did you do that?"

"When time ceased to have meaning for us."

Ramsey said, "Oh, right."

Unfazed by his tone, the woman picked a marijuana seed off her tongue and placed it carefully in a cup on the dashboard, then said, "You in school around here?"

Ramsey thought about what this might mean. There were schools of all kinds in the Hudson Valley, and possibly this girl, in her vividly colored and considerably outdated ensemble, taught at one of them in some capacity. It was Ramsey's experience that academics did wear the same clothes year after year. They took a species of pride in resoling their shoes, patching the elbows of dull-looking tweed jackets and replacing their shirts with new shirts of the same color and style. It was a kind of monastic robe. Ramsey himself was a modish man, though without a modish figure, he had to admit. The only conservative clothes he liked to wear were those aged by others, such as Ralph Lauren. After a moment, he said to the woman, "No, I'm not."

She said, "That's cool. Blues, here, and I swore off that book trip, too. Blues was, like, four credits away from graduating. We just took off."

"When was that?"

"I told you. Time has no meaning for us. You hung up on time?"

Ramsey looked at his watch, an ultrathin Concord that he'd bought himself for Christmas when it looked as if his mistress wasn't going to produce it in spite of his many hints. He said, "You could say that." It was a beautiful watch, and it considerably eased the pain of aging. Sun smiled indulgently at him. She looked maybe 27, and Blues younger than that, his ponytail glossy and thick, boy's hair. And his hairline curved robustly across his brow. Ramsey

(continued on page 112)

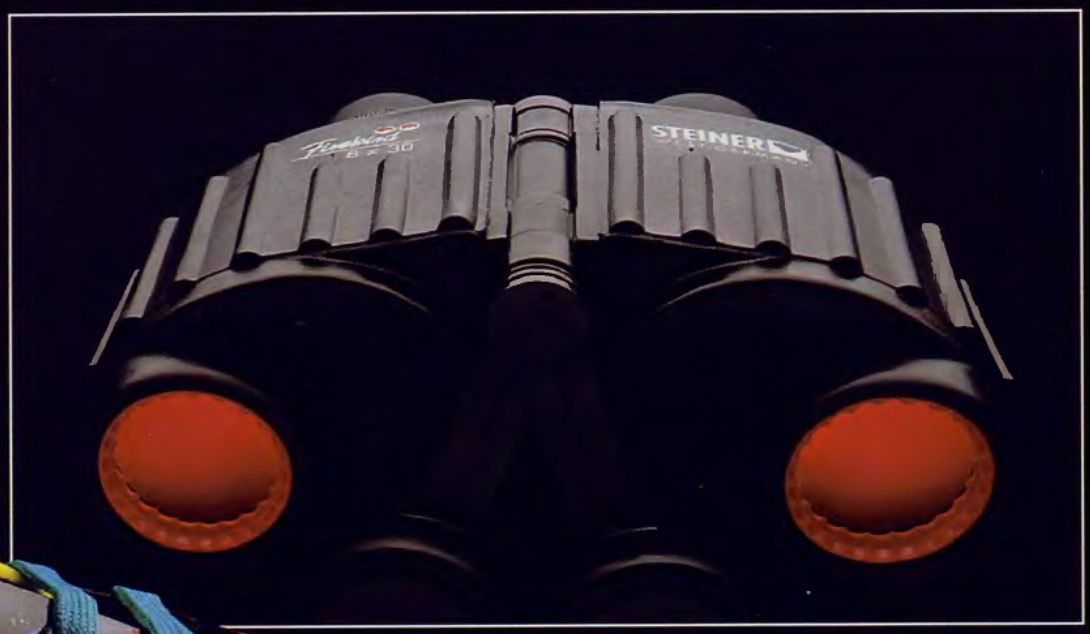
"We're staying in the hotel tonight—it's so much safer than screwing while driving home."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above: They may not perform as many functions as their bladed brothers, but the Swiss Army watches are just as sharp. Made of stainless steel, the $750 Chronograph model shown here is water resistant to a depth of 166 feet and boasts a Swiss-quartz movement. Three diamond-cut recessed minidials display calendar dates, minutes and hours, and a tachometer keeps track of kilometers, miles or other units by the hour. (Available with a leather strap for $700.)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

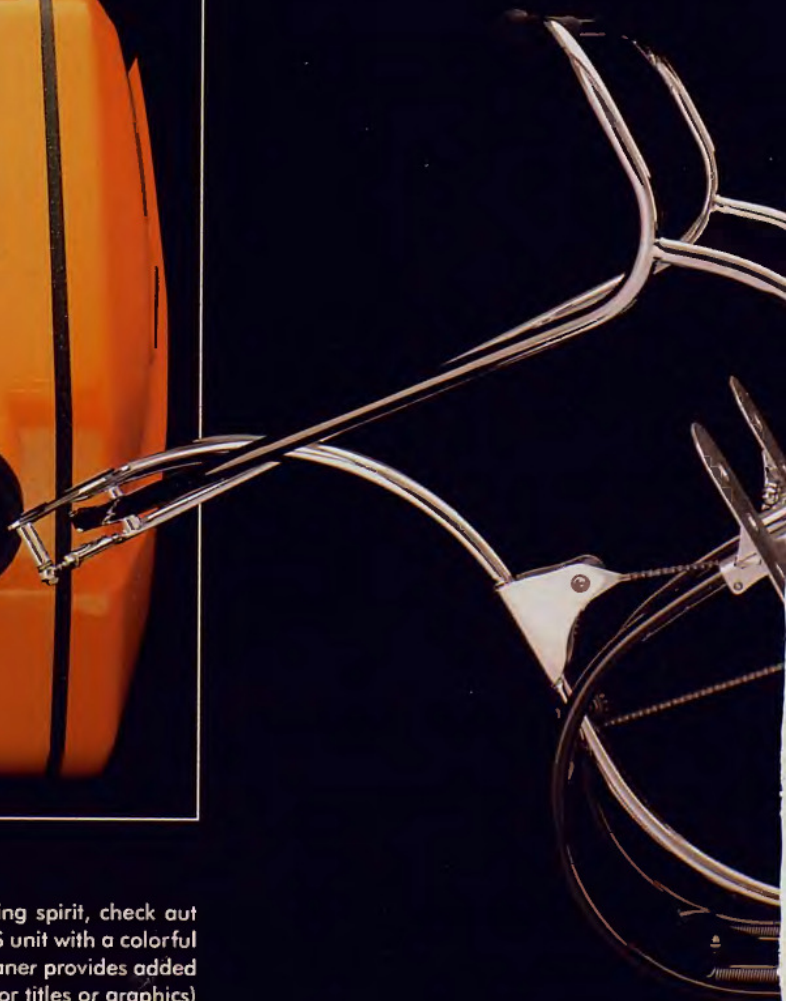
exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a delight



Above: Despite its night-sight appearance, Steiner's German-made Firebird does its best work in bright daylight. With fluorescent-red, optical-coated lenses, this new 8x30 autofocus binocular protects your eyes from ultroviolet rays and infrared light without altering brightness or color, from Pioneer Marketing & Research, about $400. Left: These days, you're not "in" unless you're an in-line skater, so get rolling with o poir of Bauer custom-painted XT/7 skates. For maximum comfort and control, this cross-training model is built with o dual-density precision shell, newly designed brakes and a heavy-duty foam liner, from Canstar Sports, $300.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Above: Rumor has it that these antique-silver Matsuda sunglasses caused a battle an the *Terminatar 2* set: Arnald Schwarzenegger wanted to wear them, but his co-star, Linda Hamilton, muscled in and won. Alsa available in gold plate and antique gold, from Spex, $389.



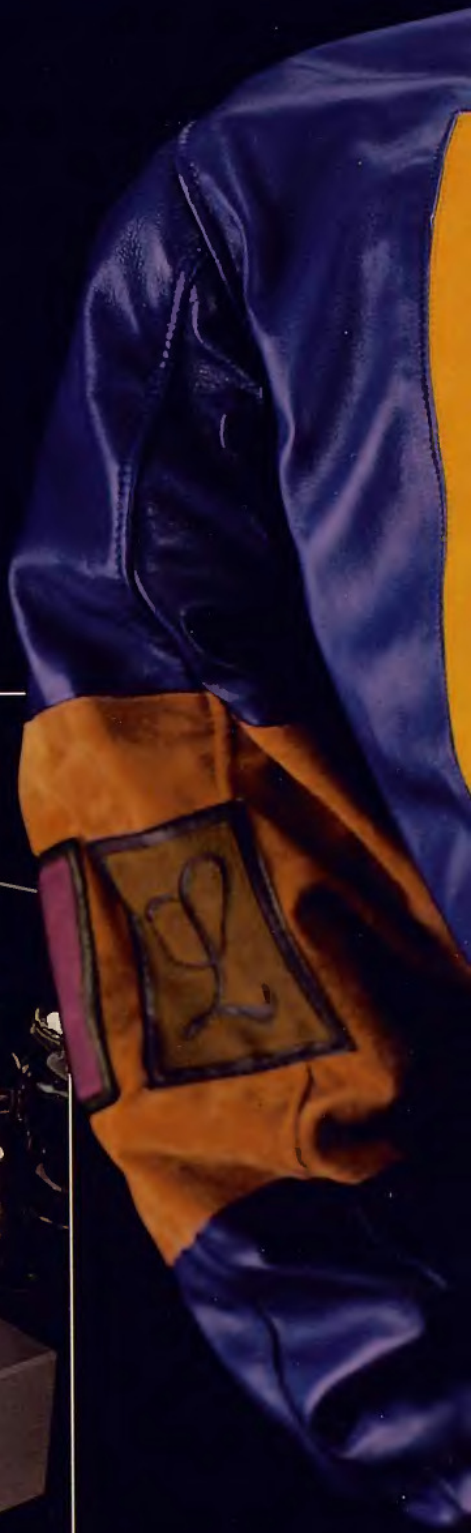
Above: Since snow has been known to dampen that video-making spirit, check aut JVC's new $1600 GR-AW1 All-Weather camcarder, a compact VHS unit with a colorful splash-, snow- and sandproof bady. A special autamatic head cleaner provides added durability. And functions such as 6:1 zoom, digital superimpase (for titles or graphics) and cinema made (for wide-screen effects) help yau to shoot like a pro.

Left: With HJC motorcycle helmets, sofety and style go hand in hond. Built of hand-lominated fibergloss, the FG-6S model shown here feotures an optionol RST shield, which is coated with metollic com-pounds for improved visibility, from the Helmet House, about $180 for both. Be-low: According to its designer, Pitre Fitness Systems, four minutes a day on ROM—the Time Machine—will achieve the same re-sults as a 30-minute, three-times-o-week workout. An acronym for range of motion, ROM is a sleek 9½'x2½' low-impact exer-cise machine that provides full aerobic and onaerobic benefits. Priced at $10,400, ROM comes with o five-year guarantee.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT COLLECTION

Above: A mosterpiece of miniaturization, Technic's Ultra-Slim SL-XP700 portable compact-disc ployer is about 3/4" thick ond features a rugged aluminum body and twin-omp construction for superb sound reproduction, about $300, including o heodphone, remote control and two rechargeoble botteries. Below: Serious omps for serious audiophiles, Carver's 375-wott-per-chonnel Silver Seven Vocuum Tube Mono Power Amplifiers feature 14 vocuum tubes, sterling-silver wiring, a hand-rubbed black-lacquer finish and granite mounting slabs, $17,500 per pair.

Below right: Any guy or girl on your list will love this lombskin zip-front jacket feoturing a leather design by the late artist Keith Haring on the bock and supple suede patchwork on the sleeves. It's ovailoble in block or blue (as pictured here), by Golden Beor and Aero-Patch, from Special Editions, Ltd., Chicago, $1200.



Where & How to Buy on page 235.

FAHRVERGNÜGEN *(continued from page 104)*

"'It's a mistake to give up on a chemistry major. Starting salaries——' Sun interrupted, 'Wanna ball?'"

suspected that the missed graduation was a recent one, as recent as just this past June. In spite of their old clothes, both Blues and Sun had an apricot blush on their cheeks and a smooth, resilient creaminess to their skin that was not careful preservation but was youth itself.

Blues said, "I might be running from the draft by now. I didn't leave a forwarding address." He shrugged.

"There isn't a draft anymore."

Blues turned and looked at him, full face. He said, "There isn't? Cool!" Then he said to Sun, "There isn't a draft anymore." He sounded satisfied, vindicated more than anything else.

Sun smiled. "Well," she said, "we try not to read newspapers or watch TV anymore, either. It's a statement for life over death."

Ramsey had stopped listening. It was too irritating. He had to watch himself, not let the internal pressure rise too high, push him into betraying his self-interest. Now wasn't the time to burst their little bubble. He reached up and felt his head. Hot to the touch. He would have to remember to buy Lanacane in Newburgh. He thought for the first time in a few minutes of the car. What would these two have thought if he had picked them up in that? The oxblood-leather seats still exhaled that delicious, expensive, animal smell. The nap on the carpeting sprang up fresh and grit-free—he'd vacuumed every day with the car vac he'd bought just for the purpose. Kids like these wouldn't know what to do in a car like that. Dogs in the back, on the floor, of course. *If* he had picked them up, which he wouldn't have. He hadn't picked up a hitchhiker in 20 years.

"What was your major?" Ramsey felt the prick of actual curiosity—his daughter Jeanine was about to apply to college. He had advised her to major in chemistry, but to little effect. According to her mother, comparative literature was in the wind. Just this morning, Ramsey had debated how far he could carry the threat not to pay her tuition before risking her enrollment at the state university. Ramsey himself was in insurance, business insurance. Insurance had been a lucrative career for him, but Jeanine, he thought, he hoped, had real talents. Blues turned fully around, looked squarely at him and drawled, "Chemistry." Beyond his glowing copper head, the road up the mountain jagged to the left. Beyond the guardrail, the mountainside dropped into dizzying violet space. Ramsey inhaled sharply, but the bus hugged the curve. Ramsey said, "Hey, watch your driving."

Blues gave him one of those self-satisfied smiles and said, "OK, man."

"That's a good major," said Ramsey.

"Too linear," said Blues. He turned to Ramsey again, this time beatifically. He said, "Made some great acid, though."

Sun said, "That's how we bought this van. It's practically new. Guy brought it over from West Germany and decided he didn't like it. It's only got ten thousand miles on it. Did you see the D?"

Blues said, "The D is cool." Then he grew loquacious. "The thing was, man, I took this course called Skiing and Being? And what it was was twelve of us at a ski lodge for the winter quarter, and we skied all day, then had philosophy seminars all night, till, like, three and four A.M. Changed my whole life."

"Your parents must have been thrilled. Where was this?"

Nowhere on Jeanine's application list, Ramsey hoped.

Blues didn't answer. Instead, he yawned, gaping sybaritically and closing his eyes for at least half a mile. The moment he opened them, the road switched back and Blues casually spun the wheel.

Ramsey tried again. "Where are you headed?"

Sun said, "Nirvana."

Ramsey sucked in his breath to stifle an exasperated snort. Such shallowness had always annoyed him, though possibly no more than anything else did.

Still, she looked happy to be headed there. When she turned her gaze from Ramsey to Blues, Ramsey saw on her face an unmistakable look of fondness. Love, even. Her thick curls caught between her back and the seat. She thrust her arm beneath them and lifted, revealing for the briefest instant the white of her neck. Ramsey coughed. He felt an unaccustomed expanding feeling, as if he were sorry for them, then realized that he *was* sorry for them, for all the mistakes they had made and were making. Kids like Jeanine and her friends would definitely ridicule these two, and yet they were friendly and kind in a way that Jeanine and her friends were not. He couldn't imagine Jeanine picking up a hitchhiker. It wasn't only that he and her mother had forbidden her ever to do so, it was also that she would disdain, and possibly fear, someone who had no car.

Sun said, "You been there? It's a macrobiotic kosher restaurant in New Paltz. We work there. Blues always thinks it's good karma to drive hitchhikers, though. We took this one guy all the way to Albany." Blues turned his gaze from the road and they exchanged a long and, in Ramsey's view, complacent look.

Soon they were whispering. He tried not to notice. Attila the dog had moved closer and begun licking his hand. Ramsey put the hand in his lap. Suddenly, Attila set his paws on Ramsey's shoulder and began licking the back of his neck. The dog had a sticky, warm tongue, and the saliva trickling beneath the collar of his shirt seemed to erode a meaty, slimy rut down his spine. He jerked forward and yelled, "Ecch! Stop that! Yech." He gave an involuntary shiver of revulsion.

Blues said, "Down, Attila. He doesn't like you."

"I like him fine," said Ramsey, not wishing to offend a dog named Attila. "But down is fine, too. You know, it's a mistake to give up on something like a chemistry major right at the end like that. Starting salaries——"

Sun interrupted him. She said, "Wanna ball?"

Ramsey said, "A ball?"

Sun said, "Wanna *ball*? Wanna *make it*?"

Ramsey considered himself an experienced and manly man. In fact, for many years, he had excelled at the one-night stand, both at making the connection and at breaking it. He had grown more cautious in recent years, but most women were lamentably irritating over the long haul. Their little habits and quirks tended to accumulate; however, he liked them otherwise. With Jeanine's mother, he had made a concerted effort, but she'd driven him crazy after two years. He'd driven her crazy after six months. His present mistress, Eloise, was remarkably accommodating, but the tread was wearing thin. It grieved him, but the grief only swelled his irritation.

At the same time, Sun, here, was young, and Blues, who had removed his shirt just now by taking his hands entirely off the wheel and pulling it dangerously over his head, was obviously in his well-muscled prime. Gazing at the two of them, Ramsey knew himself: bald, sunburned, middle-aged, hirsute, paunchy, wrinkled around the knees and droopy around the jowls.

"Don't be nervous," she said. "Blues doesn't mind."

"Sun's her own person," said Blues.

(continued on page 196)

"'Twas the knight before Christmas."

WOMEN IN UNDERWEAR

much ado about little nothings

fiction By STEPHEN WOLF

EARLY SATURDAY NIGHT, Laura left her apartment to meet her lover, wearing the satin floral-print bra-and-panty set he had given her for Christmas. She had received a set in black silk for her birthday, a red camisole for Valentine's Day and numerous pairs of panties in cotton, satin and silk for no special reason, simply for his own delight in giving her lingerie. That her husband, too, would take pleasure from these gifts troubled her lover less than the possibility that other lingerie she wore might be gifts from another lover.

"And who gave you these little things?" he once had asked, his suspicion over her white-lace bra and panties momentarily greater than his arousal.

"I buy my own lingerie," she had replied, and he wondered if her husband had ever received the same answer to a similar question.

•

For 25 years, Eva had thought her breasts were too small. The fact that most women her age had breasts already sagging gave her no comfort. She wouldn't mind a little sag, but her breasts remained as perky and small as an adolescent's. She had blamed her mother for this misfortune and had spent her girlhood terribly self-conscious about what she considered a deformity, developing a mild case of round-shoulderedness in an attempt to hide what she did not have. Believing that boys desired only girls with large breasts, Eva was certain boys wanted nothing from her.

Eventually, she met and fell in love with a man who thought himself too short. She would tell him that she liked being the same height as her lover because she felt equal, and he, in turn, gave elaborate, extensive attention to her breasts, which were very responsive. Although Eva and he each knew of the other's weakness, they never used this knowledge against each other, even in their worst arguments. He eventually left her for a shorter woman with, to Eva's relief, unremarkable breasts, and Eva regretted losing him as much from love as from fear at

PAINTINGS BY LARRY RIVERS

re-entering the competitive world of well-endowed women.

And so, for her 40th birthday, in an effort to regain her confidence and attract more attention, Eva purchased a bra with underwire cups lightly padded for a more noticeable décolletage. In it she felt renewed and unintimidated. When she held her shoulders back, her blouse revealed an alluring cleavage that fascinated her even more than it did the men who glanced at her. For the first time in her life, she knew how it must feel to be a complete woman.

•

Originally from the island of Melos but residing now in Paris, Venus wears, tied low on her hips, a chiton exactly the color of her white flesh. Sculpted and sexy, she has rather small, shapely breasts, no arms and a lovely navel.

•

In her office mail, Jacki received a manila envelope with cotton bikini panties inside. A typed letter, unsigned, requested that she wear the panties before returning them in the envelope provided, postage paid and addressed only to a local post-office box. Accompanying the panties was enough money for a fine dinner. The offer seemed to her a perverse joke and she immediately discarded everything but the cash.

A month later, another manila envelope arrived with another pair of panties, also cotton bikinis but in a different color. She became mildly intrigued and wondered who this secret, if strange, admirer could be. Someone in the office? An old, unextinguished flame? Perhaps even her husband. This time, she did not discard the panties, for it seemed silly to throw out such a delicate, pretty thing, and the naughty sensation she experienced while wearing them increased thrillingly as she slipped the soiled panties into the return envelope, which she dropped discreetly into the mailbox outside her office.

The next month, another pair, and another the month after that. Cotton bikinis in various pastels, stretch-lace hipsters, satin prints, even red silk during the Christmas season. With each new pair, Jacki felt her involvement deepening with someone whose identity remained unknown, and she cherished the attention that kept her from leading a normal life. She thought of him often, particularly when wearing the gift panties, and to alleviate guilt from her unfaithfulness, she used the enclosed money to buy small gifts for her husband. The pattern continued unvaried for 36 months, then the manila envelopes ceased arriving. Jacki worried that he might lie injured somewhere, that he might have moved to another town. Worst of all, that he had fallen in love with someone else. After the second month—and still nothing—she knew it was over between them, with no explanation or word of farewell, and she endured her loss with all the heartache of a lover abandoned.

•

Patti always wears panties to bed. Occasionally, she wears a T-shirt or a camisole or even a nightgown, but always panties, usually the skimpiest variety, a sliver of silk, a tiny wedge of fabric in front, straps no thicker than dental floss around her hips, nothing in back, nothing, material disappeared in the furrow of her behind. She wears them for security, for defense, for protection, though from what or whom, she hates even to consider.

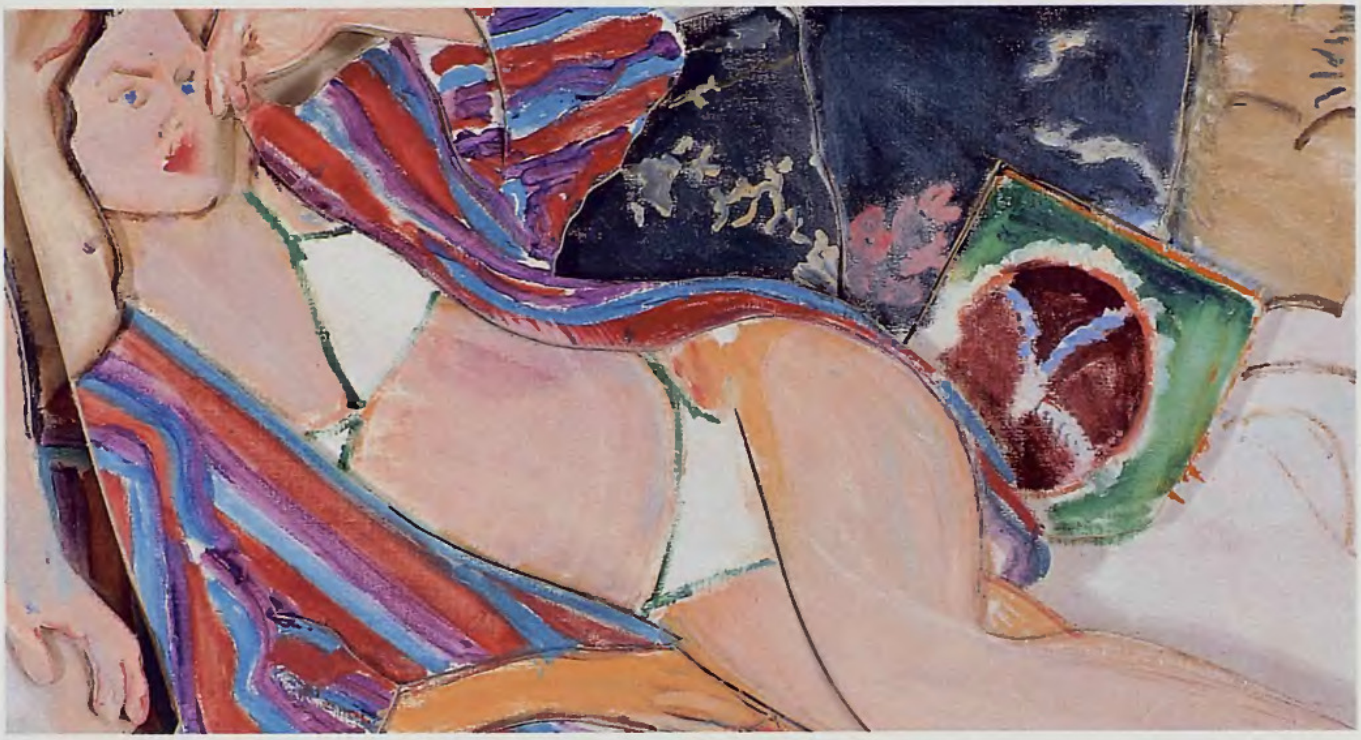
•

Bev had not made love for nearly a year, ever since the man for whom she left her husband left her. This rejection cooled her completely toward men until she met Brian, and it seemed likely they would make love. After showering, after shaving her legs and underarms, after rubbing her body with lotion and dabbing finger tips of perfume onto her throat, behind her ears and between her breasts, she poked through her underwear drawer indecisively. White might be too innocent—she was, after all, the mother of two—black too overtly seductive, and red made her look cheap. She had a blue-lace bra-and-panty set, but it had been a gift from the other man, the one who had deceived her and left her life in a shambles, and she wanted no recollections of him that night, nothing that could distract or deject her.

She chose a bra and bikini the color of violets because the color reminded her of spring, of new life and new beginnings. After stepping into the panties and fastening the lacy bra, she looked into a full-length mirror and her heart ached at the sight of herself. All vitality in her body had disappeared, as if her self-imposed celibacy had drained the life out of her. She hated the man who had betrayed her, hated men who take what they want and leave nothing. She sat on the edge of her bed, unrestrained tears seeped from her eyes before falling down her bare thighs.

•

Although tall and lean, Anne acquired a soft belly after childbirth that no amount of dieting or sit-ups could alter. To conceal what she believed to be her only physical flaw, she wears hipsters, panties cut high on the leg, with lace trim reaching to her navel. She has a drawerful in solid pastels and floral prints, stripes and polka dots, and even



a pair in a leopardskin pattern, all with the same cut. Yet no matter how elegant she looks in them, or how they make her long, shapely legs appear even longer, her depression over her waning beauty is only partly soothed by the pleasures of motherhood.

•

Late Saturday night, Laura left her lover's apartment in mismatched bra and panties. The floral-print bra was the same one in which she had arrived several hours earlier, but the panties were light pink. In his impatience and sheer erotic delight, her lover had not removed the floral-print panties while making love to her, and, so that she might have a more comfortable taxi ride home, he presented her with a fresh pair. He kept the soiled panties in his drawer among his handkerchiefs, and the feel and scent of them brought to his mind memories of love.

•

Just before bed, Danielle lowers the window shade in her darkened room as the street lamp dimly illuminates her body. Often, on summer nights, a young man, reading in a hammock strung on the fire escape of the building across the street, glances at her window, and when his glance coincides with her lowering the shade, a quiet thrill spreads from their hearts. She has appeared at the window in a T-shirt and panties, sometimes in a satin teddy that shimmers from the street lamp like moonlit water and, on randy nights, in panties only. Danielle and the young man feel an affection for each other because of these intimate moments shared just before bed.

•

Marge wears crotchless panties when making love with her husband. Aside from the garment's erotic potential, it allows her to have intercourse while still hiding the scar from her Caesarean section. At first, she is relieved that her husband finds the panties arousing, though odd, but, when he eventually wants her naked, Marge turns self-conscious and resists. Peeling the panties down her hips with tender insistence, he gently kisses the thin, hard scar shaped like a smile.

•

At a shopping mall, Billy is caught stealing a pair of women's panties. Store policy requires notification of the police, but, as Billy is still a minor, he is released into the custody of his parents. His mother is shocked and embarrassed by the drawerful of stolen underwear discovered in his bedroom, and the obligatory lecture given him by his father degenerates into curiosity about his son's sexual experiences with teenage girls.

•

Needing an image for her painting of a woman in a garter belt and stockings, Diane perused several men's magazines but could not find what she wanted. Rather than ask a woman friend to *(continued on page 208)*

HOLLYWOOD HOT SHOTS

the newest leading men in leading looks from top retailers

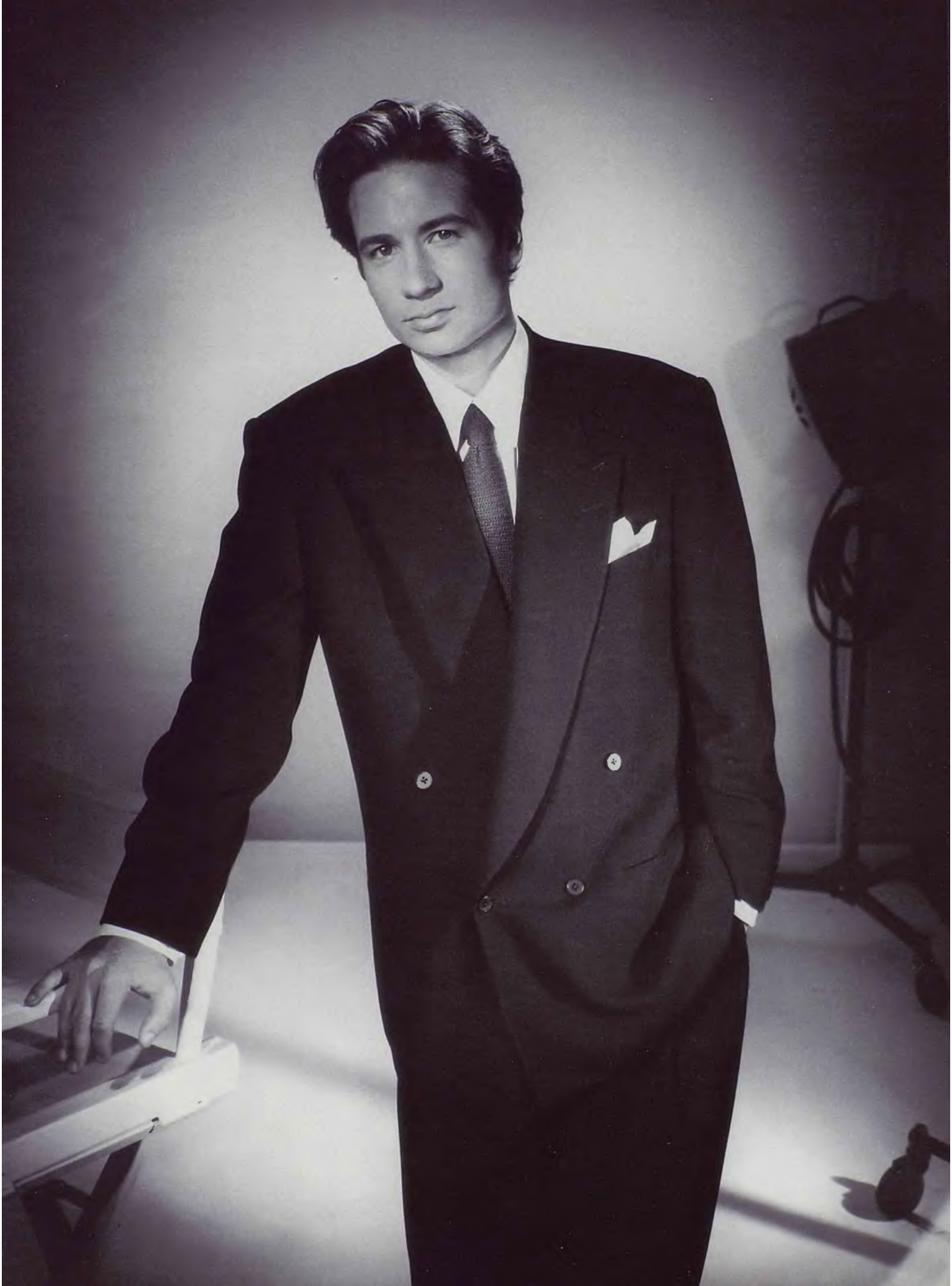
fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

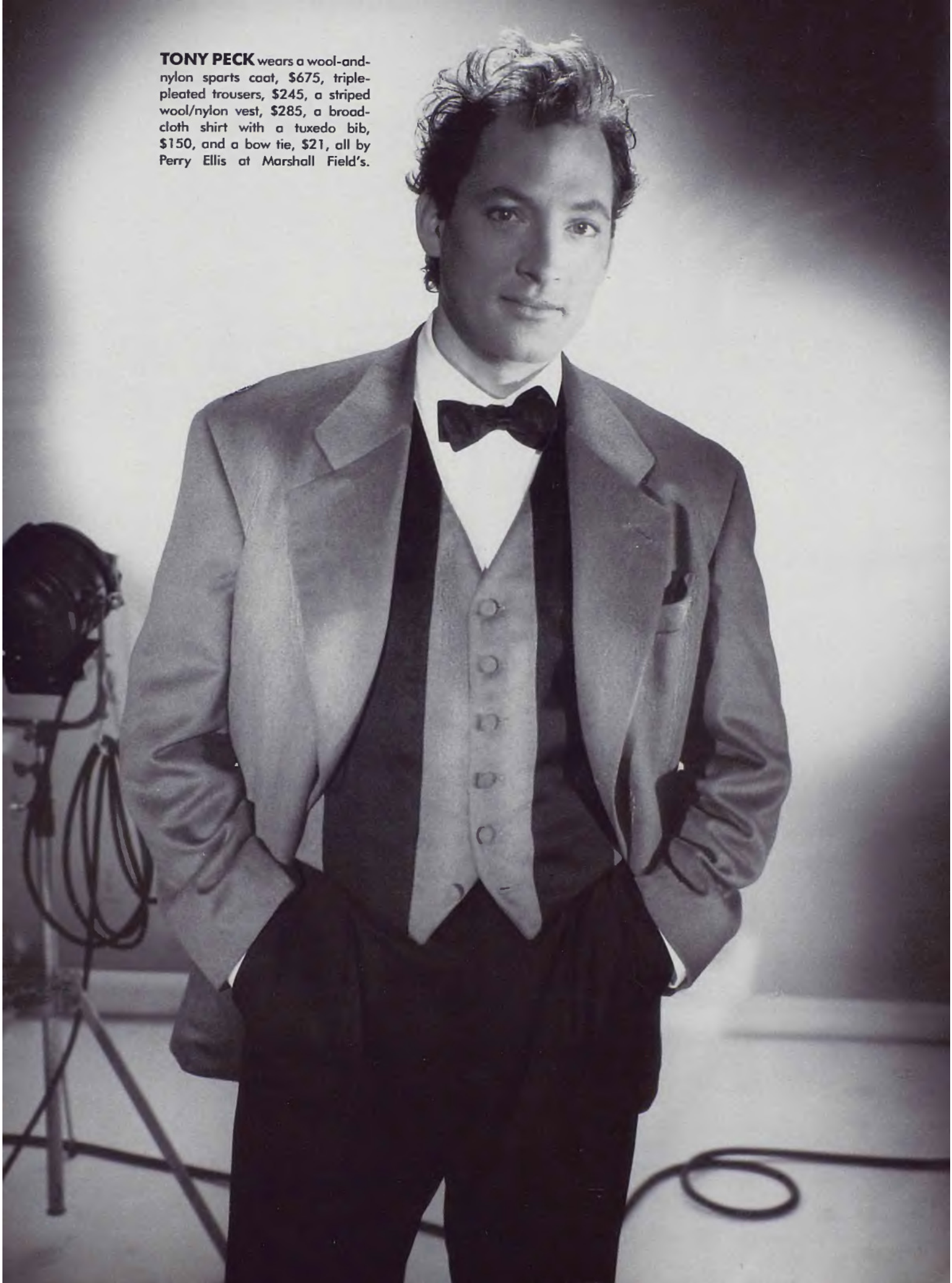
THERE WAS A TIME when movie studios hired dressers to select their stars' off-camera wardrobes. Image was everything, and no actor or actress would dare set foot in public looking less than dazzling. Today, the typical young male celebrity is more apt to be spotted in blue jeans and baggy sweat shirt, sporting a day-old beard. Not that we have anything against going casual; we just thought the holidays deserved something special. So we asked five of the nation's top retailers—Barneys, Marshall Field's, Macy's San Francisco, Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's—to dress Hollywood's newest talent in great looks by some of the world's top designers: Donna Karan, Roger Forsythe (Perry Ellis), Giorgio Armani, Joseph Abboud and Rei Kawakubo (Comme des Garçons). From the understated elegance of the country-gentleman look (complete with plaid sports coat, corduroy trousers and ascot) to the contemporary styling of the latest dress suits (our pick features antique-tie-fabric lapels), the outfits on the following five pages of fashion recapture the romance of Hollywood's truly glamourous days. We thought it only fitting that the clothes and the stars wearing them be photographed by world-renowned portrait photographer George Hurrell. Hurrell's legendary portfolio features images of screen gods and goddesses from Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart to Greta Garbo and Lauren Bacall. Here, in the same 8"x10" Hollywood-portrait tradition, he promotes David Duchovny, Tony Peck, Jeff Fahey, Michael Biehn and Mario Van Peebles to his stable of stars. Duchovny should soon be commanding a lot of attention. He was featured in *The Rapture*, a film about sex and religion that also starred Mimi Rogers, and is in the forthcoming *Beethoven*, starring Charles Grodin. Peck, the talented son of Gregory, shared the big screen with Brooke Shields in *Brenda Starr* and soon can be seen in the action thriller *Double Cross*. Fahey caught our eye as the sensitive assistant district attorney in *Impulse* with Theresa Russell, as the sexy steelworker in *Iron Maze* with Bridget Fonda and in last summer's chiller thriller, *Body Parts*. Biehn battled the bad guys in *The Terminator*, *Aliens* and *Navy SEALs* and was one of them in *The Abyss*; he stars in the upcoming mountain-climbing adventure film *K2*. Van Peebles, of *New Jack City* fame and Melvin's son, will again assume the roles of both director and actor in his new film, *Golden Gloves*, co-starring Sidney Poitier. We couldn't ask for a more promising bunch of marquee idols. And there's at least one way you can look just like them—head to your favorite department store today.

DAVID DUCHOVNY likes a wool-crepe four-button double-breasted jacket, $1250, matching double-pleated trousers, $520, a broadcloth shirt, $165, and a knitted tie, $65, all by Donna Karan Menswear at Barneys New York.

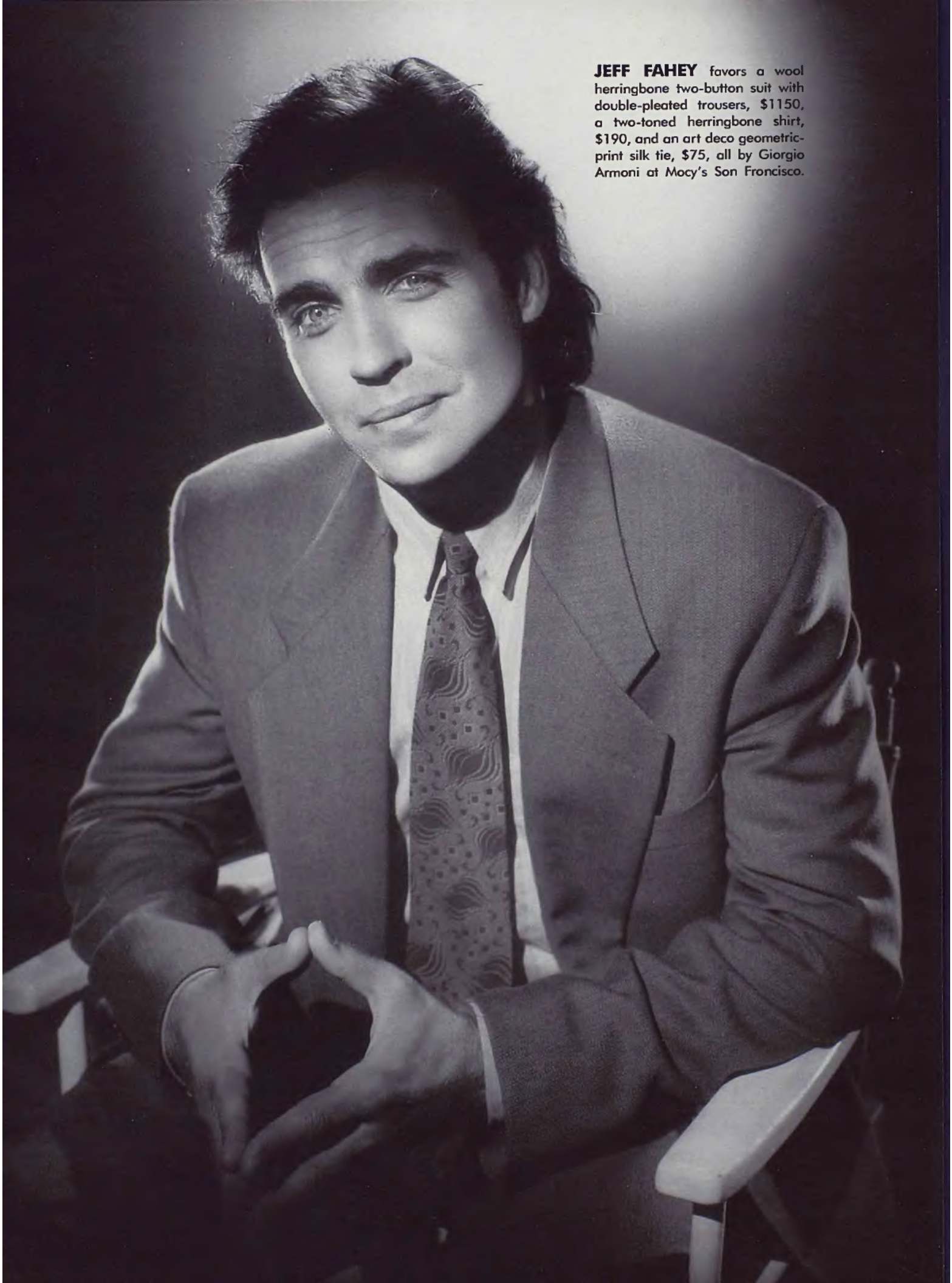
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL

GROOMING BY LUCY BALDOCK FOR CELESTINE, L.A.

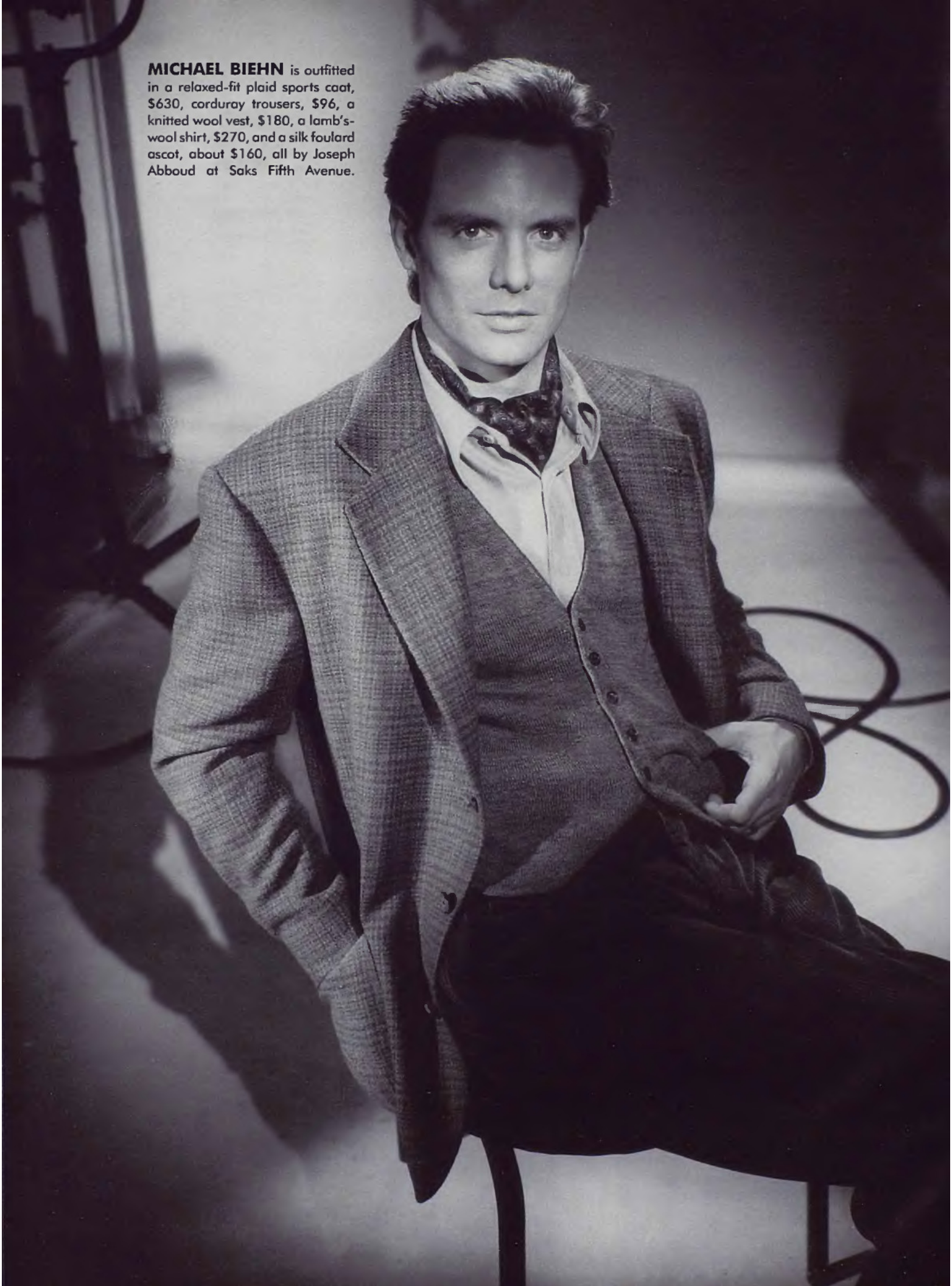




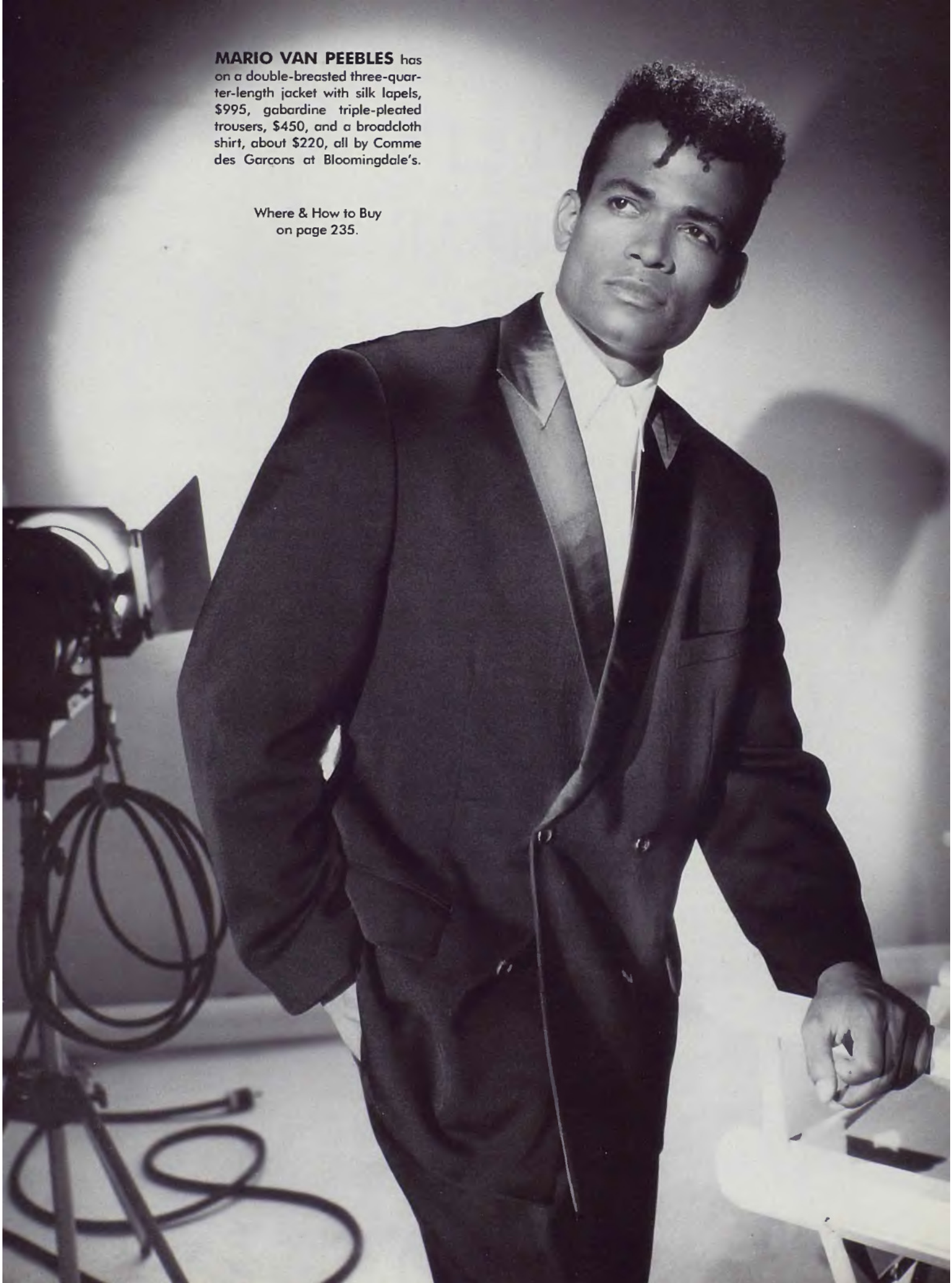
TONY PECK wears a wool-and-nylon sparts coat, $675, triple-pleated trousers, $245, a striped wool/nylon vest, $285, a broadcloth shirt with a tuxedo bib, $150, and a bow tie, $21, all by Perry Ellis at Marshall Field's.



JEFF FAHEY favors a wool herringbone two-button suit with double-pleated trousers, $1150, a two-toned herringbone shirt, $190, and an art deco geometric-print silk tie, $75, all by Giorgio Armoni at Mocy's Son Froncisco.



MICHAEL BIEHN is outfitted in a relaxed-fit plaid sports coat, $630, corduray trousers, $96, a knitted wool vest, $180, a lamb's-wool shirt, $270, and a silk foulard ascot, about $160, all by Joseph Abboud at Saks Fifth Avenue.



MARIO VAN PEEBLES has on a double-breasted three-quarter-length jacket with silk lapels, $995, gabardine triple-pleated trousers, $450, and a broadcloth shirt, about $220, all by Comme des Garçons at Bloomingdale's.

Where & How to Buy
on page 235.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LET'S HEAR IT FOR WOODY

after all, he's the only man ever to have made existentialism pay

By MORDECAI RICHLER

WOODY ALLEN is the survivor, by my count, of no fewer than 16 book-length studies, each one definitive, as well as critical essays in publications ranging from *People* through *The New York Review of Books* to the indispensable *West Virginia University Philological Papers*. He has, over the wasting years, been accused of "high school existentialism," of "a failure to transcend the values of John Wayne," of churning out "films that exemplify the inauthenticity and self-absorption that he appears to criticize" and of using trick photography, albeit brilliantly, to "invent a nonexistent past." It has also been charged that in real life the deceitful bastard is not "the half pint of neurosis" or "rabbit in flight" or "little mouse with eyeglasses" that he portrays on the screen. On the contrary, he is a fake schlemiel. The truth is the real Woody Allen has been hanging out with the beautiful and talented Mia Farrow for the past 11 years. He is rooted in a duplex penthouse apartment on Fifth Avenue that offers a 360-degree view of Manhattan through floor-to-ceiling windows. He owns four courtside seats to Knicks basketball games, tools around town in his very own Rolls-Royce, is a regular at Elaine's and the rumpled *shmattes* he wears are, in fact, designed by Ralph Lauren.

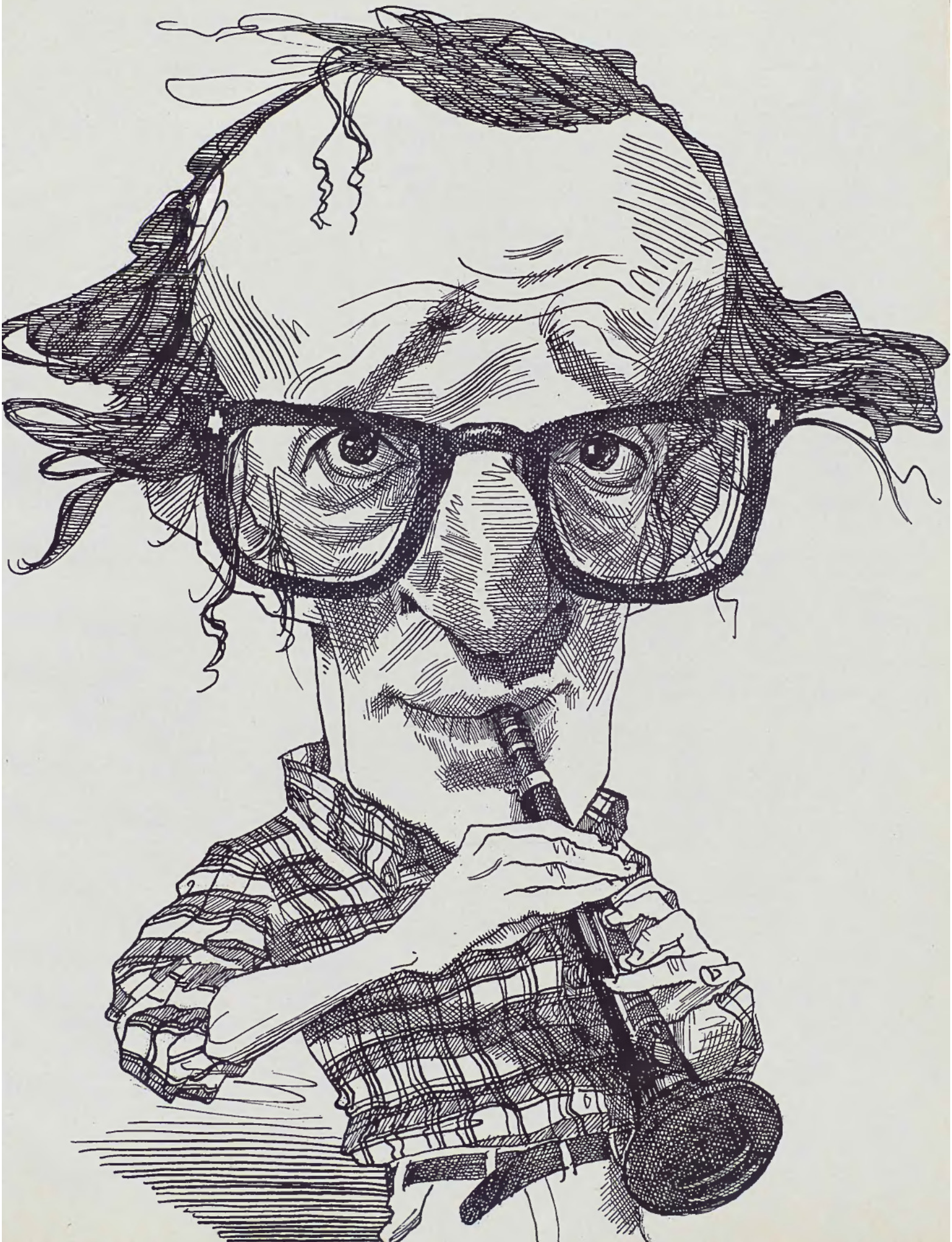
Shame, shame, shame.

But it should also be allowed, if only in passing, that between 1977 and 1990, he wrote and directed an astonishing 15 films, and acted in most of them as well. These films have often been outrageously witty, refreshingly funny, original and, on occasion, even inspired.

Item: In *Hannah and Her Sisters*, the death-obsessed TV producer Mickey Sachs, played by Allen himself, turns briefly to the Catholic Church for answers to the big questions. He is seen explaining himself to a priest and then peering into the window of a religious bookshop. Then we cut to his apartment and a close shot of Sachs emptying the contents of a brown-paper bag onto the table. Out pops a framed print of Christ wearing his crown of thorns, then a crucifix and (hello, hello), on top of both a loaf of Wonder bread, clearly a saucy Jewish take on the spiritual offerings of the outside world—or what Film Scholars 101 mean when they say somebody has made a visual statement.

Hannah and Her Sisters is one of Woody Allen's most satisfying films, an all but seamless stitching together of the author's comic and angst-ridden voices until we get to the final moments, a family Thanksgiving dinner. It's something of a cop-out, veracity being sacrificed on the altar of neatness, enabling audiences to file out of the cinemas feeling good

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



inside rather than being troubled by unwanted recognitions. What happens is that Hannah's husband (Michael Caine, actually acting for once), who has lusted for and had an affair with one of Hannah's sisters, is suddenly and unconvincingly reconciled with his wife. And that bundle of anxieties Mickey Sachs, Hannah's first husband, has surprisingly stumbled onto the yellow brick road to happiness by marrying Hannah's other, most vacuous sister. Yielding a yippee in the film's dying moment, Sachs—hitherto ostensibly sterile—is told by his wife that she is preggers by him, and his joy is unconfined. Bullshit. The self-doubting Sachs we have come to know would react differently. The news would confirm his wife's infidelity.

Yes, yes, but whatever the flaws of *Hannah*, I must hastily add that Woody Allen has never given us a film that insults the intelligence. Even his failures, however portentous, are interesting. Looked at another way, nobody can really be dismissed as a high school existentialist who has been quoted as saying, "I don't want to gain immortality through my works. I want to gain it by not dying."

•

I have not plowed through all or even most of the books about Woody Allen's *oeuvre*, but I have endured one of the most pretentious, *Woody Allen*, by Nancy Pogel, from which I have plucked two zingers I would like to see adorn the newspaper ads promoting his next flick in lieu of the increasingly tiresome two thumbs up from Siskel and Ebert.

Quote number one:

Allen's films "carry on debates between fabulation and realism, between illusionism and anti-illusionism."

Quote number two:

"Mikhail Bakhtin's discussion of intertextuality and the dialogical imagination provides a spacious framework for interpreting Allen's densely allusive, inclusive films."

Her manifest virtues as a prose stylist aside, Pogel has some nifty credentials. She has delivered papers on film comedy at P.C.A., M.L.A., M.M.L.A. and C.E.A. meetings. She is a professor of American thought and language and teaches in the Film Thematic program at Michigan State University.

I'm afraid that Pogel's latter office establishes an unbridgeable generation gap with me. In my decidedly more honest student days, films (thematic, dialogical or filled with fabulation) were something we saw when we skipped a seminar on Spinoza or Whither Canadian Multiculturalism. This, of course, rendered matinees far more enjoyable, enriched by dollops of guilt. "Do you think your father is working his fingers to the bone and I am going without to pay your college fees, Mr. Big Shot, so that you can go to the movies in the afternoon?"

In fact, one of the most memorable afternoons of my college days was the one I skipped Psych 105 to see the Marx Brothers' *Love Happy*.

To digress briefly, some 22 years later, at the 1972 Cannes Film Festival, I had lunch with Groucho Marx and Anthony Burgess, among others, at the Carlton Hotel. An ebullient Groucho offered Burgess a Monte Cristo and was somewhat miffed when, instead of lighting up like the rest of us, he stuffed the cigar into a shirt pocket.

"Aren't you going to smoke it?" Groucho demanded.

"No, I'm going to keep it as a souvenir," Burgess said, and then he went on to describe a scene from *Love Happy* that he still cherished. "Harpo is leaning against a brick wall," he said, "and when you drift past, you ask him, 'What are you doing, holding up the wall?' He nods yes and when he moves, the wall collapses."

"You remember that?" Groucho said, astonished.

"Indeed I do."

"My God, I've had three wives and I can't remember any one of them."

The point of my story, however, is that when somebody at the table asked Groucho about today's comics, he replied that the only one he had time for was Woody Allen.

That was 1972. Even earlier, a friend of mine caught Allen on the Johnny Carson show. "Carson was gabbing away with this skinny little stand-up comic—I had no idea who he was—and he told Carson that he had recently married and now rented a cottage in the country as well. He fished out photographs of the wife and the cottage for Carson to look at. 'My wife,' he said, 'is the one with the shingles.' I've been a Woody Allen fan ever since."

•

Woody Allen, nee Allan Stewart Konigsberg, was born in Flatbush in 1935, son of Martin and Nettie, both of whom, he said years later, were "into God and carpeting." Martin, at one time or another, worked as a jewelry engraver, an egg candler, a cabdriver and a waiter at Sammy's Bowery Follies in Manhattan. Nettie was employed as a bookkeeper in a Brooklyn flower shop. The Konigsbergs were observant Jews, which meant that Woody attended Hebrew school, or heder, after classes at P.S. 99, and there he must have studied Talmud, an early encounter with the absurd.

> Jannai went to an inn and asked for water, which they brought him. He noticed the women muttering, so he threw some away and it turned into snakes. He said to them, "I have drunk of your water and you will drink of mine." He made one of the women drink and she turned into an ass. He mounted her and rode into the market place. Her companion came and released her from the spell, so that he was seen riding on a woman.

Surely, it was from such studies that Allen later concocted his hilarious parody *Hassidic Tales, with a Guide to Their Interpretation by the Noted Scholar*, from which I will quote just one story:

> A man journeyed to Chelm in order to seek the advice of Rabbi ben Kaddish, the holiest of all Ninth Century rabbis and perhaps the greatest noodge of the medieval era.
>
> "Rabbi," the man asked, "where can I find peace?"
>
> The Hassid surveyed him and said, "Quick, look behind you!"
>
> The man turned around and Rabbi ben Kaddish smashed him in the back of the head with a candlestick. "Is that peaceful enough for you?" he chuckled, adjusting his *yarmulke*.

In his commentary on this tale, Woody Allen's noted scholar asks why has the man journeyed to Chelm to bother Rabbi ben Kaddish—"the rabbi doesn't have enough trouble? The truth is, the rabbi's in over his head with gamblers, and he has also been named in a paternity suit by a Mrs. Hecht. No, the point of this tale is that this man had nothing better to do with his time than journey around and get on people's nerves. For this, the rabbi bashes his head in, which, according to the Torah, is one of the most subtle methods of showing concern. In a similar version of this tale, the rabbi leaps on top of the man in a frenzy and carves the story of Ruth on his nose with a stylus."

Following the publication of the charming, even affectionate *Hassidic Tales*, *The New Yorker* received many letters accusing it of anti-Semitism. Allen was singled out as a self-hating Jew, one of that notorious literary band that—in the minds of some, at least—includes Philip Roth and Stanley Elkin and others too numerous to mention here.

To be fair, poking literary fun at Jews in America is not nearly so risky as ridiculing articles of the Moslem faith in England, as Salman Rushdie would surely testify. All the same, certain built-in hazards do come with the territory. I

(continued on page 218)

"Gee, Santa, I never knew you had a back seat and a bar in your sleigh!"

THIS IS WHAT I don't understand. If you were going to spend your life in physical battles—bar fights or boxing matches or whatever—you would almost certainly get some instruction. You might hire a coach, do a little training. At the very least, you would learn the fundamentals: how to punch, and so on. Such instruction would make sense to you.

But the same people who feel the need for instruction in boxing will join a verbal domestic argument without a moment's thought about what they are doing, let alone any real training.

Yet verbal fighting, like physical fighting, is a skill. Domestic fighting can be learned. One can become very good at it—though almost nobody is, because almost nobody thinks it's necessary to learn this skill. Many men don't bother, because they erroneously believe that women are more verbally skilled and emotionally nimble than they are. But whatever the reason, most men just jump into a domestic fight, adopting the fighting style of their fathers or of various people they've seen on television.

If this method has been working for you, then you don't need this article. But if you find that you are coming off badly in your fights—if you are uncomfortable fighting, if you avoid fights or dread *(continued on page 162)*

here's how to fight hard, fight fair and win even when she has you outgunned

HOW TO ARGUE

article By MICHAEL CRICHTON

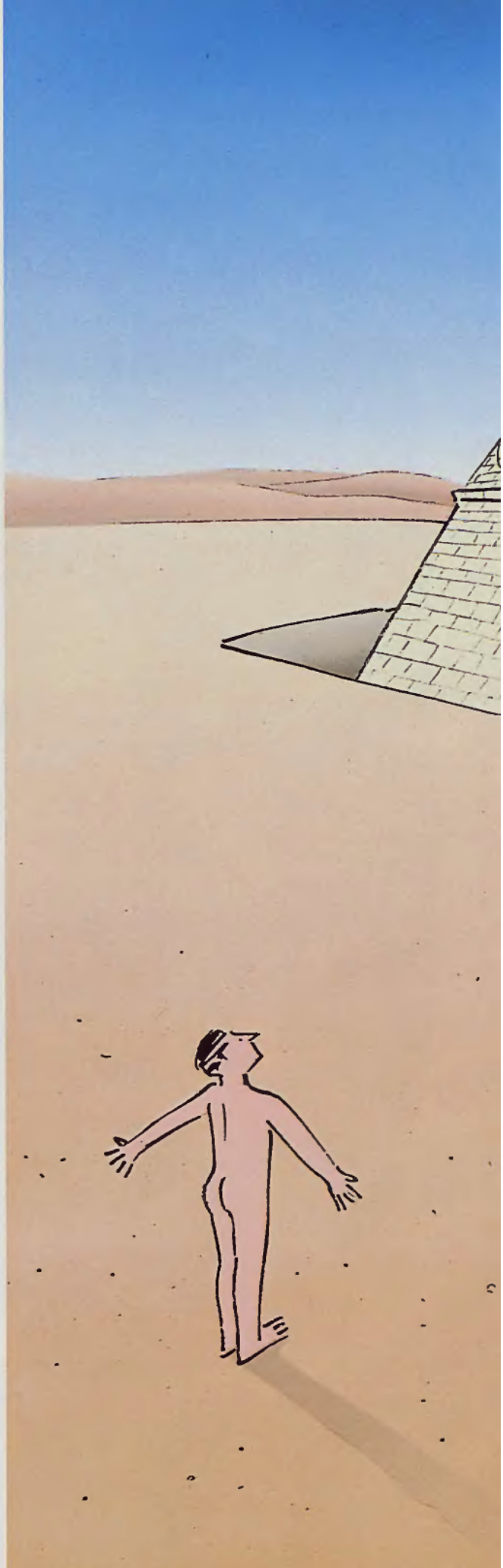
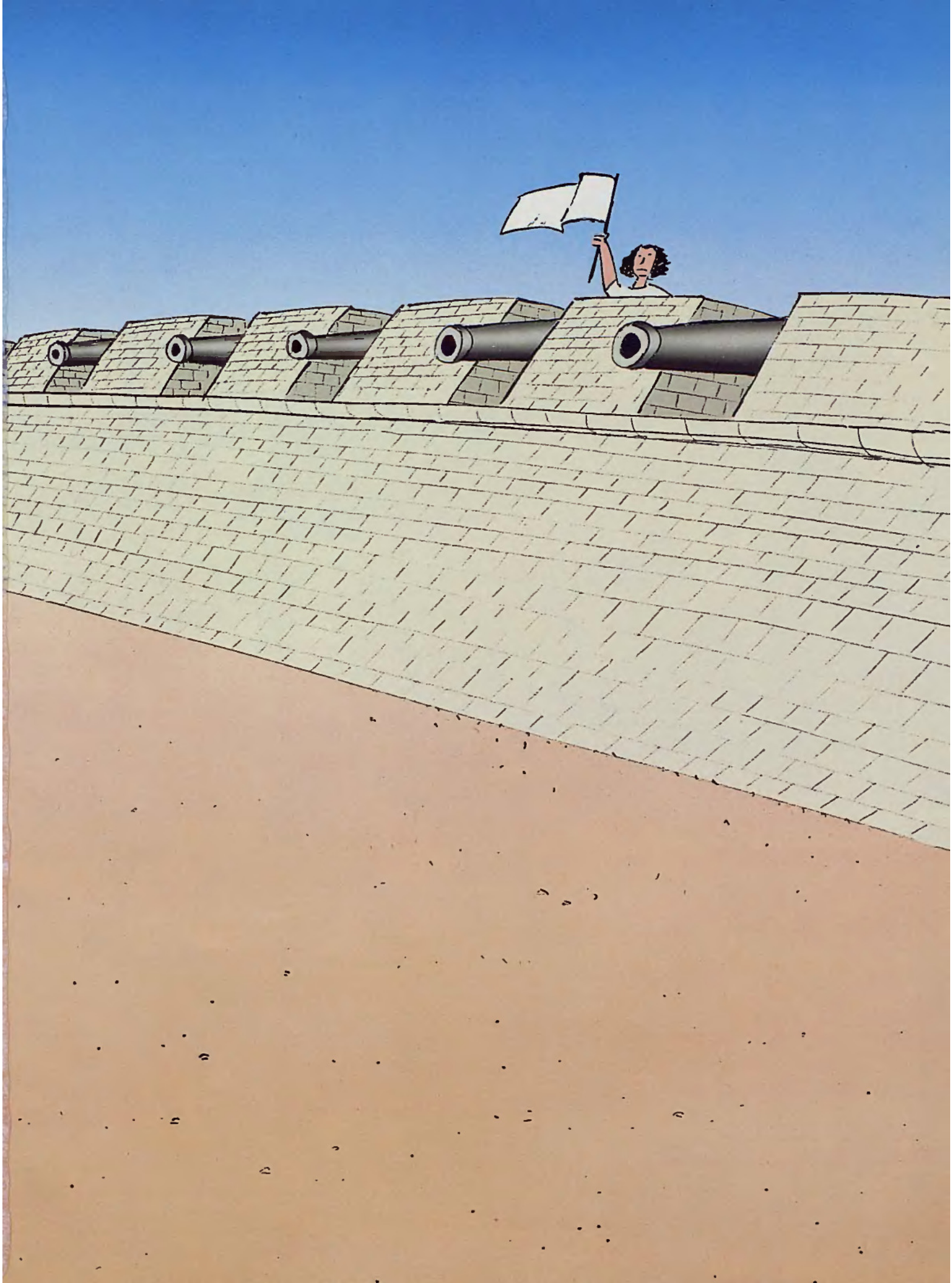


ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

FAIR AND WENDY

the motor city gives us one of its best models as miss december

THIS MONTH, EVEN MORE than usual, we feel lucky. We love meeting some of the world's most beautiful women and introducing them to you each month, but Wendy Hamilton is special. She comes from Detroit by way of the Twilight Zone. A Motown girl who liked to drive fast, Wendy nearly sped off the face of the earth three years ago. Entering the intersection of Garfield Street and Seventeen Mile Road outside Detroit, she hit another car. Wendy was thrown through the windshield. Exactly one week and 180 stitches later, at the same intersection, it happened again. "This time, I was wearing my seat belt. It kept me in the car," she says, "but I got a case of whiplash." After all that, you might expect Miss December, who spent an awkward adolescence down in Florida dreaming of becoming our Playmate of the Month, to make her *Playboy* debut in a full-body cast. Think again, and thank your lucky stars.

When we met Wendy, she was wearing a ring that featured 14 diamonds and another that held a pearl, both gifts from admirers. "Boyfriends," she explained, "but not current ones. I love the rings, though." Happily for potential suitors, Miss December is currently unattached. "I'm staying away from romance now," she says. "Mr. Right will come along when he comes along." Gentlemen, start your engines.

Wendy's dad raced Corvettes on land and tested high-performance boats on sea, which explains her taste for high-speed thrills. Her mother was a fashion model—"She was a knockout," says Wendy—who consoled her precocious daughter when a sixth-grade photo showed the shape under her schoolgirl sweater. "I was ashamed," Wendy recalls of her girlhood on Florida's Gulf Coast. "Puberty was awful. I was taller than all the boys, and I had these embarrassing *breasts*." Mom insisted that Wendy was becoming a pretty woman. Looking at Dad's *Playboy* calendars helped, too; a buxom teen could at least imagine being one of those beauties. Still, the boys wanted no part of this gangly girl. "I never had a boyfriend." Wendy felt like such an outcast that she wished she had braces on her perfect teeth, like so many of her classmates, "just to be like everybody else." Her height led to a captainship of the Manatee High School Hurricanes basketball team in Bradenton—stardom of a sort, but it was modeling that saved her self-image. As she grew into her 5'10" body, Manatee High's storky center turned into a graceful swan.

A fashion designer as well as a fashion plate, Wendy makes sequined blouses and bras for women from Michigan to California. Her bras (not seen here) are spectacular, but her own taste in lingerie is a bit simpler: "Silk," she says. "I love the feel of silk on my skin."

Suddenly, like the women on *Playboy* calendars, Wendy was sexy. Miss December had modeled swimsuits at the age of 12—her debut was at a mall in Bradenton, Florida, in 1979—but things were even better ten years later. Being tall was *good*. All the top models were long and lean, and Wendy stretched a swimsuit with the best of them. In Detroit, the town she adopted after high school, she entered a number of modeling contests that preceded an appearance in *Vogue*. Wendy had survived a painful puberty and two frightful crashes; now she wanted to fulfill a dream: to be in *Playboy*. Suckers for a pretty face and a body to match, we said yes.

An ugly duckling no more, as you can see, Wendy is ready to take on the world. Her first task, she says, is to represent the Motor City as "Detroit's Playmate of the Month." Next up is a bigger pond. Last summer, she hooked a U-Haul to her Jeep—only American cars will do for this Michigander—and sped west to Los Angeles, where modeling jobs beckoned. On the way, she stopped in the desert and saw the sky as she had never seen it before. "The stars looked so close you could touch them." Here's to Wendy, *Playboy*'s latest star.

No longer shy, Wendy appreciates the finer points of love. "The best thing about sex is feeling the attention of a lover," she says, "physically and mentally." Wendy's Mr. Right, when she finds that lucky man, will need a long attention span.

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Wendy Hamilton

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 120 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 12-20-67 BIRTHPLACE: Detroit, MI.

AMBITIONS: To be successful, prosperous, and the only "stress-Free" person in L.A.

TURN-ONS: Rock and Roll, warm weather, high-performance vehicles and kisses on the wrist.

TURN-OFFS: Doing laundry, paying bills, wet socks, dirty bathrooms, Flat tires and speeding tickets.

MY HERO: Walt Disney, because he had a vision of the world that brought out the child in all of us.

MR. RIGHT: He's Funny, Kind and a little dangerous - a bad-but-good boy. He has long hair, Full lips, nice butt and strong hands to hold me.

ALL I WANT FOR THE HOLIDAYS: Is for Santa to visit my door - For real this year! ☺

Debbie + me
Centers of attention

My first itsy-bitsy bikini!

Graduation - or a toothpaste ad?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two Cubans were strolling through Havana one day. "Such a lovely afternoon," one said. "I thank God for it."

"God?" the other said with a sneer. "You should thank Fidel."

"Fidel? It was God Who made the sweet smell of the flowers, the lovely song of the birds."

"I would prefer to thank Fidel."

"But it was God Who made the ocean so clear, the sky so blue, the grass so green."

"I would prefer to thank Fidel."

"And just who, *señor*, will you thank when Fidel is dead?"

"God."

Why do female WASPs have so many crow's-feet? From squinting and saying, "Suck what?"

A bank manager saw a new employee diligently counting out $100 bills. "You look like an industrious young man," he said. "Where did you receive your business education?"

"Yale," the young man replied.

"Excellent," the manager said. "And what's your name?"

"Yim Yohnson."

Latest bumper sticker spotted in L.A.: JESUS SAVES. GRETZKY STEALS. HE SCORES!

A man went to see his lawyer about divorcing his wife. "Don't you love her anymore?" the attorney asked.

"Oh, I still love her very much," the man replied, "but all she wants is sex. I can't take it."

"Instead of divorcing her, why don't you just charge her every time she wants to make love?" the lawyer suggested.

The exhausted husband decided to give the plan a try. As soon as he walked into the house that night, his wife said, "OK, let's go."

"Not so fast, honey. I'm going to charge you every time you want sex. Five dollars in the kitchen, ten dollars in the living room, twenty-five dollars in the bedroom."

"Well, then, here's twenty-five bucks," she said, slapping the cash into his hand.

The husband began walking upstairs to the bedroom. "Hold on, sweetheart," she said, grabbing his hand. "Five times in the kitchen!"

What two words will instantly clear out a men's room? N-i-i-i-ce dick!

An artist asked the gallery owner if there had been any interest in his paintings currently on display.

"I've got good news and bad news," the owner replied. "The good news is that a gentleman inquired about your work and wondered if it would appreciate in value after your death. When I told him it would, he bought all fifteen of your paintings."

"That's wonderful!" the artist exclaimed. "What's the bad news?"

"The guy was your doctor."

A builder, a clergyman and a politician stood outside the pearly gates, waiting for admission. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," Saint Peter said, "but the gates are broken."

The builder immediately offered to repair them for ten dollars. "Why ten dollars?" Saint Peter asked.

"Five dollars for my labor, five dollars for the material," the builder explained.

"What about you?" Saint Peter asked the clergyman. "Can you fix them?"

"Yes, for thirty dollars. Ten for the orphans' fund, ten for the church's building fund and ten for the poor box."

"And you, can you fix them?" Saint Peter asked the politician.

"Of course," the pol replied. "But I'll need a hundred ten dollars."

"A hundred ten dollars?"

"Well, fifty's for me, fifty's for you, and for ten bucks, I can get the builder to fix them."

Going to bed with Ron every night is like playing checkers," the wife complained to her sister. "I make one move and he jumps me."

Since the Texan was being tried in California, he didn't think he had a chance of beating a murder-one rap. In desperation, he bribed one of the jurors to find him guilty of manslaughter, instead.

The jury was out for three days but finally returned a verdict of manslaughter. The grateful Texan cornered the juror afterward. "Thanks a million," he said, slapping him on the back. "How in tarnation did you ever manage it?"

"It wasn't easy," the beaming juror replied. "The others were hell-bent on acquitting you."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Hey, didn't I promise you a white Christmas?"

The GENIUS WAITRESS

an ode to women who serve

By TOM ROBBINS

OF THE GENIUS WAITRESS, I sing.

Of hidden knowledge, buried ambition and secret sonnets scribbled on cocktail napkins; of aching arches, ranting cooks, condescending patrons and eyes turned from ancient Greece to ancient grease; of burns and pinches and savvy and spunk; of a uniquely American woman living a uniquely American compromise, I sing. I sing of the genius waitress.

OK, she's probably not really a genius. But she *is* well educated. She has a degree in Sanskrit, ethnoastronomy, Icelandic musicology or something equally in demand in the contemporary market place. Even if she could find work in her chosen field, it wouldn't pay beans—so she slings them instead. (The genius waitress is not to be confused with the aspiring-actress waitress, so prevalent in Manhattan and Los Angeles and so different from her sister in temperament and I.Q.)

As a type, the genius waitress is sweet and sassy, funny and smart; young, underestimated, fatalistic, weary, cheery (not happy, cheerful: There's a difference and she understands it), a tad bohemian, often borderline alcoholic, frequently pretty (though her hair reeks of kitchen and bar); as independent as an ocelot (though ever hopeful of "true love") and, above all, *genuine*.

Covertly sentimental, she fusses over toddlers and old folks, yet only fear of unemployment prevents her from handing an obnoxious customer his testicles with his bill.

She doesn't mind a little good-natured flirting, and if you flirt with verve and wit, she may flirt back. Never, however, never try to impress her with your résumé. Her tolerance for pretentious Yuppies ends with her shift, sometimes earlier. She reads men like a menu and always knows when she's being offered leftovers or an artificially inflated soufflé.

Should you ever be lucky enough to be taken home by her to that studio apartment with the jerry-built bookshelves and Frida Kahlo posters, you will discover that whereas in the public dining room she is merely as proficient as she needs to be, in the private bedroom she is blue gourmet. Five stars and counting! Afterward, you can discuss chaos theory or the triple aspects of the mother goddess in universal art forms—while you massage her feet.

Eventually, she leaves food service for graduate school or marriage, but unless she wins a grant or a fair divorce settlement, chances are she'll be back, a few years down the line, reciting the daily specials with her own special mixture of frustration and warmth.

Erudite emissary of eggs over easy, polymath purveyor of polenta and prawns, articulate angel of apple pie, the genius waitress is on duty right now in hundreds of U.S. restaurants, smile at the ready, sauce on the side. So brush up on your Schopenhauer, place your order—and tip, mister, tip. She deserves a break today.

Of her, I sing.

PAINTING BY MEL OOOM

A Single Guy's Guide to Skiing

five hot dogs tell you where to go for snow and postslope action

LET'S FACE IT. Skiing is a sport in which men outnumber women by about three to one. And the fact that a disproportionate number of male skiers seem to resemble Norse gods doesn't help the chances of us mere mortals when it comes to meeting the opposite sex.

That's why we called in the experts: five single guys, who were practically born with skis strapped to their feet, to pick their favorite action spots in North America. On the following spread are their words of wisdom on where to sleep, eat and party, plus what to wear, the right equipment to choose and where to go in case of a sudden thaw—all with the opposite sex in mind.

The top dog on the snow-boarding circuit, 21-year-old Jason Ford, already has North American and Canadian championships under his belt and, in 1991, won fifth place overall in the World Cup. His favorite region is just north of the U.S. border, at British Columbia's Blackcomb and Whistler mountains. "Both mountains meet in Whistler Village," he says. "It's a five-minute walk from the base of one to the base of the other, and all the action's in between."

Fred "Go Nuts" Jones, a veteran of 15 years on various ski patrols and currently the activities director of Mount Cranmore in North Conway, New Hampshire, isn't so nuts that he'd pick anywhere but Mount Cranmore (and three other resorts in the area). "It's the social center of the universe," he says. "There's sunny southern exposure, night skiing, just enough expert terrain to keep the hot dogs happy and loads of hot-looking women in stretch pants."

Felix McGrath has the kind of credits that turn heads even before you see him ski. A former Olympian, seven-time Nor Am Champion, five-time National Champion and once ranked third overall in the world among slalom skiers, he says his favorite ski spots are Park City, Alta and Deer Valley, Utah. "It's a single guy's paradise, with the most and best powder in the world, skiing that's steep and fast and women who are baked brown by the ever-present Western sunshine."

Bob Ormsby, an eight-year U.S. Ski Team veteran and 1988 Olympian, casts his vote for three resorts surrounding Lake Tahoe: Alpine Meadows, Heavenly Valley and Diamond Peak. He says his next choice would be Vail, Colorado, adding that the West Coast definitely has the best singles scene. "There may be good-looking women east of the Rockies, but they're wearing so many layers of clothing to combat the cold and humidity that they're tough to spot."

And Glen Plake (pictured opposite), whose freewheeling downhill style puts him on runs where mere mortals fear to tread, prefers California's Mammoth and June mountains but warns that you'll need to prepare yourself for a major L.A. crowd on the weekends. He also noted Taos, New Mexico, as a "great place for light powder, plenty of ridge running and Texas women on vacation."

So start waxing those skis, because these guys know where to go if you're really looking for action.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Glen Plake's head-turning style and radical technique have made him the hair apparent to the extreme skier's crown. To catch his daredevil downhill act, check out the wild 1987 film *The Blizzard of Aahhh's*.

HEAVY-HITTER HOT DOGS	MOUNTAINS	LODGING	DINING
JASON FORD Professional Snow boarder, Pownal, Vermont	Blackcomb and Whistler mountains, Whistler Village, British Columbia. **Elevation:** 7000-plus feet. **Annual snowfall:** About 350 inches. **Crowd:** Lots of middle- and upper-class Americans, Canadians and Japanese.	The **Whistler Timberline Lodge** (604-932-5211) and **Whistler Village Inn** (604-932-4004) are situated in the heart of the action; both are close to the mountains. A short walk and you're in the lift line.	Check out the **Keg at the Mountain,** a $20-per-meal surf-and-turf place with a mega salad bar. **Citta's,** while more of a burger joint, is the best place to start drinking. And it has hot waitresses, which is a big bonus, too.
FRED JONES Ski patroler, North Conway, New Hampshire	Wildcat, Black Mountain and Attitash, Mount Cranmore, New Hampshire. **Elevation:** Up to 4400 feet. **Annual snowfall:** About 100 man-made inches. **Crowd:** Lots of local crazies, high-class Bostonians and girls galore.	**Eastern Slope Inn** (603-356-6321) has a rich ski history—and women outnumber men on weekends. But if you're gonna score, you'll impress the woman at **The Presidential** "Water Bed" **Motel** (603-356-9744).	Don't miss **Horsefeathers** for burgers and horse fries. Try **Red Parka Pub's** ribs. And say what you want about the fatted calf, but the veal dishes at **Barnaby's** are my favorites. (The bar attracts loads of bimbos.)
FELIX MCGRATH U.S. Ski Team, Jericho, Vermont	Park City, Alta and Deer Valley, Utah. **Elevation:** 6900 to 8500 feet. **Annual snowfall:** About 350 to 500 inches. **Crowd:** It ranges from fun-loving partyers to glitzy celebrities, with plenty of really gorgeous women.	For a romantic rendezvous, there's the rustic **Alta Peruvian Lodge** (801-742-3000), where there are no TVs or radios. Other spots: **Silver King Hotel** (801-649-5500) and **Stein Eriksen's Lodge** (801-649-3700).	For excellent lasagna, seafood specials and a happenin' dance floor, check out **Cisero's. Rio Grande's** Mexican food attracts a hip young crowd. **La Frontera** is much more low-key, but its jukebox jams with Mexican tunes.
BOB ORMSBY U.S. Ski Team, Tahoe City, California	Alpine Meadows, Heavenly Valley and Diamond Peak, Tahoe City, California, area. **Elevation:** 8500 to 10,000 feet. **Annual snowfall:** Up to 400 inches. **Crowd:** Mixed—young and old, beginner to extreme.	For a great Lake Tahoe experience, stay at the **River Ranch** (916-583-4264) on the Truckee River. Its lounge bar is a favorite après-ski stop for locals. But plan ahead. With only 24 cozy rooms, it's usually booked solid.	**Jake's on the Lake** and **Sunnyside Resort** in Tahoe City combine good food with the best singles' atmospheres around. But be sure to plan far an extra hour or two before or after dinner to mix it up in their lounges or bars.
GLEN PLAKE Extreme skier, South Lake Tahoe, California	Mammoth and June mountains, Mammoth Lakes, California. **Elevation:** Up to 11,000 feet. **Annual snowfall:** 250 to 350 inches. **Crowd:** Hordes of Los Angelenos on weekends, but otherwise very normal.	At any ski area, the best place to sleep is in your car or motor home. You're right at the base of the mountain every morning—first chair, no excuses. If you happen to meet someone special, stay at her place.	There's a big salad bar at **Shakey's Pizza** where Craig Quillin, the owner, shows ski videos on the large screen. For Mexican, check out **Roberto's.** Or drive 30 minutes to **Carson Peak Inn** for a great five-course meal.

PARTIES	FASHION	HOT GEAR	MELTDOWNS	WISDOM
There are at least six places to party in Whistler, but two stand out: **Savage Beagle,** which rocks from ten P.M. to midnight, and **Tommy Africa's,** where you'll probably end up until the bartender yells, "Last call."	Whatever you do, stay away from neon. Instead, stick with dark greens, blues, black or grays. The baseball hat worn backward is cool. And to be really stylin', wear flannel—the older and baggier, the better.	The hottest new board for free-riding in 1992 is **Burton's Asym Air.** When it comes to picking good snow-boarding boots, any snowmobile-type model will do. And go for sunglasses and goggles by **Oakley** or **Smith.**	For some of the best rock-climbing in North America, take a 40-minute drive to a hick town called Squamish. Or hang out at the **Rainbow Theater** in Whistler, a killer movie house/arcade with the latest video games.	Whistler Village's night life can catch you off guard. Between the stronger Canadian beer and an unreal dance-and-bar scene, you may find it difficult to wake up and hit fresh tracks in the morning. Pace yourself!
On Wednesday, race day, start out at **Mount Cranmore Pub,** where 900 wild locals get together for free food, fun and Michelob Light–sponsored giveaways. Move on to **Jackson Square** for karaoke and more free food.	Face it, girls look as much as guys do, so if you've got it, flaunt it. I have a nice ass and strong legs, so I like to wear stretch pants. Also, be creative; one Valentine's Day, I wore a pink tutu and tights. That was a good day!	Any skis by **Rossignol** or **K2** will do. But be a man: Short sticks equal short dicks. **Nordica** makes the best boots (check out the new F9 Air Syntech). And **Hot Buns,** made of wet-suit material, will keep your ass as dry as a chip.	Get lucky in an aerobics class (Mount Cranmore Racquet Club and North Conway Athletic Club offer the best). Tour North Conway (it has some great little shops) or go sightseeing in the scenic White Mountains.	If you're not a great skier, lie about it. Tell the women you could have been an Olympian but broke your back in a downhill race. If you have mastered the sport, just be nice and don't drool. Remember: safe skiing, safe sex.
Steeps has the largest dance floor in Park City and it's as close to the bottom of the mountain as they come. University of Utah coeds hang out at the **Port o' Call,** and the **Zephyr Club** offers great music and big-name bands.	Skip fluorescent colors. Muted, earthy tones are now the way to go. Some of the hottest ski clothing comes from **Schneider Sportswear** and **Steffner Sweaters.** And pick clothing that's designed to perform.	**Rossignol 7S** skis fly! They offer great stability at high speeds and are quick and smooth in the bumps. The best boot? **Nordica's Grand Prix.** And **Bollé Chrono Graffiti** goggles come in real babe-magnet colors.	Check out **"Z" Place** in Park City for music, video arcades, bowling and billiards. Catch a Utah Jazz basketball game in Salt Lake City or, if you're into flexible females, go to a University of Utah women's gymnastics meet.	Have a ball, be confident, relax and go for it—both on and off the slopes. Whatever you do, don't ski in jeans. And remember, bar-bragging won't impress anyone, nor will macho chest puffing in the lift lines.
Waste away in Margaritaville at **Hacienda del Lago,** a rowdy joint where you'll meet many locals and employees of Alpine Meadows. For live music that really rocks, catch the Mighty Hornets at **Humpty's.**	One-piece powder suits are "in" for the casual skier. But whatever you do, don't show up in a bargain-basement outfit that looks like a big sleeping bag. Quality and fit are important, regardless of your level.	**Rossignol 7Gs** make a statement: Only the best will do for the best. Anything labeled **Nordica** is top quality. And **Briko** sport glasses wrap around the face, blocking wind and allowing for undetected lift-line glances.	Head for Nevada—either for Lake Tahoe or Reno—and try your luck at the casinos. Many offer great all-you-can-eat buffets. **Harrah's Tahoe** is the best, with awesome prime rib and breath-taking views of the area.	What's the hurry? Slow down and enjoy the scenery. Also, don't hesitate to venture off from friends for a few runs. You'll be surprised how many other skiers will do the same in an effort to make some new acquaintances.
Grab a beer at **Yodeler,** near Mammoth's main lodge, or at **Firehouse,** which brews under its own label. **Gringo's** makes the tastiest margaritas. **Rafters** and **Whiskey Creek** are the best places to end the night.	Colors are a personal thing. I mostly tend to favor black suits with neon accents. Layered clothes are the best, because they're practical. You can keep the heavy stuff on when it's cold and zip out the lining when things heat up.	Unless you're a Cammie, why choose anything but American-made skis? Check out the **K2 Extreme**—it'll keep you ripping. Get boots that fit you, not the salesman. **Raichle's Flexons** are the only models I wear.	Head to Mono Lake via the June Lake loop. Go for a swim in the cool water or take a walk on the shore. Either way, it's highly romantic. Tread lightly, though: The tufa formations are delicate and cannot be replaced.	Unless you've skied faster than Franz Weber, have more medals than Jean-Claude Killy or have been skiing with me all day, don't mouth off about how rad you are. You won't impress anyone—especially not the ladies.

A Guide to Hot Ski Gear

if you have the guts, here's the stuff to bring you the glory

Now that you know where the babes are, it's time to check out the equipment. Sure, you can always rent. But if you plan to hit the slopes several times a season, the $50-a-day rental fees might be better spent on your own skis and boots. To that end, we asked our panel of experts to reveal the equipment they prefer when cruising the mountain. Pictured at right, clockwise from 12, are their top choices in skis and boots. And what follow are their comments on these and other hot products for maximum downhill action. Happy trails!

Felix McGrath: Rossignol's 7S Kevlar ($530) is this champion's ski of choice. "These babies fly," he says. "They're stable at high speeds but are also quick and smaath in the bumps." Although the 7S is designed primarily for competitive slalam skiing, it's extremely versatile. Built with a patented Tip Deflectar far improved comfort and control during racing, it also has an attachment for a traditional tip for normal alpine skiing. McGrath swears by Nordica's Grand Prix boots ($545), a model that has been around far years and yet is "still widely used by the ski world's best athletes." And bindings are security. "It's hard to party with a broken leg. Marker M48s keep me dancing on and off the slopes."

Fred "Go Nuts" Jones: This crazy East Coast guy recommends strapping K2 TN Comps ($499) ta yaur feet along with Nardica F9 Air Syntech baots ($520), featuring three traditional buckles, a rear vertical-buckle system with a built-in memory for rapid release, plus a unique air system that, according ta Nordica, "enhances fit and provides an additional shock-absorbent layer between the outer shell and the lower leg." Jones also gives the thumbs-up to Rossignol. "Rassi skis are definitely the top of the heap," he says, citing the 4S Kevlar, a racing ski that has been rated one of the best in the world. Regardless of the brand, Jones stresses length: "Anything less than 210 centimeters is for wimps."

Glen Plake: For skis, aur hirsute hot-dagger on the opening spread chose K2 Extremes ($495), a model that, according to the manufacturer, "is designed for the uninhibited skier who knows no boundaries" and wha loves ta make "radical maneuvers in difficult conditians." Plake's choice in boots: Raichle's Flexan Extremes ($460), which, he says, "click like a goad watch." This madel features Raichle's exclusive Flex technolagy, designed for better fit, greater warmth and mare precise ski control. He also favors Oakley gaggles and sunglasses, Saranac Plake G gloves "designed by me, top to bottom, with extreme contours for an anatomically correct glove shape," as well as Laak bindings and Life-Link poles.

Bob Ormsby: It's "nothing but the best" far this U.S. Ski Team member, and that means Rossignol's metal-and-fiberglass 7G Kevlar ($530). According to Rassignol, this specially designed giant-slalom ski has a slightly smaller width than traditional models, which greatly improves maneuverability and stability, as well as speed. Nordica's front-entry boot, the 982 ($435), also gets Ormsby's highest marks. "Anything by Nordica is not only top quality but also tap of the trend," he adds. If yau need speed and want to keep your eyes fram watering, check out Briko's wraparound sport glasses. To quench your thirst in the lift lines, or on those two-mile runs, Ormsby suggests a fanny flask by Seirus.

Jason Ford: This top dog on the snow-baarding circuit takes his equipment very seriausly. "Na question about it, Burton's Asym Air (abaut $540) is by far the hottest new board for free-riding," he says. Nicknamed the quiver killer, the Asym Air is an all-terrain, all-conditian board that cambines the features necessary far freestyle tricks and high-speed carving. For flexibility and comfort, Ford also recommends any snowmobile type of boot, such as the Burton 2 Tangue Freestyle madel shown here (about $240). This leather-and-nylan baat is designed for a barefoot feel and unrestricted mobility. To keep in step with the snaw-boarders' ultracool image, Fard wears sunglasses and goggles by Oakley or Smith.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

BURTON
BURTON
ROSSIGNOL
ROSSIGNOL
NORDICA
NORDICA
NORDICA
AIR SYNTECH
TWINCAM

What we get by giving

a conservative estimate of the rewards of charity

Everybody knows at least one guy who never gives. Well, sure, he'll write a check to the Community Chest to guard against the conspicuous omission of his name from the annual brochure that is scrutinized by his associates. The ethical purist will say that this wasn't really a gift, it was the cost of his defense against social depreciation. The economist will formulate it as, "Jones prefers the loss of one hundred dollars in cash to the loss of esteem he would forfeit if his name didn't appear on the annual roster of the Community Chest as a one-hundred-dollar donor." We know about the Scrooges. They are not numerous, but they are an unhappy breed, and that is because giving is a means of getting pleasure, not merely of dispensing it. If you don't get pleasure in life, you tend to be unhappy and, by the way, boring (find me the entertaining miser).

There is another species, one that doesn't accept gifts, or resists doing so. Senator Paul Douglas, ever on the alert to the dangers of subornation, wouldn't accept any gift worth more than a trade book. But the generality holds: It is graceless to refuse a gift, even as it is graceless to refuse to give.

Probably the best-known story about the potential irony of gift-giving is O. Henry's *The Gift of the Magi*. It tells of an indigent young couple madly in love who despair over how, in their penury, they might come up with Christmas gifts suggesting their devotion to each other. The husband covets fine tortoiseshell combs with jeweled rims to pin on her full head of brown hair, she a platinum watch chain for his beloved timepiece. To which ends she goes one day to the wigmaker and sells her long varnished locks for the six florins needed to buy the chain for her lover's watch; and he, on the same morning, goes to the pawnbroker and surrenders his watch for the money with which to buy the combs, the more resplendently to display her hair.

A charming story, the more so because it lets the reader in on the dismay the couple feels on discovering the irrelevance of their gifts. The reader nevertheless senses the absolute disposition to sacrifice, motivated by love.

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Gift-giving can, of course, be routinized. For some it is a minor industry. David Niven would tell of the Christmas when he, a recent widower, and Errol Flynn, then recently divorced, shared an apartment. Several days before Christmas they dragged out the sacks of unopened presents they had been sent and busied themselves removing the labels addressed to them, affixing labels to their friends, removing the cards of the donors and substituting their own. A tidy operation, except that L. B. Mayer received from Flynn a silver cigarette case on which was engraved, TO DAVID NIVEN. FROM HIS DEAR FRIEND, L. B. MAYER.

Every child, and most wives, have experienced the gift obviously purchased at the airport, in spastic response to the sudden memory of a birthday or an anniversary. There is that to watch out for.

On the other hand, giving can be a sport. I remember a few personal experiences. I am an impulsive type, my enthusiasms are pronounced and I need to share them, like good jokes. About a dozen years ago, I bought a pair of sport shoes. I was so captivated by them (they were by Timberland and featured craggy rubber soles that never wear out) that I sent a memo to a dozen friends demanding to know the length and width of their feet. I then sent each a pair of my beloved Timberlands. I had fun with this when, two years later, I was vacationing in Barbados with the President of the United States, who walked along the beach, stopped suddenly, pointed to his shoes and said, "Bill, you ought to get a pair of these!" I reminded him that he was wearing the shoes I had sent him two years earlier. That was when he learned the meaning of supply-side economics.

Another enthusiasm I once had was for a machine that makes bread. The catalog expressed in language more active than any yeast the utter, unparalleled simplicity of making your own bread, and *any kind* of bread. I sent away for it, bought the ingredients and, for the first time since I was 14 (when I had specialized in making fudge), took over the kitchen. I was wild with delight when I beheld a perfectly crafted mound of bread, tasted it and even got an enthusiastic reaction from my supercook wife. If there is a woman known to me between the ages of 18 and 70 who did not receive a loaf of bread for Christmas that year, she can deduce that I loathe her.

There was a fascinating catalog eight

article By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

or ten years ago that collected mom-and-pop products each regionally famous but not merchandised nationally. Only in Wilton, Connecticut, did they make this particular macadamia-nut brittle. Only in a little town in Washington, a redwood-flavored salt. It was in that catalog that I discovered Goo Goo bars, made in Nashville. Such is the pride of the manufacturer in its product—which contains chocolate, peanuts, corn syrup, sugar, coconut, milk, whey, starch, butter, salt, gelatin, egg whites, hydrogenated vegetable oil and artificial flavoring—that every Goo Goo bar carries the notice, GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION: YOUR GOO GOO CLUSTER SHOULD BE FRESH AND IN GOOD CONDITION. IF NOT, WE WILL REPLACE IT. JUST RETURN THE UNUSED PORTION AND TELL US WHERE AND WHEN YOU BOUGHT IT.

But wait. In respect of gift-giving, I had a huge treat in store for me. I selected no fewer than 26 items from the catalog and sent them to a dozen worthies. On or about December 15, the mustard came in, and my friends wondered why dear old Bill thought mustard, however exotic, was such a necessity. The next day, a plum pudding. The next day, Red Wing peanut butter. Followed the next day by two items, the next by four, the next by five, with an explosion of a half dozen a day or two before Christmas. I began to receive telegrams every day, some in verse, describing that day's catch. I hadn't had such fun since *The New York Times* came out against rent control.

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Giving, then, should be fun. And fun is the enemy of those who wish to socialize pleasure. In Sweden, an aging landholder announced his intention to bequeath to his village the large forest he owned. The town elders responded that they did not want to receive a forest as a gift from one of their townspeople; if they wanted a forest, they would appropriate one—taxing the citizenry for whatever compensation was owed to the man whose forest had been socialized. They deemed it undignified to receive a gift from someone who egotistically decided to make such a gift.

Merely to relate the experience leaves the taste of ashes in the mouth, and yet the story, in its Teutonic grimness, serves as the last word in socialist reasoning. Everything belongs to everybody, so why should we accept a "gift"? Indeed, what is a gift?

When I was a schoolboy, we were assigned to read a book by S. I. Hayakawa, a philologist who 31 years later was elected to the United States Senate. *Language in Action* began by illustrating a problem semantic in nature. We read an exchange between Advertising Man and Social Worker. They are discussing the means by which the leaders of a small town handled the problem of the unemployed during the Great Depression. The town council had decided to consider the unemployed as insurance policyholders, entitled when unemployed to weekly checks. The experiment was much acclaimed, and Advertising Man says how wonderful it is what you can do with language, calling relief insurance.

"What do you mean, 'calling' it insurance?" asked Social Worker. It *was* insurance. Before long, they refuse to speak to each other, and Advertising Man threatens to disinherit his son if he doesn't break his engagement with the daughter of Social Worker. As the argument develops, under the skilled direction of Hayakawa, the philosophical differences between the two antagonists are at first limned, but soon they are incandescent: We are talking about different political philosophies. As to which is the "correct" one, Hayakawa does not declare. His design is merely that the reader begin to learn about the uses of language in action and, by extension, know when a political operation begins to transmute what was once clearly a gift into an entitlement. In America, no one thinks to thank the elderly neighbor for paying the costs of his children's schooling—schooling is *free* in America; which is fine, except, of course, that there is no such thing as a free lunch. If a community votes to tax itself for the benefit of the have-nots, it starts by conferring a withdrawable gift. That is to say, if the following year the majority votes not to reimpose the burden on itself, it has only to direct its legislators to end the tax.

But even as an easement acquires a life of its own when treated in a certain way, so does legislation. Once a year, Rockefeller Center closes its plaza to traffic. Why? To refresh its franchise by exercising it. Otherwise, what the lawyers call laches sets in. By neglecting to exercise its authority to close off traffic, the owner gradually forfeits that authority.

By the same token, as year after year, decade after decade, a class of citizens receives free education, free food stamps, free medicine and free unemployment insurance, these goods and services, once thought to be the bounty of caring neighbors, become in some mysterious way communal property. They become "rights," to use the modern word. Frédéric Bastiat once pronounced it wrong for any legislation to take from A for the benefit of B something that A, in the absence of law, would not voluntarily give to B. The quickening of the spirit that happens when Alice gives Bill a basket of fruit doesn't happen when a faceless token dispenser forks out every week the coupons Alice, Inc., turns over to Bill, Inc.

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The Government's presence in the picture takes the glamour out of giving. A gift becomes tax-deductible, and for that reason alone, there is an alloy there. When you write a check to the Red Cross or to your local church, a dollar's sacrifice costs you 67 cents. It was greatly feared, after the 1986 tax law that reduced the top tax level to 33 percent, that the seductiveness of charitable gifts would be diluted. In fact, that did not happen. In 1985, two percent of the gross national product was given by private philanthropy. There wasn't much difference in succeeding years. And then, of course, the Government, with its corpus of regulations, can actively estop a gift. I have an example in mind.

It was 15 years ago that I espied our aging, tough, no-nonsense Cuban cook quietly weeping in the corner of the kitchen. It required much perseverance to extract her story, but it was this: She had heard on the telephone that afternoon from her cousin in Cuba. The cook's sister, dying of cancer, was suffering great pain because Castro's Cuba had run out of morphine or else out of morphine it was willing to dispense to old women dying of cancer. The cousin had called desperately to ask if our cook, living in Stamford, Connecticut, could somehow get some morphine to her sister.

So I called my doctor, only to find that he was out of town and would be for ten days. But he had left me a prescription for a sinus remedy, which I hadn't yet filled. I did some quick reading and, imitating the doctor's script, added to the form a prescription for a 60-days supply of morphine. I called my brother, living in Spain, and asked if he knew anyone flying the Madrid–Havana route. Indeed, he did. I explained the problem.

My local druggist was rather surprised by the prescription but faithfully handed over a supply of morphine, which, he told me with a little wink, was "worth about fifty thousand dollars on the black market." Interesting, was the only comment I felt safe to make. That afternoon the little bundle was in the hands of an airline pilot bound for Madrid, who turned it over to a fellow pilot bound that morning for Havana; and late that afternoon the cousin was on the telephone to our cook to say that her sister was resting in blissful, painless sleep. A gift, in our complex world, can consist of a rifle bullet fired through bureaucratic gristle. A gift—the expression of one person's concern for the pleasure of someone else—can consist

(concluded on page 200)

"Simultaneous orgasms!"

ISABELLE

ISABELLE PASCO can seduce you with her voice. Her broken English, bathed in a heavy French accent, practically *belongs* on a long-distance telephone call; her expressions of delight, her suggestive giggles, her turns of phrase that evoke the exotic tastes and smells of Paris are perfectly complemented by the elusive crackle of the overseas connection. The lady's an audio postcard.

Perhaps it is this youthful charm—with its mischievous hint of sexuality—that led film director Peter Greenaway to cast the 23-year-old ingénue as Miranda in *Prospero's Books*, his visually dazzling version of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. "I play a fifteen-year-old virgin girl—pure, naïve and sweet," says Isabelle. "I am covered from the foot to the head."

How, then, does the Continental beauty explain her *au naturel* appearance here, which marks her debut on the pages of an American magazine? "I don't want people to know whether I'm a virgin girl or a sex symbol," she says coyly. "I don't want to be put in a box." And that's when you can hear the half-smile creeping up the corners of her mouth. And then a little laugh—as if she were keeping secrets.

meet mlle. pasco, the smoldering french star of peter greenaway's latest screen spectacle

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

The irrepressible Isabelle was just 16 when *Elle* magazine first photographed her at her mother's spa in Perpignan in the south of France. *Elle*'s Paris editors were so delighted with the photographs—and the model—that they immediately invited Isabelle to come to the City of Light. A few months later, she adorned the covers of both *Elle* and *Vogue*; a year later, she was a veteran of two French movies, *Ave Maria* and *Hors la Loi*. Before long, Isabelle will have tucked three more European movies neatly beneath her 24-inch belt. "I like to be emotional in front of the camera," she explains of her on-screen appeal. "And if I can make those emotions reach the audience, that's *fantastique*."

Thankfully, Isabelle's sudden ascendancy to French movie stardom has not spoiled her. Off screen, she practices her Italian, Spanish and English and works out at the gym; when she's tired and tense, she plays UB40 on her stereo—loudly. "I dance like a crazy woman until I am exhausted. Then, when I'm through, it's a big, hot bath and straight to bed." Alone? "*Absolument!* I'm not a very social girl. I'm looking for someone to spend my life with, but I haven't a type yet. Remember, I am the queen of paradox. I love to be in *Playboy*, and I like to go to church on Sunday."

There's that laugh again.

Isabelle, who enjoys being different, can evoke the feeling of an old master's painting (preceding page) or an air of free-spiritedness (opposite, above and overleof). On screen, she's just as versatile—from her beguiling innocence in her current film, *Prospero's Books* (far left) to her bewitching allure in *Roselyne et les Lions* (left).

HOW TO ARGUE

(continued from page 128)

"If Tyson were advancing with clenched fists, would you look at him and sigh, 'What is it now?'"

them, if you are afraid of seriously hurting your opponent—then you'd better read on. Because you need to get a little balance. Do a little road work. Build up your wind. Work on your mental attitude.

And, above all, learn to win.

Just so we're clear, the purpose of this article is not to teach you how to get along with a woman. That's a life's work. The purpose is to teach you how to win a domestic fight. To win quickly, cleanly and bloodlessly—but, above all, to win. Got it?

OK. Let's get started. First rule of domestic fighting:

Respond to the challenge.

Most men make fatal errors in the first 30 seconds of a domestic fight. They've lost before the fight itself has begun.

Why? Because they opt for the time-honored masculine strategy of weariness in the face of the advancing female. Here she comes, spoiling for a fight. You turn to her and say with a sigh, "What is it *now*?" Or, "Do we have to talk about this *now*?"

The fight is over.

You just lost, buddy.

Look: If Mike Tyson were advancing toward you with clenched fists, would you look at him and sigh, "What is it *now*?" Of course not. You'd stand up straight and be energized, ready for anything. You'd see his advancing figure as a serious challenge, requiring your full attention.

Well, that's the way she wants to be seen, too.

So do yourself a favor. When you see a fight coming, deal with it. Right then and there. Stop whatever you are doing, and forget whatever you are thinking, and deal with it. An angry person is brimful of emotions, and she needs to be dealt with *now*.

Pay attention.

In a domestic quarrel, battle lines shift constantly, from moment to moment. It's confusing, exhausting, emotionally draining. She may go ballistic at any time. A domestic fight takes everything you have—every ounce of intelligence and energy. So don't be glancing through the morning headlines or watching Bryant Gumbel, unless you want your head handed to you. Pay attention.

Don't tell me that you do. I know you don't. I mean pay attention as if you were standing at the plate, waiting for Roger Clemens to pitch. Pay attention as if you were driving into the turn in Indy at 200 miles an hour.

I mean total, focused attention of mind and body. Men often lose arguments simply because they fail to pay this kind of attention.

For example, a classic male moment comes midway through the fight, when the guy throws up his hands in disgust and announces, "I don't understand this fight. I don't understand what is going on." He behaves as if this were proof of his logical superiority over the hapless, distraught, emotional female.

Bullshit. The man doesn't understand what is going on because he has stopped paying attention. That's nothing to be proud of. It's a weakness and an error.

Actually, you will learn that not paying attention in fights is rather common. Women do it, too. Once you begin to watch her closely, you will start to see the moments when she zones out, when she stares into space, when she hasn't heard your last comment. And you'll learn how to take advantage of those moments—if you are paying attention. Meanwhile, you should be considering:

What's it all about?

What kind of fight is occurring? There are all kinds of fights, but let's look at the spectrum.

At one end is the fight that is a disagreement about action. You want to live in the city, she wants to live in the country. You want to party every night, she wants to stay home. You want children, she doesn't. You want to move to a new apartment, she likes this one.

At the other extreme is the fight that is a disagreement about feelings. She feels neglected, you feel overworked. She feels pressured, you feel slighted. She wants closeness, you want elbow room. Feeling fights may not translate into any particular action, but they often feel like a tangible dispute, anyway.

Of course, most fights are a blend of the two. But as you go into combat, it's useful to ask yourself whether this is a dispute primarily about feelings or about action. The two disagreements must be resolved differently.

In simple terms, disputes about feelings are best resolved by acknowledging the injured feelings. You say, "I'm sorry you feel that way," and the fight ends. There isn't really anything to *do*, though men frequently make the mistake of trying to do something anyway. This only irritates a woman and makes her feel belittled, as if she can't solve her own problems. Thus, in a fight about feelings, men often try to do too much.

On the other hand, disputes about action eventually require concrete action. If she wants a new apartment, your being sorry she feels that way won't solve a thing. You're going to have to address her concerns and perhaps move. In the face of a demand for action, many men prefer to assume that the issue is basically one of feelings and, therefore, will do too little.

So, pay attention to what kind you're getting into. And think about the outcome. In particular:

Decide whether or not you want to fight.

Often men behave as if they have no choice about a fight. But they do. And to think anything else is disempowering and weakening. It'll make you feel pushed around before anything has actually happened.

As in every aspect of life, you have a choice. You don't have to fight unless you want to. Your choices are to postpone the fight, to avoid it entirely or to go ahead and fight now. Let's consider the choices in order.

Postponing the fight.

Sometimes a fight is genuinely inconvenient to one partner. Sometimes it's just a matter of timing and sometimes it has a profound, unconscious meaning. You're up for a wonderful promotion and she claims she's excited for you, but somehow she starts to pick fights at times and places that are hurting your chances. What can you do about it? Psychotherapy may help, but it isn't quick. And, meanwhile, you have a problem.

There is a simple answer. Negotiate fight terms. Fights are a feature of any relationship, like the handling of finances. You and your partner have the right to decide how you want to handle your money, your chores—and your fights.

So, in a cool moment, the two of you should look back over your recent battles and negotiate a few rules. Some of them should concern postponement.

For example, in my relationship, if it is after 11 P.M., I have the unconditional right to postpone the fight until the following morning. I'll say, "If you want to have this out tomorrow, I'll delay leaving for work to do it, but I don't want to argue about this now." In my experience, 97 percent of late-night fights never make it to the following morning.

Second, I am not required to fight if the other person has ingested any alcohol or drugs. *Any*. A single glass of wine at dinner postpones the dispute.

Finally, I have the right to claim that

(continued on page 220)

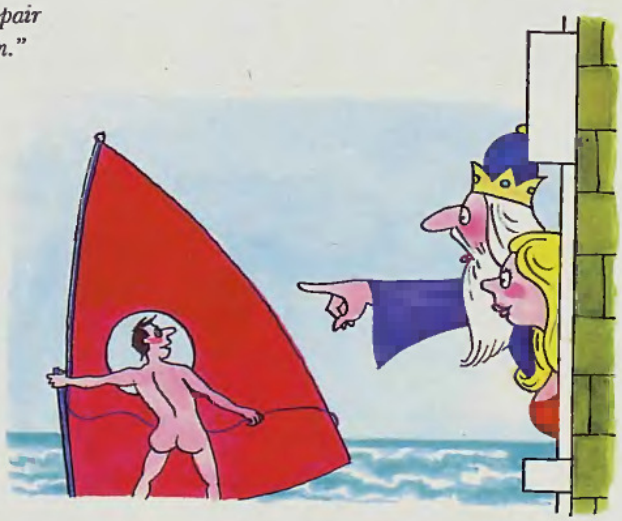
Good King Wenceslaus

humor by Handelsman

Good King Wenceslaus look'd out
(So did Princess Julia);
They beheld, beyond a doubt,
Something most peculiar.
No one clad in furs or hides,
Anoraks or parkas,
But a sportsman rode the tides,
Absolutely sta-arkers.

"Who is this phenomenon
Riding on a splinter?
That buffoon hath nothing on
In the dead of winter."
"Father," quoth the princess fair,
"He is thy factotum;
Lo, of underpants no pair
Covereth his scro-otum."

"Nakedness," the king exclaim'd,
"Suiteth not December!
Varlet, thou shouldst be asham'd;
Pray, conceal thy member."
"Majesty," rejoin'd the lad
From the turbid water,
"Give me leave to call thee dad
And to wed thy dau-aughter."



"Marriage with a commoner,
Lacking brains and raiment?
Scoundrel, thou shalt not have her—
Death shall be thy payment!"
"Spare him, Father dear, for I
Find him habit-forming;
All our months shall be July,
Thanks to global wa-arming."

morgan circled left, did a half step of broken rhythm, then flicked a jab with a fist the size of a cantaloupe

fiction By CHARLES JOHNSON

KWOON

DAVID LEWIS' martial-arts *kwoon* was in a South Side Chicago neighborhood so rough he nearly had to fight to reach the door. Previously, it had been a dry cleaner's, then a small Thai restaurant, and although he Lysol-scrubbed the buckled linoleum floors and burned jade incense for the Buddha before each class, the studio was a blend of pungent odors, the smell of starched shirts and the tang of cinnamon pastries riding alongside the sharp smell of male sweat from nightly workouts. For five months, David had bivouacked on the back-room floor after his students left, not minding the clank of presses from the print shop next door, the noisy garage across the street or even the two-grand bank loan needed to renovate three rooms with low ceilings and leaky pipes overhead. This was his place, earned after ten years of training in San Francisco and his promotion to the hard-won title of *sifu*.

As his customers grunted through Tuesday-night warm-up exercises, then drills with Elizabeth, his senior student (she'd been a dancer and still had the elasticity of Gumby), David stood off to one side to watch, feeling the force of their *kiais* vibrate in the cavity of his chest, interrupting them only to correct a student's stance. On the whole, his students were a hopeless bunch, a Franciscan test of his patience. Some came to class on drugs; one, Wendell Miller, a retired cook trying to recapture his youth, was the obligatory senior citizen; a few were high school dropouts, orange-haired punks who played in rock bands with names like Plastic Anus. But David did not despair. He believed he was duty bound to lead them, like the Pied Piper, from Sylvester Stallone movies to a real understanding of the martial arts as a way that prepared the young, through discipline and large doses of humility, to be of use to themselves and others. Accordingly, his sheet of rules said no high school student could be promoted unless he kept a B average, and no dropouts were allowed through the door until they signed up for *(continued on page 176)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

JOE PESCI

It has been a hell of a year for Joe Pesci. Since winning an Academy Award last spring for his portrayal of Tommy DeVito in "GoodFellas," he has worked on roles in "The Super," "My Cousin Vinny," "The Public Eye," "JFK," "Home Alone II" and "Lethal Weapon 3," as well as admitting irreconcilable differences with his 24-year-old third wife, Marti. Now he's really tired, he told writer Julie Bain when they met in New York. She reports: "Slumped in a chair, the 48-year-old seems even smaller than his five feet, five inches. But don't call him short. 'Watch it—your shins are in my way,' he says. 'I'll kick ya.' In some ways, he seems every bit the volatile tough guy he often portrays. Wearing black leather, he demonstrates a street-fighting technique for—literally—ripping off an opponent's nose. 'I wouldn't call myself an animal,' he says, 'but some people probably would.' On the other hand, when asked how he feels about being called cuddly, he replies, 'That doesn't bother me. I've been called a lot of things. Cuddly is not one that hurts. I don't think anything hurts anymore.'

"Pesci grew up in Newark, the youngest of three children. He revealed a showbiz disposition early, perfecting his impression of Jimmy Durante by the age of five. His family loved his work, but it wasn't until his 1980 role as Joey in 'Raging Bull' that he received much public acclaim.

ok, ok, ok: inch for inch, the busiest man on screen tells us how to street-fight, why life requires a dash of bitters and how much he hates to be home alone

[redacted]

1.

PLAYBOY: While you were growing up in Newark, your father sent you to acting, singing and guitar lessons. At the age of ten, you were a regular on the TV show *Star Time Kids* with Connie Francis. And you dropped out of high school to work as a singer and a comedian. In the Sixties, you even recorded an album called *Little Joe Sure Can Sing*. Care to buy back the copies still out there?

PESCI: Actually, I still sing the same type of songs. When I'm under stress, I pick up the guitar and sing those "down" jazz-blues songs to myself. I did the album as Little Joe Ritchie, after a great jazz-blues singer friend of mine, Little Jimmy Scott. I patterned my singing style after him. So I took that name to honor him. I still sing like him, but I also sing a lot like *me*. And I can swing a little now. It's easier to swing when you have money in your pocket.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've had to struggle for success in your acting career. You made your film debut in *Death Collector*, which became sort of a cult hit, in 1976. But for many years after that, you were unemployed and broke. What's the most important thing you learned during that time?

PESCI: Not to look for someone else to help me in life—for anything. The biggest thing is not to *depend*. After *Death Collector*, I went to Los Angeles with some friends who'd made the movie. I couldn't get an agent. Nobody was interested in me. So I went to Las Vegas to see a friend. He gave me a room in his home and I started working for a mason.

I went through some really tough times there. I remember getting the flu. My friend and his wife were away and I was alone. I couldn't lift my head off the bed. I remember crawling to the bathroom, I was so sick. At one point, I called a taxi and went to the hospital emergency room. I had nothing. I had no doctor. I didn't have any money. I said, "Where are all the women in my life who told me they loved me and cared about me?" My family would have been there for me, but they all had their own things. My father was in the hospital in a coma and my mother was with him. I was totally alone. I was really angry. When I started to get my strength back, I said, "I will never, ever ask anyone for anything ever again. I will take what I want." I was very bitter, very nasty about it. It's a terrible attitude. But I'm sure there are a lot of people in the world who get to that point. It's to get you off your ass and stop waiting for someone else to help you get somewhere.

3.

PLAYBOY: But someone did help you get somewhere. While you were managing a restaurant in the Bronx, you got a call from Robert De Niro about the role of Joey in *Raging Bull*, which rekindled your acting career and resulted in an Oscar nomination. How much have you had to compromise as an actor?

PESCI: Actors take shit constantly. Show business makes whores out of women and fags out of men, because you sell yourself up and down the line and become a piece of shit for everyone else. At some point, you have to say, "Fuck this! I'm not gonna be nice when I don't have to be nice. If somebody's an asshole, he's gonna get treated like an asshole. I don't care who he is." When I came out of the Bronx, I did not care. If a director or a producer said something to me with an attitude, I would look him in the face and say, "Who the fuck are you talking to?"

That attitude can't help you get anywhere. The only way it can work for you is if it makes you feel better. I'm not saying you have to go around with a chip on your shoulder. But it certainly helps you get to a point where you're not giving credibility to an asshole who's abusing you just because he's in a position where he thinks he can.

4.

PLAYBOY: Some people say they're afraid of you because you tell them to go fuck themselves.

PESCI: People are afraid of that? I don't understand why they would be afraid to have someone tell them to go fuck themselves—unless they needed it. Only if they needed it would I tell them to go fuck themselves. I don't go around bothering people. I never did. But there are people who need it, and they should be told. It's a nasty job, but somebody has to tell them.

5.

PLAYBOY: You've played a lot of tough guys. Where did you learn to fight?

PESCI: In the neighborhoods where I grew up. I wasn't a sissy, but I wasn't a tough guy. I've had my share of losing fights. I would rather fight and lose than not fight and have to go to bed nights wondering why I didn't. So I got to be pretty good at taking it and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KAREN KUEHN

then, after a while, at dishing it out.

If you know you can't get out of a fight, you have to protect yourself. You have to hit first, hit hard and not stop until the other person is rendered helpless, so you can walk away. Listen, if you want to fight with me, who says there are going to be rules? I kick, I punch, I bite, I pull hair out, rip your nose off, stick my hand down your throat, bite your ear off—anything. You have to be willing to go all the way—either that or run. I've been involved with some pretty big guys. You don't see any marks on me, do you? I'm not into that anymore. There's too much of a chance of getting hurt or hurting someone else. It's not worth it. But it's a helpful thing to know when you go out.

6.

PLAYBOY: You made Tommy in *GoodFellas* a complex character. He could be charming, funny, vulnerable or frightening. Where did you get all that? Did you hang out with wiseguys?

PESCI: So much of Tommy was not a wiseguy—it was just personal. A lot of him is like me. I've done some crazy, crazy stuff. We all know people like Tommy—you walk on eggshells when you talk to them, because you know the least little thing can provoke an argument and they're gonna get nasty and crazy. Tommy displays those moments that a lot of people have—they're lying if they say they haven't. It's there in all of us.

7.

PLAYBOY: But haven't you known your share of wiseguys?

PESCI: I worked in night clubs. And when you work in night clubs, you're exposed to all elements. You run into more phonies than anybody. Half the time, people say they're something they're not because they want attention or because of fear or power. You don't know who you're running into till someone says, "That guy is so-and-so." Half of them are bookies or gamblers. Everybody bets sports. Everybody bets numbers. What, does that make the whole world the Mafia?

Mobsters don't have to show it. They weren't the ones who'd abuse you and treat you like a jerk in a club. They were the ones who'd buy you a drink and offer your wife or girlfriend a chair. They were polite. They were nicer, in a way. They had a certain power and they didn't have to show anything.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is part of *GoodFellas*' appeal nostalgia for a time when crime was organized?

PESCI: It's not the Mafia that's bothering anybody. Nowadays, gangs of every nationality are the ones you have to worry about. You don't get any warnings. My character, Tommy, was psychotic, in a way. But you wouldn't catch him mugging an old lady on the train. He wouldn't rob your mother. The Mobsters played by their own rules. They did it with themselves, among themselves. They had their dignity.

9.

PLAYBOY: Does *GoodFellas* create nostalgia for a time when men were manlier—for example, if somebody hassled your girlfriend, you beat him up?

PESCI: That's admirable. Nowadays, a guy probably wouldn't do that. Maybe the right guy would. A lot of women find that appealing. Not that they should go provoke those kinds of things, because there are some women who love that stuff. But it's comforting to know that your man would smack somebody in the face who insulted you. It's romantic. It's protecting someone you love. I don't think talking to that guy would stop him from doing it again to someone else. The thing people understand most is fear. They have to see some kind of violence before they respect something. I don't know why.

10.

PLAYBOY: What should a man look for in a woman?

PESCI: A woman should be very much in love with the man she's with. If they are really in love, everything else will take care of itself. If he were eating and something fell, she would automatically get up to clean it right away—not because that's her position but because she's in love with the person and helps make his life easier and better. It goes right down the line with whether she does the ironing or washing or cooking. If she's in love, she'll want to do it, especially if he's working and she's not.

She should be aggressive when it starts, I guess. But I also like a woman who is passive and quiet—and very smart. She should be very sexy. I don't like a woman who *tries* to be sexy. You either have it or you don't. If you're really in love, you have it, because that person will turn you on so much that you will turn her on, no matter what you do.

11.

PLAYBOY: Leo Getz, your endearing money-laundering character in *Lethal Weapon*, always prefaces his remarks with a frenetic "OK, OK, OK." You've said you got that mannerism from the eager young help at Disneyland. What were you doing at Disneyland?

PESCI: A long time ago, Mickey Rourke and I went to see Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons sing there. We were lost and asked some kids for directions.

12.

PLAYBOY: Did you do *Home Alone* because you knew it would be a success?

PESCI: Oh, Jesus, I didn't want to do *Home Alone*. But they kept offering me more money. I wanted a point or two, because I told them it was gonna be a huge success. They wouldn't give me points, but they kept offering more money. So I took the job, knowing that I was gonna make a bunch of kids happy, which was fine with me. I was gonna play a cartoon character. *Home Alone II*, I'm doing for the money. And I get points this time. I guess there's some justice.

13.

PLAYBOY: You play the homosexual CIA pilot and anti-Castro soldier of fortune David Ferrie in the upcoming Oliver Stone movie *JFK*. Has your opinion of the conspiracy theories changed since you've been working on this film?

PESCI: I never cared about them before. I didn't think it would change anything to dig it all up. So I left it alone. What I like about Oliver Stone is that he doesn't give a fuck about *us* anymore. He wants young people to think about it so that it doesn't happen to anyone else—if it happened. You have to dig in, you have to question. That's what he's saying. There's nothing wrong with that.

I did a lot of research for the character. I play characters that everyone else thinks are the worst people in the world, but I don't. This guy [Ferrie] was going to be a priest. And he had this other quirk: He was a homosexual. And they defrocked him. That's the thing that threw him way off. He had a great mind, he spoke five languages and was well read. And he was very, very intelligent politically. He was a big sympathizer with the Cubans. He got fanatical. It's easy to become fanatical when you are intelligent and people are constantly fucking with you. He had good intentions, but he turned out bad. Yes, he thought Kennedy was no fucking good. He hated him and he wanted him killed. Hating was his prerogative. A lot of people in politics make bad moves; you don't kill them for it.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've been working your ass off lately. What has that done to your golf game? And how's your temper on the course?

PESCI: Jesus, work has killed my golf game. And, no, it's not true that I have a violent temper on the golf course. Dennis Hopper started that story. If

(concluded on page 195)

"I don't actually work here—I just love office parties."

how to be on your best behavior during the giddy yuletide season

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO HOLIDAY DEPORTMENT

article By GLENN O'BRIEN

THEY'RE BACK. The holidays. That magical time of year when joy and conviviality replace our business-as-usual mentality, when traditions come alive, when the human race wears a smile on its face and a heart on its sleeve. It is a special time of year, not to be taken lightly. It requires a special code of behavior. Politeness is really armor we put on for our protection, as well as for the protection of others. Here are a few ideas on how to use it to have a happy, safe, nonviolent and possibly joyous holiday.

FAMILY

During the holidays, many people see more of their families—both immediate and extended—than they do during the rest of the year. This can mean reliving good times, reaffirming solid bonds and growing together. It can also mean unlimited opportunities for anxiety attacks, lifelong grudge matches, expert button pushing, savage reprisals and inhuman vilification. No matter what insights you achieved during a John Bradshaw seminar, now is not the time to share them.

THANKSGIVING

We sometimes forget that the season officially kicks off with this delightfully nondenominational, uniquely American holiday. Thanksgiving is not expensive. It has no controversial aspects. Its main form of celebration is a traditional meal that can be quite delicious, or at the very least totally filling.

It's a time of year when strange root vegetables appear on the table and people find themselves asking. "This is so good, why do we eat it only once a year?"

The important thing about Thanksgiving is to remember the big idea and thank everyone who deserves it. Think of all the things you have to be thankful for. And at least try the squash pie. It's not going to kill you. Probably.

IN THE HOME

Holiday decorations can bring extra cheer into your life. For as long as 30 days. After the beginning of the new year, lingering trees, wreaths and lights are a kind of visual hangover that can lead to depression, illness and even death.

What are important to remember are safe electrical practices. Before mounting on your roof an illuminated Santa's sleigh and eight reindeer, read your homeowner's policy thoroughly. The local government may be able to tell you when you can water your lawn, but you still have the freedom to overdecorate your house once a year. The way the Griswold family home looks in *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation* is a triumph of the American spirit. If it's too bright for the neighbors, let them pull their shades.

Christmas carolers have a place in our society. As long as they can sing. As long as they are brief. And as long as they don't have a recommended donation. Carolers violating these ancient standards should be dealt with by nautical air-horn blasts.

THE OFFICE PARTY

Once a healthy annual bacchanal in which rules were suspended for a few hours, allowing co-workers regardless of position to conduct themselves with relative abandon, the holiday office party has been tamed, censored and regulated in recent years. It's now but a dim reminder of its former self. Still, there are plenty of pitfalls.

Companies are now legitimately concerned about liability in instances of on-premises drinking, and so imbibing has been drastically reduced, even eliminated. Now is not the time to impress the C.E.O. that you can chug a liter of peach schnapps. She won't be amused. She probably won't even be drinking.

Flirtation, an annual release of sexual tensions accumulated over a calendar year of sublimation, was once the main attraction at office holiday parties. Full-blown lusts were revealed and even sated. All that has changed with the revolution in sexual politics. Now even the boozy brush of an elbow can lead to the unemployment line or the courtroom.

Sexual harassment in the workplace probably goes back to the cave office, but only in the past ten years has anything been done about it. Oddly, it is now much safer to come on to someone above you in the organizational chart. If you have eyes for a subordinate, you may have to wait for her to make the first move. It's OK to drop a hint. And you may want to have witnesses.

When elected to play Santa Claus at the office, do not allow anyone to sit on your lap *(concluded on page 206)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

THE CHRISTMAS HIT LIST

'tis the season to be judge, jury and jolly executioner

YOU KNOW the jingle, the one about the big guy, making his lists, checking them twice. ❄ You know the drill. ❄ Why, we asked, should he have all the fun? Christmas is the time of year we assess our friends and enemies to see who warrants our diving into the deep end of our credit line for gifts and who will be history. ❄ Christmas is fueled by the promise of forgiveness, compassion, reconciliation or revenge. ❄ As we extended our holiday reverie beyond the names on our Rolodex, we discovered some interesting insights into the collective conscience of America. ❄ Why is it that some figures are forgiven, others kept out in the cold? Who has recovered? Who is cast out? Who rolls past the street-corner Santas in chauffeured limousines? Who is still scrounging for bits of coal? What are we willing to forgive? What is the statute of limitations?

THE FORGIVEN

Jimmy Swaggart
Francis Ford Coppola
Colonel Oliver North
Paul Reubens
Hannibal Lecter
Pete Rose
Andy Rooney
Sam Kinison
Donna Rice
The Germans
John McEnroe
Raytheon
AstroTurf
Mount St. Helens
Bill Buckner
The Lakers

THE UNFORGIVEN

Jim Bakker
Michael Cimino
Lieutenant William Calley
Pee-wee Herman
Bret Easton Ellis
George Steinbrenner
Jimmy the Greek
Andrew Dice Clay
Gary Hart
The French
Andre Agassi
Dow Chemical
Designated hitter
Mount Pinatubo
Leon Durham
The Pistons

The South	The North
Lewis Carroll	Roman Polanski
Neil Bush	Charles Keating
Vanessa Williams	Bess Myerson
Fawn Hall	Rose Mary Woods
Evita Perón	Imelda Marcos
Condoms	The Dalkon Shield
Andy Warhol	Kitty Kelley
Dobermans	Pit bulls
Robert McNamara	J. Edgar Hoover
Demi Moore	Deborah Norville
Bob Conrad	Mickey Rourke
The Brady Bunch	*The Partridge Family*
Marion Barry	Daryl Gates
Howard Cosell	Brent Musburger
James Brown	Boy George
Yoko Ono	Linda McCartney
Sam Donaldson	Dan Rather
Entertainment Tonight	*A Current Affair*
Leona Helmsley	John Sununu
Bob Guccione, Jr.	Bob Guccione
Sharks	Killer bees
Plastic trash bags	Mink coats
Earl Butz	James Watt
Central Europe	Central America
HDL	LDL

PRESUMED INNOCENT
Harrison Ford

PRESUMED GUILTY
Richard Gere

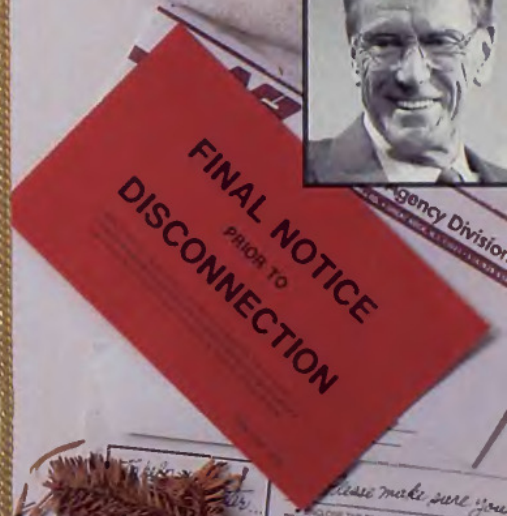
THE FORGOTTEN
Morton Downey, Jr.

DEAD BUT UNFORGIVEN
Roy Cohn

DEAD OR ALIVE, ALL IS FORGIVEN
Elvis

SHAME ON YOU
Madonna

NEVER ASKED TO BE FORGIVEN
Mick Jagger



article By Roger Kahn

THE FINAL WORD ON SPORT'S MOST MISUNDERSTOOD MAN

a rose by another name

There are bullies pushing about, bucks ogling the women, knaves picking pockets, policemen on the lookout, quacks . . . bawling in front of their booths and yokels looking up at the tinseled dancers and poor old rouged tumblers, while the light-fingered folk are operating upon their pockets behind. Yes, this is Vanity Fair; not a moral place certainly; nor a merry one, though very noisy.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

PETE ROSE has never heard of Thackeray, and his approach to literature, if not actively hostile, is at least belligerently ignorant. "I only read two books in my whole life," he once said, "and one was *The Official Pete Rose Scrapbook*. I wrote that." (He is also credited as author or co-author of *Pete Rose on Hitting*, *Countdown to Cobb*, *Dear Pete* and *Charlie Hustle*.) As Rose spoke, he stared at me with confidence approaching defiance. Truly a modern American success, he appeared to have written more books than he had read.

He was earning perhaps $1,500,000 a year. He was paying, he said, "more just in Ohio state income tax than the newspaper guys covering me make altogether." He was the owner of five—or was it seven—cars, a diamond-faced watch whose glitter would have roused hormones in a Gabor, four—or was it six—show horses and a baby lion for his youngest son to play with. He had married a beautifully proportioned former Playboy Bunny and had come to be regarded as a star of such magnitude in his home town that the Cincinnati city fathers named a street after him. Pete Rose Way ran its course beside the ball park. Who, Rose seemed to be asking with his defiant look and swaggering life, needs to read a fucking book?

That attitude may be as deplorable as the convicted wolves of Wall Street, and yet, as I found him across half a decade, Rose was by no means a deplorable person. Excessive. Compulsive. Crude. But he had significant redeeming qualities.

Indeed, Rose's fall put me in mind of Bruce Pearson, the doomed catcher in *Bang the Drum Slowly*, another book Pete Rose has not read. Pearson "was not a bad fellow," Mark Harris wrote, "no worse than most and probably better than some, and not a bad ballplayer neither when they give him a chance."

Professor Harris' specific perception of Rose strikes me as particularly lucid. Whatever Rose's excesses, Harris believes, he has done nothing to offend the game of baseball, as it flourishes on the sand lots. He is *the* exemplar of hard, intelligent play. What Rose has offended is corporate baseball, Major League Baseball, Inc. Harris loves the game of baseball. Like a few other sensitive, informed observers, he finds corporate baseball no more attractive than Union Carbide.

•

I came upon Rose, or he came upon me, near the very climax of his life. He had broken Ty Cobb's record for hits in the major leagues, an accomplishment of a driven quarter century. He struck his 4192nd hit, a floating single to left field—a "humpbacked line drive"—off a pitcher named Eric Show, said to be the pre-eminent member of the John Birch Society working in the major leagues. Beyond first base, Rose had a vision, as at Fatima. He looked up at the sky above the ball-park lights and saw his late father, Harry Francis Rose, and Cobb, both seated and looking down on him from what Rose took to be heaven. Understandably, this caused Rose to weep. His oldest son, Pete Rose, Jr., then a bat boy, somewhat reluctantly embraced him. Then the triumphant father cried and shuddered in the arms of his handsome willowy offspring. The nation was moved.

Everything, save souls, if souls exist, lately is perceived to possess market value. (Each first family since Franklin Roosevelt has profited from some sort of Presidential memoir.) Soon my phone was ringing with an offer from the marketing division of Peter Edward Rose Enterprises. Would I write a book, the official, authorized, collaborative Romance of the Rose? Oh, there had been others, to *(continued on page 228)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

"His concentration closed out everything but Morgan—he always needed to get hit once before he got serious."

their G.E.D. exam; if they got straight A's, he took them to dinner. Anyone caught fighting outside his school was suspended. David had been something of a punk himself a decade earlier, pushing nose candy in Palo Alto, living on barbiturates and beer before his own teacher helped him see, to David's surprise, that in his spirit he had resources greater than anything in the world outside. The master's picture was just inside the door, so all could bow to him when they entered David's school. Spreading the style was his rationale for moving to the Midwest, but the hidden agenda, David believed, was an inward training that would make the need for conflict fall away like a chrysalis. If nothing else, he could make their workouts so tiring none of his students would have any energy left for getting into trouble.

Except, he thought, for Ed Morgan.

He was an older man, maybe 40, with a bald spot and razor burns that ran from just below his ears to his throat. This was his second night at the studio, but David realized Morgan knew the calisthenics routine and basic punching drills cold. He'd been in other schools. Any fool could see that, which meant the new student had lied on his application about having no formal training. Unlike David's regular students, who wore the traditional white Chinese T-shirt and black trousers, Morgan had changed into a butternut running suit with black stripes on the sleeves and pants legs. David had told him to buy a uniform the week before, during his brief interview. Morgan refused. And David dropped the matter, noticing that Morgan had pecs and forearms like Popeye. His triceps could have been lifted right off Marvin Hagler. He was thick as a tree, even top-heavy, in David's opinion, and he stood half a head taller than the other students. He didn't *have* a suit to fit Morgan. And Morgan moved so fluidly David caught himself frowning, a little frightened, for it was as though the properties of water and rock had come together in one creature. Then he snapped himself back, laughed at his silliness, looked at the clock—only half an hour of class remained—then clapped his hands loudly. He popped his fingers on his left hand, then his right, as his students, eager for his advice, turned to face him.

"We should do a little sparring now. Pair up with somebody your size. Elizabeth, you work with the new students."

"*Sifu?*"

It was Ed Morgan.

David paused, both lips pressed together.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to spar with you."

One of David's younger students, Toughie, a Filipino boy with a falcon emblazoned on his arm, elbowed his partner, who wore his hair in a stiff Mohawk, and both said, "Uh-oh." David felt his body flush hot, sweat suddenly on his palms like a sprinkling of salt water, though there was no whiff of a challenge, no disrespect in Morgan's voice. His speech, in fact, was as soft and gently syllabled as a singer's. David tried to laugh:

"You sure you want to try me?"

"Please." Morgan bowed his head, which might have seemed self-effacing had he not been so tall and still looking down at David's crown. "It would be a privilege."

Rather than spar, his students scrambled back, nearly falling over themselves to form a circle, as if to ring two gun fighters from opposite ends of town. David kept the slightest of smiles on his lips, even when his mouth tired, to give the impression of masterful indifference—he was, after all, *sifu* here, wasn't he? A little sparring would do him good. Wouldn't it? Especially with a man the size of Morgan. Loosen him up, so to speak.

He flipped his red sash behind him and stepped lower into a cat stance, his weight on his rear leg, his lead foot light and lifted slightly, ready to whip forward when Morgan moved into range.

Morgan was not so obliging. He circled left, away from David's lead leg, then did a half step of broken rhythm to confuse David's sense of distance, and then, before he could change stances, flicked a jab at David's jaw. If his students were surprised, David didn't know, for the room fell away instantly, dissolving as his adrenaline rose and his concentration closed out everything but Morgan—he always needed to get hit once before he got serious—and only he and the other existed, both in motion but pulled out of time, the moment flickerish, fibrous and strangely two-dimensional, yet all too familiar to fighters, perhaps to men falling from heights, to motorists microseconds before a head-on collision, these minutes a spinning mosaic of crescent kicks, back fists and flurry punches that, on David's side, failed. All his techniques fell short of Morgan, who, like a shadow—or Mephistopheles—simply dematerialized before they arrived.

The older man shifted from boxing to *wu*-style *ta'i chi Chuan*. From this he flowed into *pa kua*, then Korean karate: style after style, a blending of a dozen cultures and histories in one blink of an eye after another. With one move, he tore away David's sash. Then he called out each move in Mandarin as he dropped it on David, bomb after bomb, as if this were only an exhibition exercise.

On David's face, blossoms of blood opened like orchids. He knew he was being hurt; two ribs felt broken, but he wasn't sure. He thanked God for endorphins—a body's natural painkiller. He'd not touched Morgan once. Outclassed as he was, all he could do was ward him off, stay out of his way—then not even that when a fist the size of a cantaloupe crashed straight down, driving David to the floor, his ears ringing then, and legs outstretched like a doll's. He wanted to stay down forever but sprang to his feet, sweat stinging his eyes, to salvage one scrap of dignity. He found himself facing the wrong way. Morgan was behind him, his hands on his hips, his head thrown back. Two of David's students laughed.

It was Elizabeth who pressed her sweat-moistened towel under David's bloody nose. Morgan's feet came together. He wasn't even winded. "Thank you, *Sifu*." Mockery, David thought, but his head banged too badly to be sure. The room was still behind heat waves, though sounds were coming back, and now he could distinguish one student from another. His sense of clock time returned. He said, "You're a good fighter, Ed."

Toughie whispered, "No shit, *bwana*."

The room suddenly leaned vertiginously to David's left; he bent his knees a little to steady his balance. "But you're still a beginner in this system." Weakly, he lifted his hand, then let it fall. "Go on with class. Elizabeth, give everybody a new lesson."

"David, I think class is over now."

Over? He thought he knew what that meant. "I guess so. Bow to the master."

His students bowed to the portrait of the school's founder.

"Now to each other."

Again, they bowed, but this time to Morgan.

"Class dismissed."

Some of his students were whooping, slapping Morgan on his back as they made their way to the hallway in back to change. Elizabeth, the only female,

(continued on page 202)

How to pack for the weekend.

1.

2.

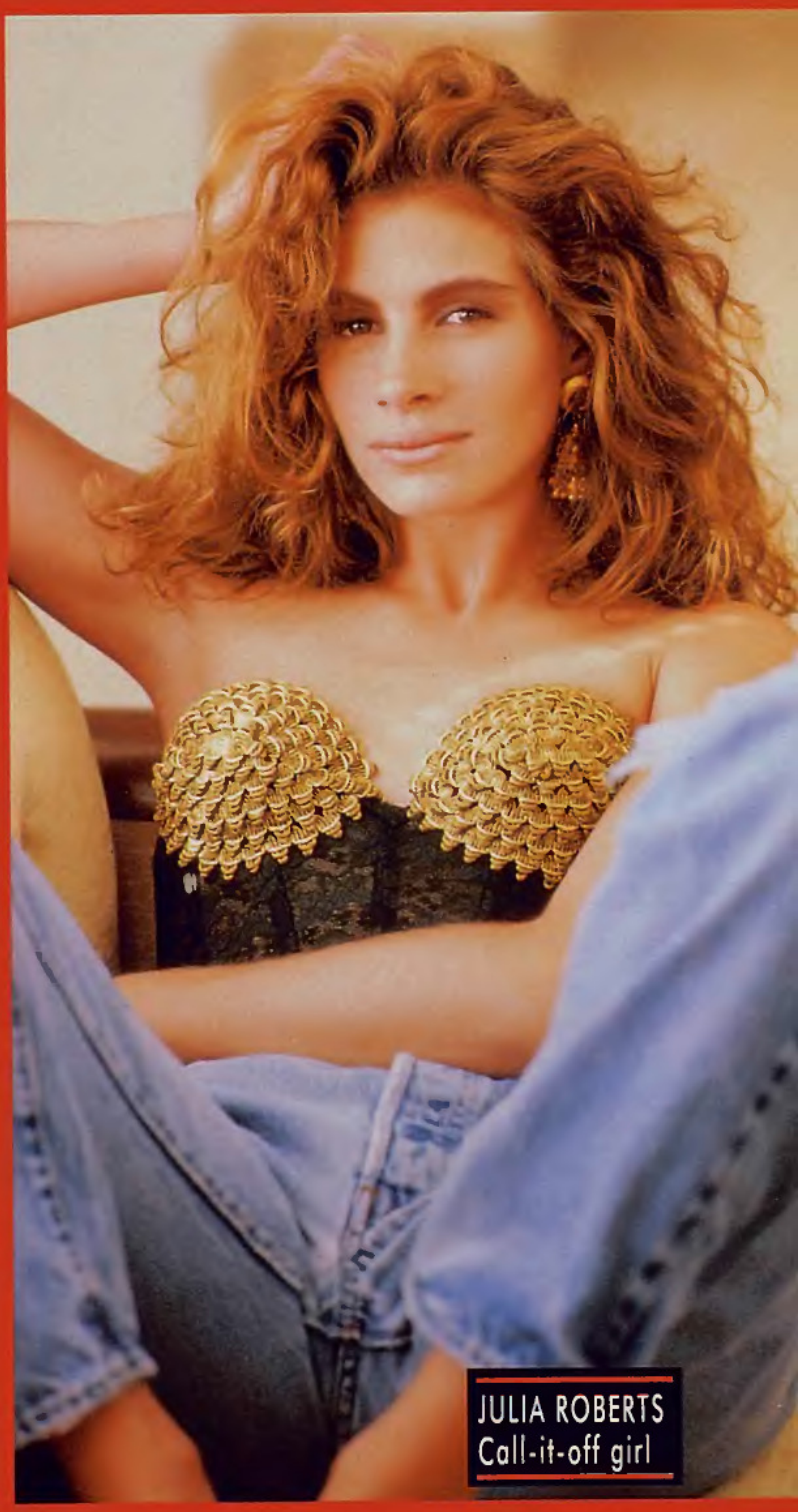
©1989 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, New York, NY. Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof).

SEX STARS 1991

MADONNA
Ambitious blonde

while some made war, others made love. hollywood is infanticipating

KEVIN COSTNER
Robin gets rich



JULIA ROBERTS
Call-it-off girl

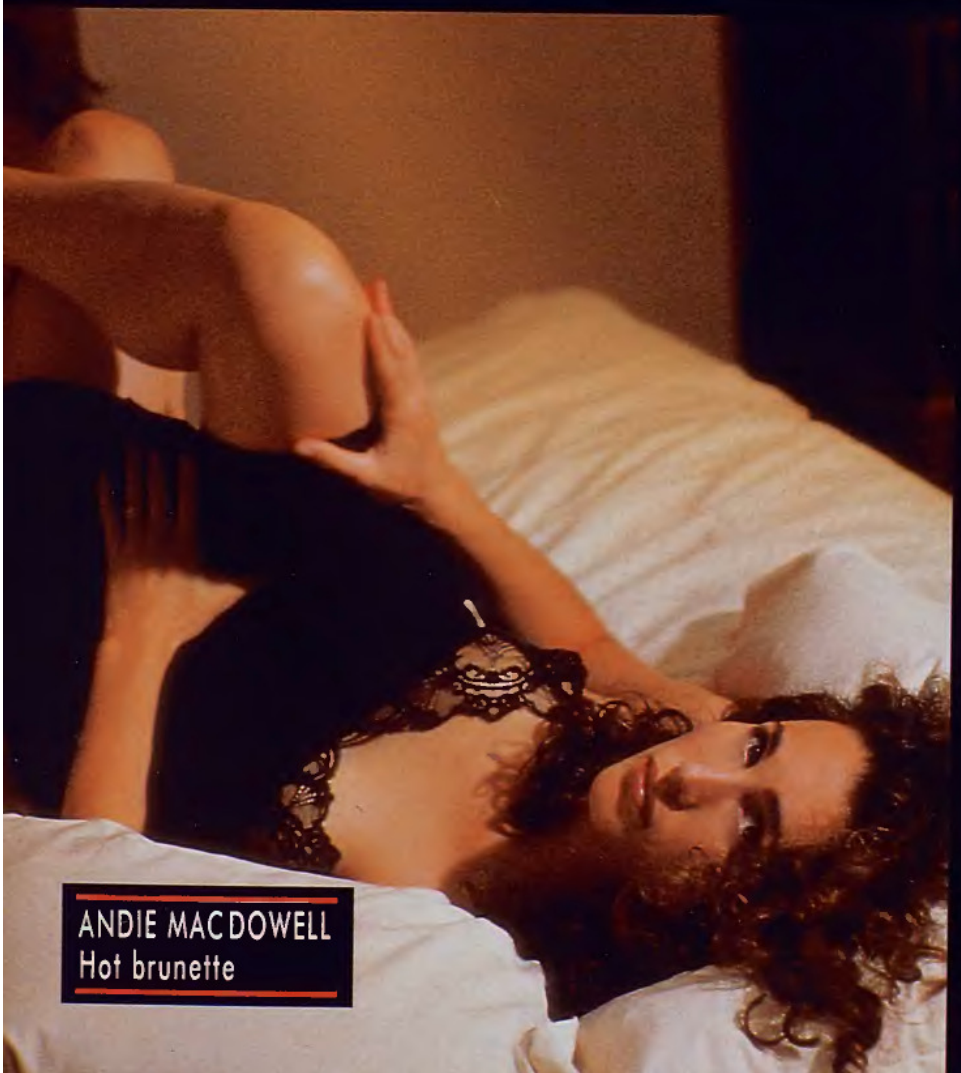
***text by* JIM HARWOOD**

IT HAS BEEN a tough year, what with war abroad and rough economic times at home. Thankfully, though, the Sex Stars of 1991 were as busy as ever, reminding us that everything is going to turn out OK as long as we hold on to the basic virtues such as lust, love, marriage and motherhood. Sure, the Sex Stars are sometimes confused about the conventional sequence of such blessings. Even **Warren Beatty,** a leading elder of lust, is now ready for fatherhood but not, apparently, marriage to his *Bugsy* co-star, **Annette Bening. Jack Nicholson** and **Rebecca Broussard** are said to be expecting their second, and **John Travolta** and **Kelly Prestan** announced their engagement, their baby-to-be and a nuptial *(text continued on page 188)*

TRIPLE THREAT: Everybody's talking about—and lining up to see—these Sex Stars: Madonna, whose Blond Ambition tour is oudaciously documented in *Truth or Dare,* Kevin Costner (here receiving lost year's Hasty Pudding Award at Horvord), gratified by *Dances with Wolves* Oscars ond *Robin Hood* receipts; and Julia Roberts, named by o *Premiere* poll os "world's most bonkable femole star."

MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Hi there, Batman!

KIM BASINGER
Bye, Batman; hi, Baldwin



ANDIE MACDOWELL
Hot brunette

GEENA DAVIS
Lovable on the lam

THIRTYSOMETHINGS:

These women in their 30s exude both talent and a smoldering sexuality. Michelle Pfeiffer will be Catwoman in *Batman II*; Kim Basinger, Batman's erstwhile gal pal Vicki Vole in the 1989 movie, has gone on to reel-and-real-life romance with *Marrying Man*'s Alec Baldwin. Andie MacDowell enlivens *Green Card* and *Object of Beauty*, while Geena Davis is simply terrific as a spacy fugitive in *Thelma & Louise*.

GENDER BENDERS:

So long, Ozzie and Harriet: Sexual identity these days isn't always what it seems. Ellen Barkin plays a man reincarnated in a woman's body in *Switch*; Amanda Donohoe is involved in a lesbian romance on TV's *L.A. Law*; Sharon Stone plays a bisexual villainess in the controversial *Basic Instinct*; and transsexual Tula Cossey, star of *Playboy, Donahue* and *Entertainment Tonight*, wages a battle for human rights.

ELLEN BARKIN
Switch hitter

AMANDA DONOHOE
Law's lady-lover

TULA COSSEY
Crusading transsexual

SHARON STONE
Instinct's bad bi

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
Sexiest android

KAREN WITTER
Sexiest soaper

PRINCESS DI
Sexiest royal

THEY'RE THE TOPS: In peak form are a chosen few, from Arnold (posing here with Dian Porkinson) to Stormin' Norman, acclaimed by the *National Enquirer* as "Sexiest Man in America."

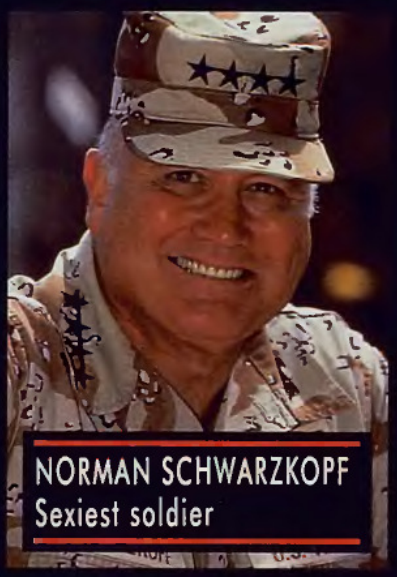
ERIKA ELENIAK
Sexiest lifeguard

GERARDO
Sexiest rocker

AMANDA DE CADENET
Sexiest wanna-be

JENNIFER CONNELLY
Sexiest sci-fi star

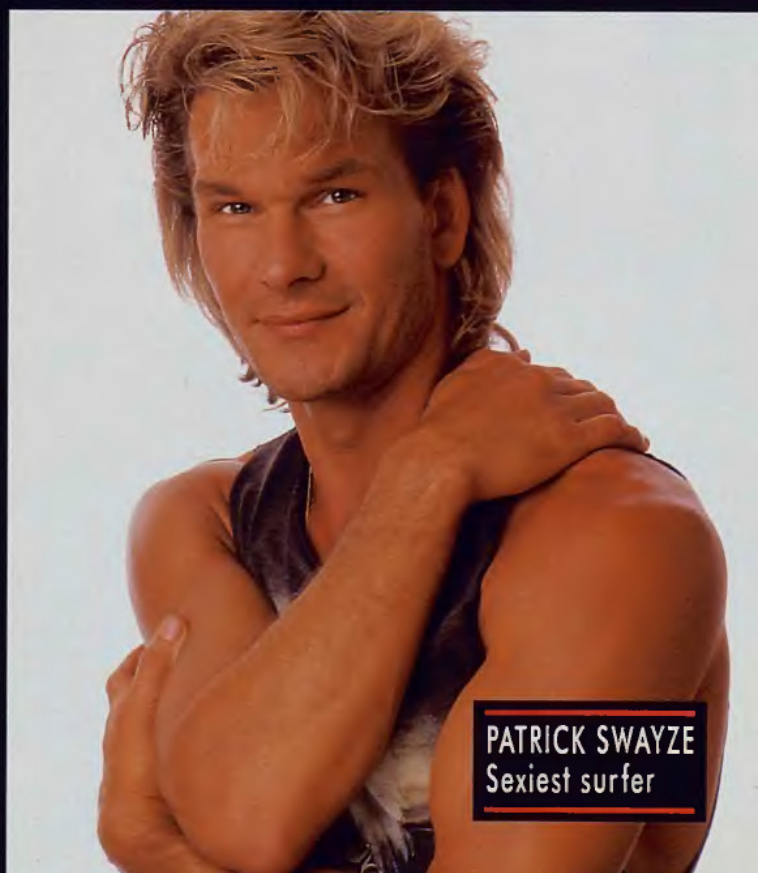
NATALYA NEGODA
Sexiest *glasnost* girl



NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
Sexiest soldier

SUSAN SARANDON
Sexiest waitperson

SAMANTHA FOX
Sexiest tattooed lady



PATRICK SWAYZE
Sexiest surfer

THE TWEEDS
Sister act

SEEING DOUBLE: The Tweed sisters, longtime favorites of ours, are busier than ever. Tracy (the sis at the left of the photo) appears opposite Michael Paré in the movie *Midnight Heat*; Shannon, our Playmate of the Year for 1982, starred in CBS-TV's *Fly by Night* and is due on the big screen in *The Naked Truth, Delusions* and *Night Eyes II*. Twins Shane and Sia Barbi (below—we've given up trying to tell which is which) are their own best promoters: They have vaulted from a gigantic Sunset Boulevard billboard onto the pages of a best-selling calendar—and *Playboy*'s September issue.

CINDY CRAWFORD
Still in Gere

THE BARBIS
Dynamic duo

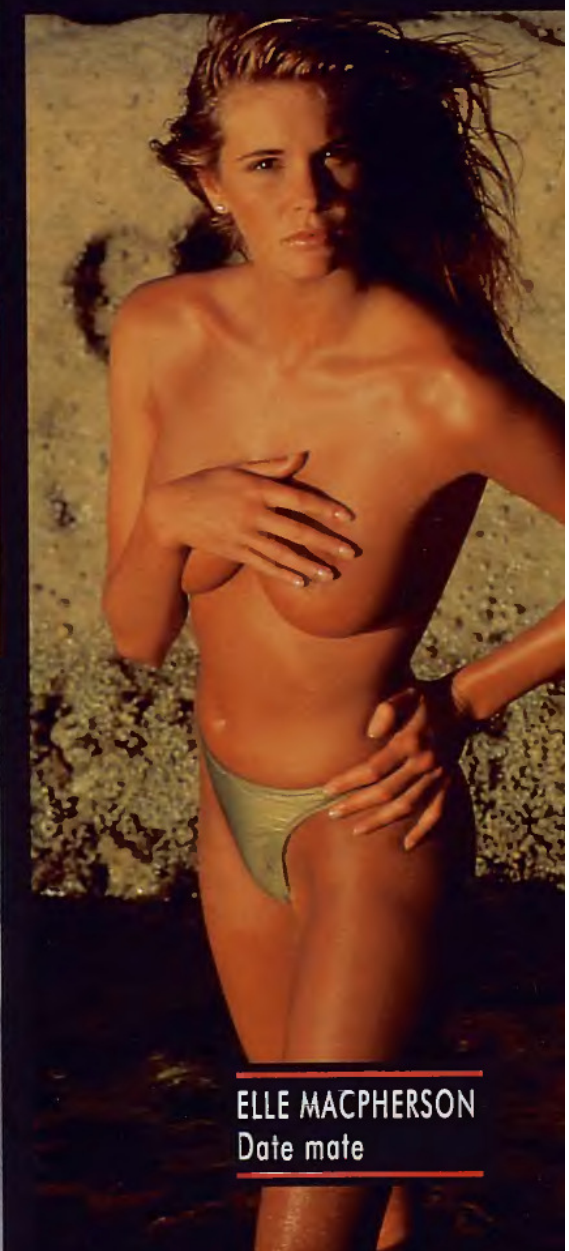
NAOMI CAMPBELL
Bardot in black?

CLAUDIA SCHIFFER
People's choice

ERIKA ANDERSON
Bayou bombshell

MAXIMODELS: "Heroines in a culture defined by image" is how Tracy Young describes models in *Allure* magazine. "Models satisfy our unquenchable longing for numinous beauty." That's one way of putting it; we'll just say they're great-looking. Among the hottest (clockwise from near left, above): Cindy Crawford, Richard Gere's girl; Claudia Schiffer, the ex–Guess? girl who leads off *People* magazine's special on *The 50 Most Beautiful People in the World 1991*; Erika Anderson, who also stars in the steamy New Orleans–based film *Zandalee*; Elle Macpherson, long popular with fans of *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue, now mistress of her own 16-month, 32-photo calendar; Rachel Williams, a supermodel you'll see in *Playboy* very soon; and Naomi Campbell, who has been called a "black Bardot."

RACHEL WILLIAMS
Coming attraction



ELLE MACPHERSON
Date mate

SEAN YOUNG
Catfighter

DEMI MOORE
Great with child

DELTA BURKE
Tabloids' darling

WAVE MAKERS: Controversy swirls around these celebrities, among the chief names in the news this yeor. Sean Young, o dynomite actress who has nevertheless developed o certain reputotion os o flake, tried in vain to win the Cotwoman role in *Batman II*, going so for os to appear in o feline suit on Joan Rivers' show; shots of Demi Moore, eight months preggers, gave *Vanity Fair* (1) censorship problems and (2) record newsstand soles; Delta Burke's purported misadventures with producers and cost of *Designing Women* mode her o tabloid staple; Lo Toya Jackson's autobiogrophy revealed her family's reoction to her first *Playbay* pictoriol, but she posed again, onyway (November); Worren Beotty got his *Bugsy* co-star, Annette Bening, pregnant, cousing her to quit that Catwomon job Young wanted ond Pfeiffer eventuolly got; Tai Collins told oll obout her relationship with U.S. Senator Charles Robb, in the October *Playboy* and on TV; and Shelley Michelle's revelation that she'd been Julio Roberts' body double for *Pretty Woman* caused studios to gog her from talking obout future gigs. We can guess, though: On page 73 of the July 29 *People*, Shelley talks of o "silent" part in *Mobsters*. On page 80, Lara Flynn Boyle confesses that o bare breast in her *Mobsters* love scene isn't actuolly hers.

LA TOYA JACKSON
The write stuff

WARREN BEATTY, ANNETTE BENING
Coproducers

TAI COLLINS
She wuz Robbed

SHELLEY MICHELLE
Double trouble

date, in that order.

Julia Roberts made a decision in favor of marriage to **Kiefer Sutherland,** but as the date for the lavish wedding—planned on a sound stage at Twentieth Century Fox—drew near, Julia changed her mind and ran off to Ireland with Sutherland's old pal **Jason Patric. Demi Moore,** already married to **Bruce Willis** and the parent of one, showed her additional commitment to motherhood by appearing nude on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, eight months pregnant. Although her pose was a bit much for some nervous Nellies at the nation's newsstands, the issue was a sellout.

But to hardened bachelors, 1991's biggest shock was Beatty's impending paternity. He'd long had a reputation for wooing his leading ladies.

Bening insisted she would not sign on his list when they started *Bugsy*. "We're working together and that's all," she said before the script changed. It's possible they were each attracted by their reticence. Beatty is famously closemouthed and one writer recently said interviewing Bening was "like changing a tire."

When Bening discovered she was pregnant, she had to drop out of the Catwoman role in *Batman II*. **Michelle Pfeiffer** got the part, but only after a futile effort by **Sean Young** to nab the juicy role. Young was, as usual, disgruntled. "Most leading men can't be supportive of my work because they're too concerned about themselves. Or their penises," she griped.

But men also wonder about other men's equipment, and Beatty's previous lady, **Madonna,** still gets queried a lot about his. When **Arsenio Hall** asked her about **Joan Collins'** comment that Beatty's sex drive was insatiable, Madonna answered, "Yeah, but that was when he was in his twenties. Everyone has an insatiable sex drive in his twenties. . . . Now I would say he's satiable."

Madonna herself seemed somewhat oversexed in her documentary *Truth or Dare*. At one point, she described her life as a "train out of control"; no wonder, considering her wish to be both male and female so she could sample it all.

She would like to be a male because she likes feminine men, Madonna reasoned. As a female, however, she confessed to **Carrie Fisher** in a conversation recorded for *Rolling Stone* that she wasn't all that fond of giving blow jobs or getting spanked. "I despise being spanked. I absolutely detest it. It's play. I say I want to be spanked, but it's like, 'try it and I'll knock your fucking head off.'"

In another interview, this one in *Vanity Fair*, Madonna also revealed that ex-husband **Sean Penn** can still make her jealous. Going to see *State of Grace*, in which Sean performs a love scene with his new girlfriend (and mother of his child), **Robin Wright,** the Material Girl thought she could handle it. "It's just a movie, they're just acting. Until it got to the kissing-nipple scene. And then I was, like, I can't watch this. I am going to throw up. I still feel territorial—it's like, Hands off, bitch! I was married to him."

Yes, glamourous Sex Stars *do* do mundane things, such as going to the movies. They just react to them a bit differently. **Charlotte Lewis,** sexy herself in such films as *Pirates* and *The Golden Child*, described how she reacted to *Wild at Heart*: "I loved that scene when **Willem Dafoe** had his hand on **Laura Dern's** crotch and he's, like, telling her to say, 'Fuck me, fuck me.'

"I was, like, God, just do it! I wanted her to fuck him so badly! I wanted to fuck him. I was, like, Oh, my God, this is so wild." Sitting next to Charlotte in the audience for the right movie obviously could have possibilities.

Pretty **Patsy Kensit** had similar acclaim for her character's frankness in *Twenty-One*, revealing, "I'm looking for a straightforward fuck.

"You don't see many women on screen talking about fucking the guy because they want to have sex with him, not because they want to have a relationship," Patsy proclaimed to *Premiere*'s Alexander McGregor. "The funny thing about men is that they don't think women can sit down and talk about them like that. They think what happens in the bedroom is top secret, but, of course, you go off and discuss it with your girlfriends."

With **Kim Basinger** and **Alec Baldwin,** the hottest action started on the set of *The Marrying Man*. According to unnamed crew members quoted in several publications, between takes the microphones picked up Basinger's explicit descriptions of what she planned to do to Baldwin's body. "Think of the dirtiest things you can think of," a stagehand told *People*.

"Another problem was Basinger's underwear. Or lack of it," the mag continued. "Some of those on the set said that she didn't wear any under her costume and would sit in her director's chair with her legs apart. 'I turned around once and it was just like, wooooo,' says a crew member. 'She saw me look and then said, "How are you?" I said, "I'm doing a lot better today, thanks."' Her embarrassed assistants were always scampering for towels to throw over her legs."

Revealing too much can be a problem. **Amanda de Cadenet** explained to *Playboy* that her refusal to do nude scenes lost her a part in *Scandal* to **Bridget Fonda.** "I felt that I was too young then. Now I'd do it if the part called for it." Readers got a delightful look at her first nude layout in the August issue. Mindful of make-believe, **Winona Ryder** is well aware that she has been deflowered in both *Great Balls of Fire!* and *Mermaids*. "Yes, I've gotten to share that moment with the world *twice*. I have to say I'm very uncomfortable with scenes like that, because, let's face it, sexuality is such a private thing. Only people in this business have to, you know, *perform* it. But, luckily, it's just work, and you don't really—well, there's no *insertion* involved. Thank God. *Thank God*."

"No actor or actress takes their clothes off cavalierly," observed **Ellen Barkin** to a writer for *Esquire*. "But in *Sea of Love*, I thought it was important that the audience see that. There's an example of an aggressive sexual woman, not just, like, a passive fuck-me doll. But there were a few cuts where my head was not attached to my body. And I took great offense at that. You know, I took my clothes off, I'm not an idiot. But they went and chopped off my head."

Barkin shares Madonna's fascination with the male side of her personality. Pondering her part as a macho man resurrected in a woman's body in *Switch*, Barkin concluded, "I have to say I felt very comfortable. A very strong part of me is made up of what you might call masculine qualities."

Bald though she chooses to be, **Sinéad O'Connor** has no confusion about whether or not she's a woman. But she doesn't think she attracts men. "I've always wanted to be a sex symbol, but I don't think I am. I *hope* I am. Well, I can't imagine myself being one. I mean, I think I'm really hideous and ugly and fluffy and wrinkly and disgusting, so I can't imagine anyone thinking that I was sexually attractive. And if they do, where the fuck *are* they?"

Andie MacDowell looks for reincarnation to solve her perceived problems. "In my next life, I'd like to come back five foot two inches, with the best ass and tits you've ever seen."

It's not so bad to be tall, though. Lean and lanky works well for six-foot **Geena Davis,** who wowed critics as waitress **Susan Sarandon's** spirited partner in *Thelma & Louise*. Sisters **Shannon** and **Tracy Tweed** show off their height (5'10" and 6') to good advantage in the May *Playboy*. "I want to have children with a tall man," Tracy announced. "Shannon and I will make our own tribe. Our kids' kids will be eight feet tall, and we'll shrink and be tiny grandmas."

Height works for men, too. Explaining why she fell in love with co-star **Bill Campbell** while they were shooting *The Rocketeer*, **Jennifer Connelly**

(continued on page 226)

DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

One is suitable for a life led in water; the other is the water of life. What are they? The humble raincoat and Scotch whisky, two of Scotland's finer inventions.

Each of which can be remarkably accommodating in a downpour.

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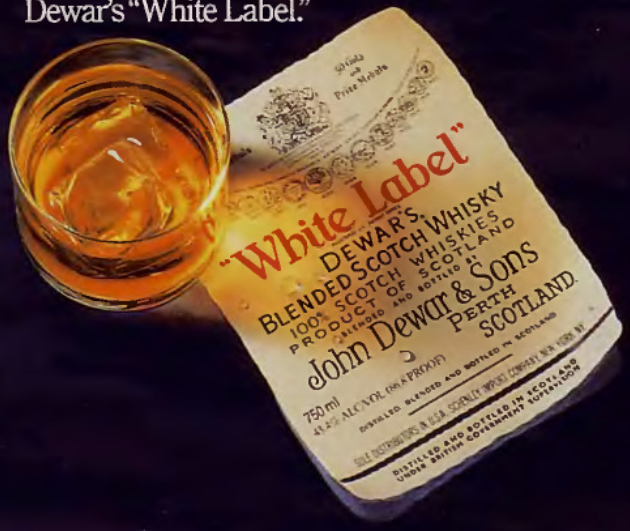

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PLAYBOY

JAZZ & ROCK

P·O·L·L

it's your turn to pick the winners

While rap, R&B and dance music still cook on the charts, rock made a significant return this year with R.E.M., Skid Row, Van Halen and Tom Petty. Paula Abdul proved you can take a break, make *Spellbound* and find double-platinum success. Sound tracks from *Robin Hood* to *New Jack City* got hot at the same time Natalie Cole's jazz tribute to her dad went to number one in pop. It was a year to discover the women of rap, Candy Dulfer, the Black Crowes and Trisha Yearwood, and the year of *I Want to Sex You Up*. Music. It's *really* gonna make you sweat.

THE BALLOT

Here's the 1992 Playboy Music Ballot. Check off the box next to your favorite performer or album in each category (or use the write-in line if you think you have a better idea). Use the attached envelope to send in your vote by midnight, December 15, 1991. Don't forget the stamp.

ROCK

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Michael Bolton
- ❑ Chris Isaak
- ❑ Lenny Kravitz
- ❑ Huey Lewis
- ❑ Van Morrison
- ❑ Tom Petty
- ❑ Prince
- ❑ Paul Simon
- ❑ Rod Stewart
- ❑ Sting
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Paula Abdul
- ❑ Mariah Carey
- ❑ Toni Childs
- ❑ Gloria Estefan
- ❑ Amy Grant
- ❑ Whitney Houston
- ❑ Madonna
- ❑ Joni Mitchell
- ❑ Sinéad O'Connor
- ❑ Bonnie Raitt
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Sheila E.
- ❑ Danny Gatton
- ❑ Mark Isham
- ❑ Johnnie Johnson
- ❑ Jim Martin
- ❑ Ted Nugent
- ❑ John Popper
- ❑ Vernon Reid
- ❑ Richard Thompson
- ❑ Alex Van Halen
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ The Black Crowes
- ❑ Divinyls
- ❑ Extreme
- ❑ Guns n' Roses
- ❑ Jane's Addiction
- ❑ Jesus Jones
- ❑ R.E.M.
- ❑ Roxette
- ❑ Skid Row
- ❑ Van Halen
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Doubt*—Jesus Jones
- ❑ *Extreme II Pornograffiti*—Extreme
- ❑ *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge*—Van Halen
- ❑ *Into the Great Wide Open*—Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
- ❑ *Joyride*—Roxette
- ❑ *Luck of the Draw*—Bonnie Raitt
- ❑ *Out of Time*—R.E.M.
- ❑ *Slave to the Grind*—Skid Row
- ❑ *Spellbound*—Paula Abdul
- ❑ *Use Your Illusion, Vols. I and II*—Guns n' Roses
- ❑ _____

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Tony Bennett
- ❑ Ray Charles
- ❑ Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ Billy Eckstine
- ❑ Jon Hendricks
- ❑ Bobby McFerrin
- ❑ Mark Murphy
- ❑ Frank Sinatra
- ❑ Mel Tormé
- ❑ Joe Williams
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Anita Baker
- ❑ Ruth Brown
- ❑ Betty Carter
- ❑ Natalie Cole
- ❑ Ella Fitzgerald
- ❑ Shirley Horn
- ❑ Carmen McRae
- ❑ Dianne Reeves
- ❑ Diane Schuur
- ❑ Nancy Wilson
- ❑ _____

Instrumentalist

- ❑ Terence Blanchard
- ❑ Miles Davis
- ❑ Candy Dulfer
- ❑ Kenny G
- ❑ Stan Getz
- ❑ Branford Marsalis
- ❑ Wynton Marsalis
- ❑ Courtney Pine
- ❑ Marcus Roberts
- ❑ David Sanborn
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ The Crusaders
- ❑ Bela Fleck and the Flecktones
- ❑ The Harper Brothers
- ❑ Marlon Jordan Quintet
- ❑ The Manhattan Transfer
- ❑ Ellis Marsalis Trio
- ❑ New York Voices
- ❑ Spyro Gyra featuring Jay Beckenstein
- ❑ Tuck & Patti
- ❑ Yellowjackets
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Another Hand*—David Sanborn
- ❑ *Frank Sinatra: The Capitol Years 1953–1963*—Frank Sinatra
- ❑ *I Remember*—Dianne Reeves
- ❑ *Saxuality*—Candy Dulfer
- ❑ *Serenity*—Stan Getz
- ❑ *Standard Time, Vol. 2 Intimacy Calling*—Wynton Marsalis
- ❑ *20*—Harry Connick, Jr.
- ❑ *Unforgettable*—Natalie Cole
- ❑ *Within the Realms of Our Dreams*—Courtney Pine
- ❑ *You Won't Forget Me*—Shirley Horn
- ❑ _____

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CONCERT

- ❑ Bell Biv Devoe/Johnny Gill/Keith Sweat
- ❑ The Black Crowes
- ❑ The Grateful Dead
- ❑ INXS
- ❑ Joe Jackson
- ❑ Lollapalooza
- ❑ Bonnie Raitt/Chris Isaak
- ❑ Paul Simon
- ❑ Neil Young/Sonic Youth/Social Distortion
- ❑ ZZ Top
- ❑ _____

SOUND TRACK

- ❑ *Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey*
- ❑ *Boyz n the Hood*
- ❑ *The Commitments*
- ❑ *The Doors*
- ❑ *The Five Heartbeats*
- ❑ *Jungle Fever*
- ❑ *New Jack City*
- ❑ *Point Break*
- ❑ *Pump Up the Volume*
- ❑ *Thelma & Louise*
- ❑ _____

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RETURN ENVELOPE

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HALL OF FAME

- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Jerry Garcia
- ❑ Stan Getz
- ❑ Dizzy Gillespie
- ❑ Billie Holiday
- ❑ Quincy Jones
- ❑ B. B. King
- ❑ Bob Marley
- ❑ Buck Owens
- ❑ Charlie Parker
- ❑ Smokey Robinson
- ❑ Sarah Vaughn
- ❑ Hank Williams
- ❑ Frank Zappa
- ❑ _____

VIDEO

- ❑ *(Everything I Do) I Do It for You*—Bryan Adams
- ❑ *Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)*—C&C Music Factory
- ❑ *Groove Is in the Heart*—Deee-Lite
- ❑ *I Want to Sex You Up*—Color Me Badd
- ❑ *Justify My Love*—Madonna
- ❑ *Losin' My Religion*—R.E.M.
- ❑ *Love Will Never Do Without You*—Janet Jackson
- ❑ *Right Here, Right Now*—Jesus Jones
- ❑ *Unbelievable*—EMF
- ❑ *Wicked Game*—Chris Isaak
- ❑ _____

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

- ❑ Clint Black
- ❑ Garth Brooks
- ❑ Vince Gill
- ❑ Lee Greenwood
- ❑ Alan Jackson
- ❑ George Strait
- ❑ Randy Travis
- ❑ Travis Tritt
- ❑ Ricky Van Shelton
- ❑ Hank Williams, Jr.
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Mary-Chapin Carpenter
- ❑ Carlene Carter
- ❑ Kathy Mattea
- ❑ Reba McEntire
- ❑ Lorrie Morgan
- ❑ K. T. Oslin
- ❑ Dolly Parton
- ❑ Pam Tillis
- ❑ Tanya Tucker
- ❑ Trisha Yearwood
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Alabama
- ❑ Desert Rose Band
- ❑ Highway 101
- ❑ The Judds
- ❑ The Kentucky Headhunters
- ❑ McBride & the Ride
- ❑ Pirates of the Mississippi
- ❑ Shenandoah
- ❑ Texas Tornados
- ❑ Waylon & Willie
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Backroads*—Ricky Van Shelton
- ❑ *Chill of an Early Fall*—George Strait
- ❑ *Clean Shirt*—Waylon & Willie
- ❑ *Don't Rock the Jukebox*—Alan Jackson
- ❑ *Eagle When She Flies*—Dolly Parton
- ❑ *Electric Barnyard*—The Kentucky Headhunters
- ❑ *Pirates of the Mississippi*—Pirates of the Mississippi
- ❑ *Pure Hank*—Hank Williams, Jr.
- ❑ *Trisha Yearwood*—Trisha Yearwood
- ❑ *What Do I Do with Me*—Tanya Tucker
- ❑ _____

VEEJAY

- ❑ "Downtown" Julie Brown
- ❑ Sherry Carter
- ❑ Adam Curry
- ❑ Fab 5 Freddy
- ❑ Katie Haas
- ❑ John Norris
- ❑ Martha Quinn
- ❑ Pauly Shore
- ❑ Donnie Simpson
- ❑ Al Wyntor
- ❑ _____

R & B

Male Vocalist

- ❑ James Brown
- ❑ Damian Dame
- ❑ Ice-T
- ❑ Kool Moe Dee
- ❑ LL Cool J
- ❑ Aaron Neville
- ❑ Seal
- ❑ Ralph Tresvant
- ❑ Luther Vandross
- ❑ Stevie Wonder
- ❑ _____

Female Vocalist

- ❑ Oleta Adams
- ❑ Lisa Fischer
- ❑ Aretha Franklin
- ❑ Phyllis Hyman
- ❑ Tara Kemp
- ❑ Gladys Knight
- ❑ Queen Latifah
- ❑ Cheryl "Pepsii" Riley
- ❑ Crystal Waters
- ❑ Yo-Yo
- ❑ _____

Group

- ❑ Another Bad Creation
- ❑ Boyz II Men
- ❑ C&C Music Factory
- ❑ De La Soul
- ❑ Guy
- ❑ Heavy D. & the Boyz
- ❑ Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers
- ❑ N.W.A.
- ❑ Riff
- ❑ 3rd Bass
- ❑ _____

Album

- ❑ *Apocalypse 91: The Enemy Strikes Black*—Public Enemy
- ❑ *Circle of One*—Oleta Adams
- ❑ *Coolin' at the Playground Ya' Know!*—Another Bad Creation
- ❑ *EFIL4ZAGGIN*—N.W.A.
- ❑ *The Future*—Guy
- ❑ *Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)*—C&C Music Factory
- ❑ *O.G. Original Gangster*—Ice-T
- ❑ *One White Room*—The KLF
- ❑ *Power of Love*—Luther Vandross
- ❑ *Warm Your Heart*—Aaron Neville
- ❑ _____

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 (continued from page 168)

"One girl said to me, 'Do you know what it's like living with you for two years and never being right?'"

anybody's got a temper, it's Dennis. I am so relaxed on the golf course. You can ask anyone who plays with me. Even if I play terribly, you'll never see me throw a club. One time, maybe seven years ago, I broke a club on a tree that I had hit on a backswing. But it was the only time I had ever done that, and it didn't have anything to do with golf. I was very upset about my career and my life. I'm very calm on the golf course. I can play thirty-six holes and go home and just pass out.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're working on a project for next year called *Disturbing the Peace*, based on Richard Yates's book about an advertising executive who fights alcoholism and mental illness. How did you research that role?

PESCI: I already researched it when I was young. I drank a lot. I took some drugs. There were times when I thought I was going crazy and times that I was called crazy. I read Richard Yates's book and said, "Fuck, how come this guy went crazy and I didn't?" I let some people in Hollywood read the book, and they said it was a little dark. I think it's charming, a lot of fun. I think the guy is crazy and funny to watch. Everybody can relate to him. How many times are you in a conversation and you think of something you want to say but you don't say it? This guy says it; he doesn't care. He says to his friend, "I know why I married my wife—'cause she's got big tits. But how come you married that fuckin' alligator you're with?" Who would tell that to his friend? It will make people laugh and say, "Well, somebody who would do that is crazy." Is he? Who's to say? He said all he wanted to do was find peace in total chaos. Maybe that's what he did.

16.

PLAYBOY: Before the Academy Awards, there was a "Wayne's World" episode on *Saturday Night Live* in which Wayne and Garth, the co-hosts, decide they like the sound of your name. So for the rest of the show, they keep saying, "I feel very Pesci today." How would you describe feeling "very Pesci"?

PESCI: I don't go through a whole day without complaining. I complain and bitch about a lot of things. And I'm a know-it-all. One girl said to me, "Do you know what it's like living with you for two years and never being right?"

17.

PLAYBOY: Most of your roles feature male bonding rather than romance. Why haven't we seen you in a sexy leading-man role?

PESCI: One hasn't popped up yet. But a good love story would be a good opportunity. I wouldn't want to do it just to do it. I wouldn't want to show it like everyone else shows it. In *My Cousin Vinny*, there's a little romance. Marisa Tomei and I played it as real as you can play a couple like that. These two people from the Bronx are funny, and you can tell that they really love each other, and they fight, and they've been engaged for, like, ten years. You see us hug and kiss and you know we're going to get into it. We go to bed, but you don't see us fucking or any of that nonsense. It's not the ultimate love story. But if I find the right story and the right person, I'll do it. I mean, I think I can be as charming as anybody else.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're a vindictive person. Has there been one particularly satisfying vindictive moment for you?

PESCI: After *Raging Bull*, someone offered me something and I passed. And he said to me, "Don't be bitter." And I said, "Go fuck yourself. How's that for being bitter? Fuck you." I told this story to an acting class in L.A. not long ago, and they came out of their seats because they could understand it. Here's the point: It's always the person who has fucked you who says, "Don't be bitter." It's always the person who has made life miserable for you and had the upper hand. At some point, why shouldn't you stop the shit that keeps falling on you? Is that being vindictive?

19.

PLAYBOY: Now that you have success, respect and an Oscar, what do you fear?

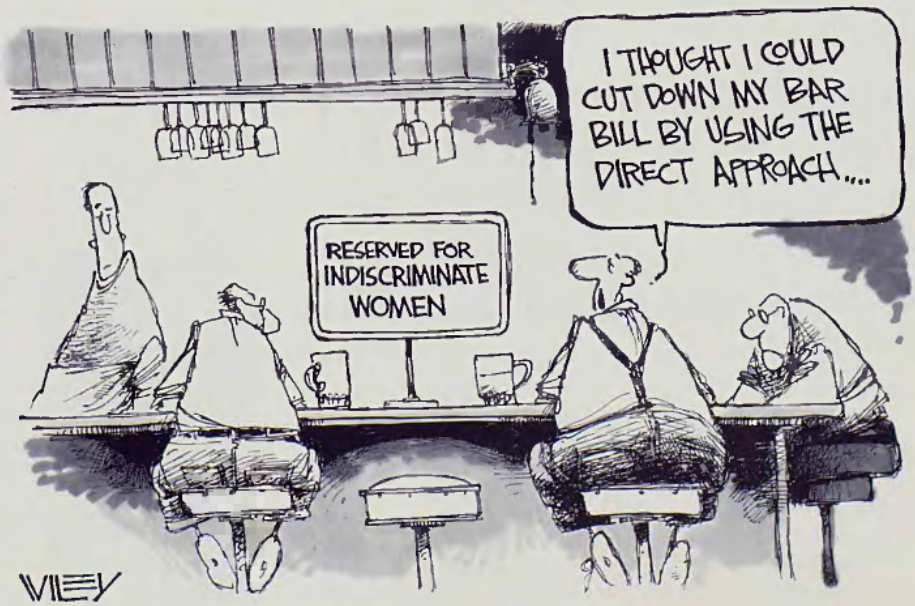
PESCI: The same thing everybody fears: death. It's not knowing why we're here and what the hell we're doing. I can't get over it. It seems like we're born to die, and we're just jerking off in between to make ourselves feel good. And we're all fighting about who's jerking who off—who's fucking who and why. Literally and figuratively. And there's also the fear that I can't stop thinking about it. I always think about the song *The Rose*, that says, "[It's] the soul afraid of dyin' that never learns to live."

20.

PLAYBOY: Some people consider the Academy Awards a popularity contest. Why in the world do you think you won?

PESCI: I didn't understand it. It was a very spiritual moment for me. I didn't think I was gonna win, first of all, so I had no speech prepared. And I wouldn't prepare a speech, anyway. At one point, I was gonna attempt to say something. But all I said was, "It was my privilege—thank you." You feel like you're in a contest you didn't ask to be in. I wanted Al Pacino to win. I've always thought it was a popularity contest, and then I had to throw that theory out the window because they gave it to *me*. You know, I thought they were all full of shit, and now they had to give *me* one. It's like they're crazy. But it's such an honor, in a way. I still get a chill when I think about it.

So, I guess I didn't tell *everybody* to go fuck off. Some people don't deserve it. But when somebody needs it, somebody should tell him. *You* should tell him. Remember that. Spread the word. Go in peace—and be bitter.



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FAHRVERGNÜGEN

(continued from page 112)

"That's why her name's Sun."

Sun said, "I'll come back there." She gestured at the bed.

Ramsey said, "What about the dogs?"

"They don't mind, either." She swung her foot over the hump of the engine well and torpedoed at him.

He said, "How far is it to Newburgh?"

"We've got plenty of time." Now she was beside him, and the fact was, her odor, compounded of sandalwood and a fresh citrusy scent that smelled like youth itself, drove away thoughts of safe sex. He took a deep breath, then another one. She slid her hand into his shirt and began to run her palm back and forth across his nipples, then down over the swell of his paunch. It seemed to be an affectionate gesture, and he had another of those unaccustomed feelings, this one of gratitude. His dick began to harden. Nevertheless, he wrapped his fingers around her wrist and removed her hand. She said, "Hey, don't worry. It's fun. There's this thing called tantric yoga? It's like this sex religion. That's what Blues and I believe in." She said this in a low, seductive but girlish voice that Ramsey found sadly appealing.

He said, "How long have you believed in it?"

"Why are you so uptight about time? It's not a very becoming quality."

She unbuckled the 18-kt.-gold band of his Concord. He watched as she put it into the little sink beside the bed, distantly aware that this could well be the point of his adventure. That watch was worth plenty. But he let it be taken. Then she unbuttoned his shirt, undid his woven Polo belt, pulled her own gauzy cotton blouse over her head. Her breasts, set wide apart, seemed to float. The nipples, with their dusky areolae, pointed forward like headlights. Ramsey very much wanted to touch them. He could feel that precise desire tingle in his finger tips, as well as in his dick, as well as in the center of his forehead, where a certain spot always burned when he was aroused.

Sun said, "Hmmmm." Or "Ommm." Ramsey was beginning to feel a little dizzy. The back of Blues' head radiated a nimbus in the afternoon sun. How late was it, then? The bus puttered upward, the trees passing to either side like water.

But, to be honest, there was something else. Even while Ramsey began to nuzzle those breasts, and then the barely detectable pale down on the smooth curve of Sun's belly, he knew that the obstreperous dick in his pants that had never left him alone before this would certainly betray him now. She kneeled over him, for he was lying back, and he ran his finger tips down the sides of her neck, from her ear lobes to her upper arms. The contours there were majestic

and mysterious, way beyond anatomical. It would be better for him to stick to this—to deeply felt appreciation.

But then she was poking into his pants, finding the betrayer, believing its braggadocian promise.

Ramsey then began to pant a little, nothing embarrassing.

The dog Shantih flopped her head between them and looked him in the eye. Sun kissed the animal on top of the head.

The fact was, Ramsey would probably be able to perform well enough. Even after two years with Eloise, he didn't fail at that. He could get it hard, keep it hard and fuck as long as ever. It was himself who was betrayed, because there wasn't any pop anymore. No matter how grand the build-up, no matter how energetically Eloise performed her part just so, his orgasm ran out like water left in the garden hose, more pissing than coming, not much worth the effort and certainly not worth the maddening anticipation that suckered him almost every time. But being here, with Sun, so young and willing, reminded him forcibly that it all had once been very different, with orgasms that were, well, religious. He wanted to shout to the back of Blues' shining head that tantric yoga was the yoga that didn't last. The religion of chemistry would serve him better in the end.

Sun kissed him on the lips, suddenly hiding other considerations from his gaze with her mantle of dark hair. Kissing aroused him. It always did, and the Great Betrayer bucked out of his underwear and into the breeze like a chimp pounding its chest. Sun's thighs made a V above it, and it jumped toward her, full of beans and vainglory. Ramsey could feel the road unroll this way and that beneath his back, and it was the strangest, and maybe the most knitted-together, feeling he had ever had in a car.

Ramsey was beginning to relax, beginning to accept whatever might happen, when the trees opened out at the top of the mountain and Blues stopped for a stop sign, then turned right. The road sloped downward and away. Ramsey could feel the brakes catch and loosen and catch again—it broke the spell. He clasped Sun firmly by the shoulders and moved her to one side, then sat up.

She said, "Hey, man, what's wrong? I was just getting off on this."

Did she sound petulant? If so, Ramsey's own petulance rose to meet hers.

But then, in a slower, more honeyed tone, she said, "Hey. Are you still afraid?" She looked at him speculatively, then said, "OK. You know, I didn't ask you your name. That was pretty rude."

"It's Bill."

"I bet your friends call you Billy."

"Not many of them."

She smiled, apparently amused by this reply, then smoothed his cheek with her hand. "How old are you, Billy?"

Now, here was an irritating question for which Ramsey could think of myriad snappish replies. He said, "How old do you think?"

Sun shrugged. They were speeding along again, so to speak, dropping down the mountain, and she suddenly pushed him backward with a butt of her shoulder, then she started kissing him with soft ferocity, tongue lips tongue teeth. He felt her cool finger tips on the Great Betrayer, which had as yet shown no scruples, and suddenly he was inside her. She crooned, "I think you're trying to look eighteen, but my guess is you aren't sixteen yet," and Ramsey came. He came so hard that in his gaze, Sun's face blacked out and disappeared. He came so hard that he forgot to wonder whether she had come, so hard that he might as well never have fucked anyone before in his life.

When Ramsey next knew himself, he saw they were on not the Newburgh bridge but the Tappan Zee, almost to Tarrytown. He did not remember sleeping but the bus had gotten magically far. Ramsey quickly transformed his exclamation into a cough. Sun was back in the front seat, taking her hair down and pinning it up again by twisting it around a knitting needle. He put his hand on the peace-sign-covered bucket seat and levered himself back onto the bed. Blues said, "Hey, man. You cool?"

"I guess so," said Ramsey. They crossed the bridge. Eloise lived off Sleepy Hollow Road, so there was no reason to stop and rent a car. Ramsey wiped the sweat off his face with his shirt, then buttoned same. Two buttons, genuine bone, imported from Switzerland, were missing. Another one was broken in half. He pushed it through the hole and put on his watch. Sun said, "You sure you want to look at that thing all the time?"

Ramsey said, "No."

Sun gave him her warm, amused smile. The bus turned down Eloise's road. He could see her mailbox 50 yards off, with its three decorative cattails. He said, "You can drop me there. Number sixty-four." And then the sliding door creaked and banged, and then he was out, and Sun and Blues shouted for him to stay cool, Shantih and Attila barked an enthusiastic chorus, then the shining blue-and-white bus was 20 yards away, too far for him to make out the license plate. It was yellow, he could tell that. And then, as a single westering beam of sunlight struck it, burning it almost gold, while the dogs were still barking and Blues was still waving, the bus disappeared with a silent pop, like a soap bubble, leaving a glittering scatter of bright particles floating in the air.

There were some things, Ramsey decided after a bit, that it was fruitless to question. You just had to accept them.

Eloise's driveway was more of a lane, with feathery grass growing between the wheel ruts. It dipped and then swung upward, around an ancient clump of luxuriant and fiery tiger lilies. Ramsey felt his cheeks with the backs of his hands, checking for fever. Cool and damp. He quickly pulled out the front of his shirt and dipped his nose for a whiff. Not bad. He smelled his hands. Just him. No revealing traces of sandalwood and citrus. Ramsey realized he had been walking quickly, too quickly, at a pace that could bring him into Eloise's presence before he was ready. He stopped and leaned against the fragrant bark of a

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black-cherry tree.

All he had to do was claim it. That was all. That was all. That was all.

He claimed it. He turned his head and smelled the bark of the tree, its sweet velvet redolence. It swirled through his flesh like cream through coffee and soothed him. He monitored his extremities—pate, thumbs, feet. All was quiet. Ramsey felt himself smile.

Kay, Eloise's daughter, stood on the flagstone patio, watering a big pot of red-and-green coleus. When she caught sight of Ramsey, she dropped the hose and snatched it up again. Ramsey heard the distinct clink of the nozzle against the flagstones. Jeanine had once told him that Kay probably didn't like him because her parents had divorced when she was 11, a bad age. Now Kay was 13. Ramsey didn't know whether Kay liked him, but most of the time, she acted more or less politely. Until now, that had been plenty. As Ramsey approached, she gave him a formal smile, said, "Hi," then shouted, "Mo-o-om!" She shoved the nozzle of the hose into the next pot and mumbled in his direction, "I guess I've got some other chores. See ya."

"Kay?" he called out. He was still smiling. He wished he had a present for her; she was a cute girl.

Eloise stepped through the French doors, wiping her hands on her shorts. She did smile at Ramsey, and he had to scratch behind his ear to keep himself from running toward her. He didn't want to run. He was too short and overweight to look good running. But Eloise looked great, distracted and pretty. "Hey," he said, "did I ever give Kay a present?"

"I don't think so," said Eloise. "What are you doing here? I thought you were going up to Oneonta."

"I want to give Kay a present. What does she want?"

Eloise shrugged, and Ramsey pressed himself toward her. She gave him a hug.

"It's almost dinnertime. Let's have some lobsters for dinner. I'll go down to the Grand Union."

She looked past him. "Where's your car?"

"Broke down in Kerhonkson. I'll get some of those French breads, too. The baguettes. We can dip——"

Eloise sniffed, always a sign of resistance. Ramsey could take that if he had to. She said, "We ate. We didn't expect you."

"Well, I'm starving. What time is it? It's only seven. Why did you eat already?"

"I'm going to take Kay to *Arachnophobia*."

"Do it tomorrow night." He knew as he said it that he should have made that a suggestion, or a request, but he was suddenly finding himself in an ordering mood.

"I promised. She invited Annie. We're just about to leave."

"Goddamn you." Apparently, the day's events hadn't changed him as much as he had thought.

Eloise's lips disappeared as if by magic, and white flecks appeared in her green eyes. She said, "I've had it, Ramsey. That's it for us."

"Wait a minute——"

She looked at her watch. "I've got to leave, or I'd stay to kick you out." She turned.

"I don't have a car!"

"Call a cab."

"I'm dirty, I——"

"All of that's your problem now. I'm so tired of you, I can't even remember how this got started." She charged through the French doors, calling, "Kay! Kay! Time to go!" Then she stopped and spun to face him. "I mean it."

Ramsey had heard her use that tone to Kay. He had liked it when she used it, because it was a tone that Kay never challenged, not even by rolling her eyes. Ramsey licked his lips, then turned and began to walk back down the lane. He stepped aside without looking when they passed him in Eloise's Camry wagon.

But when she was gone, Ramsey ran back up the driveway and scuttled into the house. Dried sweat covered him like a shell and he had to shower. He knew for a fact that there was a clean shirt of his in Eloise's closet. The pants he could stand. After that, he would leave. He swore to himself he would leave.

But he didn't. Instead, he put on Eloise's terrycloth bathrobe and sat on one of the big white-duckcloth sofas in her study, watching the darkness gather outside the French doors. Water from Kay's hose had spilled over the rim of the flowerpot and onto the stones of the patio. A shimmering sheet ran into the grass. Ramsey was annoyed enough not to get up and turn off the outside faucet. But an undergrowth of conflicting feelings burgeoned as well.

There was envy for Blues, that poor sap, a fool with a body and a grace that Ramsey had never had, young or old. Ramsey thought Blues could, and certainly did, look at Sun with desire and will unmuddied by self-consciousness.

There was love for Sun, yes, at this safe remove, love, desire, longing, the sort of thing he'd felt in college at UCLA, on beaches, in parking lots, in cafés, something that always, for him, came before sex, but this one time came after, making him want to cry (what an embarrassment that was).

As separate from him, now, as they were, was a picture of his former self, the wrong sort for UCLA, for all of the West, where he had been born and raised, sweaty, dark, hairy, anxious, fast-talking, always divvying any group check down to the penny, following friends out to the street, even, saying, "You still owe me seven cents," or, maybe worse, pressing the seven cents he still owed on the unwilling recipient. Adult life had seen

Ramsey's victory—the clothes, the accessories, the car, his move to the East, where he was recognized and welcomed. Guys like Blues were nobodies now, driving Ford Escorts these days, no longer attractive to women like Sun. Victory; defeat: Sitting in the dark in Eloise's study, where he wasn't supposed to be, it all hurt.

He heard the front door open and the noise of Kay hustling up to her room, two steps at a time. Water began to rush through the pipes. It took Eloise a long time to get to the study. In the interval, Ramsey changed his spot, so that the wedge of light from the door would fall immediately upon him, and his presence wouldn't surprise and frighten her.

The knob turned. The door creaked. Eloise stared, and then said, "What the hell——"

"I was so sweaty, I——"

"God, Ramsey, I don't think I ever want to hear about your body again. Just get something on. I'll call a cab."

"I wish you'd sit down."

"For what?"

"We can talk."

"All you ever talk about is complaints. Your complaints. I used to think you were letting me get close to you, but you just complain. I'm tired of it."

"I won't complain."

She paused in the doorway, then went in, striding quickly to the couch where Ramsey had been sitting.

Except that he couldn't really tell her about his day.

He thought of something. "Have you been to that restaurant in New Paltz? The Nirvana or something like that?"

"Not in a while." She pursed her lips. "It burned to the ground eighteen or twenty years ago."

Ramsey felt his eyebrows climb. He lowered them. He would think about that part later.

They sat.

Eloise began to fidget. Her legs had been crossed, but suddenly she uncrossed them and her feet fell like brake shoes to the hardwood floor. She began to stand up. "Well——"

"Wait a minute."

"For what?"

Ramsey kneaded his brain for something to say that wasn't a complaint, wasn't about Sun.

Eloise sat up. "Just tell me one thing you've ever done with anyone else in mind. One thing. One good thing." She spoke rhetorically, already knowing there had been nothing.

As for Ramsey, he wasn't irritated. All the fires of irritation were quenched by a spout of panic. "OK," he said, "OK. There was this one time." And then there it was. The memory, released by the thoughts of those girls in college, expanded. "This time, I was in a guy's wedding, back in L.A. I was driving his new VW Squareback, and I was assigned to take all the bridesmaids to the wedding. It wasn't a hippie wedding, either. All these four girls had on yellow organdy with these rosebud bouquets, and there wasn't enough room. Their dresses poufed out everywhere, over the backs of the seats, in our faces. We had the windows down so the moving air would keep them fluffed up."

"You drove some girls to a wedding?" Eloise clearly wasn't impressed.

"But we got lost. We got lost on the freeway because I missed the exit, and then we got more lost, and we just missed the wedding altogether." Let's talk about sweat, he thought, let's talk about panic. "When we finally found the church, there was this note saying that the wedding had gone on and giving the address of the reception, so we jumped in the car again, and everyone was crying, all the girls, and their flowers were wilting, so the girl in the front threw hers out the window."

All crying. The sound, with all of them doing it, hadn't been scary, just girlish and choral, almost inspiring.

"But we didn't find the reception, either. It was a part of town I wasn't familiar with."

He'd said that over and over, a litany of excuse, "I don't know this part of town. I was raised in Pasadena."

"This is a cute story, Ramsey, but it doesn't qualify." Eloise sighed and rubbed her hand over her mouth. She would stand up, he could tell.

"It does, because I found them a wedding. A big wedding reception at a club in Malibu, outdoors with lights, under a tent. I pulled up, dropped off the car and took them inside. We didn't know anyone, and the bridesmaids for that wedding were wearing pink. The bride had left by that time, so she wasn't there to stop us. I didn't take no for an answer. Then I went around to all the best-looking guys and I found the partners, and they danced and ate wedding cake and drank champagne. I did it for them because I didn't want them to end the day with nothing."

That was something he could do. Just go up to people and ask them for something, offer them something. Those bridesmaids were the first thing he'd ever sold anybody on. Or, you could say, the one thing he'd given away. Not long afterward, he'd come East.

Eloise's laughter filled the dark room.

Ramsey said, "Eloise, don't kick me out." Now it was gone, irritability, panic, envy, longing. There was just waiting.

She said, "I want you to go home, Ramsey. But you can take my car and bring it back tomorrow. We can eat the lobsters then." Her voice still lilted with the afterglow of her laughter. Ramsey let out a deep, deep breath and smoothed the film off his upper lip. It had been a long day. His head hurt a little, more like a pinging, less like a throbbing. But he didn't mention it.

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Giving *(continued from page 154)*

"Such is my dislike for the exercise, my time in purgatory will be used to ask my neighbors to give money."

of the postman's making a special early delivery of that fat envelope postmarked West Point, because he knows that Junior has been biting his nails waiting to know if his application has been approved.

There is a third dimension, and I find it the most difficult. To give gives pleasure to the giver in all cases, save to the pathologically stingy; to receive gives pleasure, save to those who fear that to accept a gift would be to accept a reciprocal obligation. We dwell now on those who engage, many of them professionally, in getting other people to give.

There is, for instance, the class secretary. He or she writes or calls you up, asks you to give something to your alma mater or asks you, maybe, to give something more to your alma mater than the usual 50 bucks.

Such is my dislike for the exercise, I know that my time in purgatory will be used to ask my neighbors to give money. What astonishes is that there is a class of people who not only don't detest such activity but are actually *happy* when engaging in it.

I was driving to the airport with a professional fund raiser. I had just spoken in a luxurious modern college auditorium that seated about 1000 people, the brand-new Madeleine Burns Auditorium. My companion soon disclosed the nature of his work for the college and went on to discuss the new auditorium. I was not, of course, surprised to learn that it had been made possible primarily by a gift from Mrs. Madeleine Burns. "It must be hell," I said abstractly, "going around, trying to raise money all the time."

He turned to me, his eyes blazing. *"You do not know such pleasure as is experienced by the woman—or the man—who decides to make a gift of five million dollars."* Indeed, I did not. "There is nothing to match it. I get gifts routinely—every day—two thousand, five thousand, even ten, twenty thousand. But then"—his excitement was genuine—"you make the big jump. Suddenly, the woman you are talking to, like Mrs. Burns, two, three years ago, says—her voice may be perfectly calm, just like mine—says, 'I'll give the five million you're looking for, Mr. Henningsen. You don't need to go any further. I am glad to make that gift in memory of my husband, for whom the college did so much.'" He described the sheer happiness of the donor. That she would thenceforward be without $5,000,000 in cash and securities was nothing at all. That she would be the woman who made possible the realization of the dream of a fine new auditorium meant more to her than $5,000,000. "As a professional fund raiser," he said, "I make more people happy than I make sad."

If it were that easy, one would not need professional fund raisers; all philanthropy would be self-starting. I think I was dealing with an artist whose success lies in his ability to sense latent appetites that have not been satisfied by conventional stimulations. That fund raiser disposes of spiritually evocative powers, even as does the minister who, after talking with a parishioner, convinces him that he would be happier living a life less sinful. There are thousands of men and women who would be happier if they were led to realize the pleasures they might get from the act of giving. It is the ultimate tribute to the free-market system that at one and the same time, the students can get an auditorium and Mrs. Burns can be made happy. In that limited sense, there *is* such a thing as a free lunch.

It does not surprise, nor, really, disappoint, to know that much of the money-collecting business is done mechanically, with generous doses of genteel misrepresentation. In a convivial moment, the provost of a university told me how he would handle an alumnus who had telephoned that morning to stammer out that a recent bout of good luck had left him with a few dollars, some of which he wished to give to his alma mater. "I'd say to him, 'Mr. Axelrod, might I call you back? We're just this minute beginning a trustees' meeting. . . .' Then I would telephone Miss Abigail—she keeps the university morgue—and I would say to her, 'Miss Abigail, find out everything Mr. Roger Axelrod ever did when he was an undergraduate.' She would bring out the scrapbooks, carefully kept each year, and report after an hour or two that Mr. Axelrod had been a very quiet student—no athletics, no debate teams, no drama or journalism, that his name appeared in the student paper only in connection with musical events—he was in the glee club and one of the other singing groups."

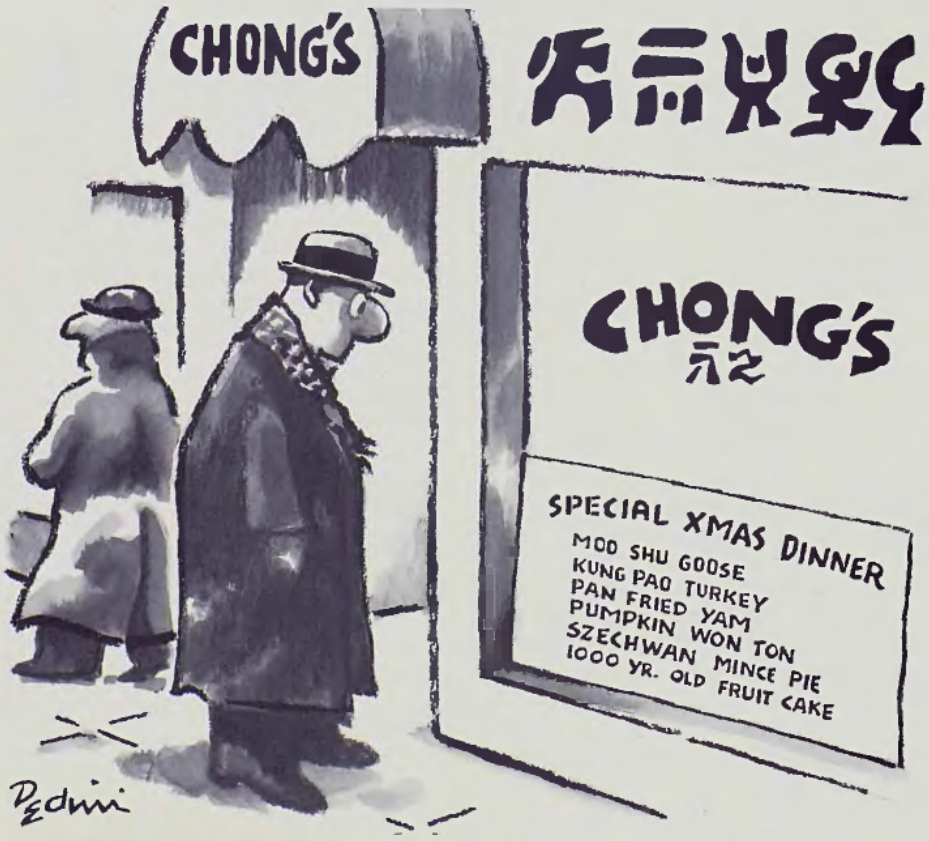
That afternoon, the provost calls back Roger Axelrod, who asks, "Is there any particular need of the university to which I might send my little gift?"

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Axelrod, what we really need most is a substantial addition to the music library. It is in embarrassing shape."

"The music library! Why, as it happens, I feel very strongly about music in college."

"The long and short of it," the provost says, smiling, "is that we get one hundred thousand dollars from someone who was thinking in terms of ten thousand dollars."

I don't think you can really get mad at somebody who uses such stratagems for such purposes. At least I don't.



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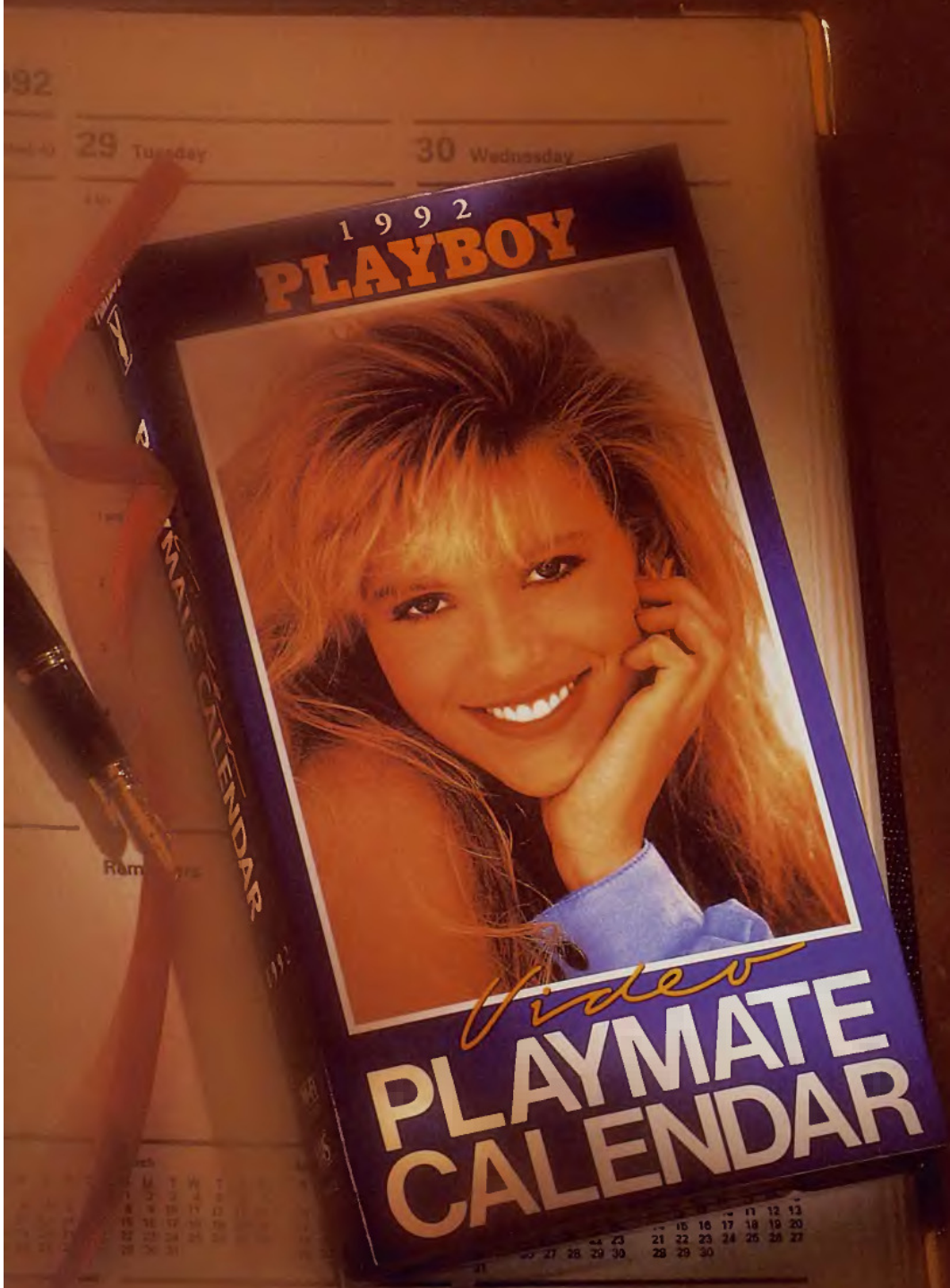

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KWOON *(continued from page 176)*

"'Do you think anybody will come back on Thursday? Should I close the school? Or just leave town?'"

stayed behind to let them shower and dress. Both she and the youngest student, Mark, a middle school boy with skin as smooth and pale as a girl's, looked bewildered, uncertain what this drubbing meant.

David limped back to his office, which also was his bedroom, separated from the main room only by a curtain. There, he kept equipment: free weights, a heavy bag on which he'd taped a snapshot of himself—for who else did he need to conquer?—and the rowing machine Elizabeth avoided, calling it Instant Abortion. He sat down for a few seconds at his unvarnished kneehole desk bought cheap at a Salvation Army outlet, then rolled onto the floor, wondering what he'd done wrong. Would another *sifu*, more seasoned, simply have refused to spar with a self-styled beginner?

After a few minutes, he heard them leaving, a couple of students begging Morgan to teach them, and really, this was too much to bear. David, holding his side, his head pulled in, limped back out. "Ed," he coughed, then recovered. "Can I talk to you?"

Morgan checked his watch, a diamond-studded thing that doubled as a stop watch and a thermometer, and probably even monitored his pulse. Half its cost would pay the studio's rent for a year. He dressed well, David saw. Like a retired champion, everything tailored, nothing off the rack. "I've got an appointment, *Sifu*. Maybe later, OK?"

A little dazed, David, swallowing the rest of what he wanted to say, gave a headshake. "OK."

Just before the door slammed, he heard another boy say, "Lewis ain't no fighter, man. He's a dancer." He lay down again in his office, too sore to shower, every muscle tender, strung tight as catgut, searching with the tip of his tongue for broken teeth.

As he was stuffing toilet paper into his right nostril to stop the bleeding, Elizabeth, dressed now in high boots and a baggy coat and slacks, stepped behind the curtain. She'd replaced her contacts with owl-frame glasses that made her look spinsterish. "I'm sorry—he was wrong to do that."

"You mean win?"

"It wasn't supposed to be a real fight! He tricked you. Anyone can score, like he did, if they throw out all the rules."

"Tell him that." Wincing, he rubbed his shoulder. "Do you think anybody will come back on Thursday?" She did not answer. "Do you think I should close the school?" David laughed, bleakly. "Or just leave town?"

"David, you're a good teacher. A *sifu* doesn't always have to win, does he? It's not about winning, is it?"

No sooner had she said this than the answer rose between them. Could you be a doctor whose every patient died? A credible mathematician who couldn't count? By the way the world and, more important, his students reckoned things, he was a fraud. Elizabeth hitched the strap on her workout bag, which was big enough for both of them to climb into, higher on her shoulder. "Do you want me to stick around?"

"No."

"You going to put something on that eye?"

Through the eye Morgan hadn't closed, she looked flattened, like a coin, her skin flushed and her hair faintly damp after a workout, so lovely David wanted to fall against her, blend with her—disappear. Only, it would hurt now to touch or be touched. And, unlike some teachers he knew, his policy was to take whatever he felt for a student—the erotic electricity that sometimes arose—and transform it into harder teaching, more time spent on giving them their money's worth. Besides, he was always broke; his street clothes were old enough to be in elementary school: a 30-year-old man no better educated than Toughie or Mark, who'd concentrated on shop in high school. Elizabeth was another story: a working mother, a secretary on the staff at the University of Illinois at Chicago, surrounded all day by professors who looked young enough to be graduate students. A job sweet as this, from David's level, seemed high-toned and secure. What could he offer Elizabeth? Anyway, this might be the last night he saw her, if she left with the others, and who could blame her? He studied her hair, how it fell onyx-black and abundant, like some kind of blessing over and under her collar, which forced Elizabeth into the unconscious habit of tilting her head just so and flicking it back with her fingers, a gesture of such natural grace it made his chest ache. She was so much lovelier than she knew. To his surprise, a line from *Psalms* came to him, "I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Whoever wrote that, he thought, meant it for her.

He looked away. "Go on home."

"We're having class on Thursday?"

"You paid until the end of the month, didn't you?"

"I paid for six months, remember?"

He did—she was literally the one who kept the light bill paid. "Then we'll have class."

All that night and half the next day David stayed horizontal, hating Morgan. Hating himself more. It took him hours to stop shaking. That night it rained. He fended off sleep, listening to the patter with his full attention, hoping its music might have something to tell him. Twice he belched up blood, then a paste of phlegm and hamburger pulp. Jesus, he thought, distantly, I'm sick. By nightfall, he was able to sit awhile and take a little soup, but he could not stand. Both his legs ballooned so tightly in his trousers he had to cut the cloth with scissors and peel it off like strips of bacon. Parts of his body were burning, refusing to obey him.

"Oh, yes, Santa! Yes, Santa! Oh, Santa! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

He reached into his desk drawer for Morgan's application and saw straightaway that Ed Morgan couldn't spell. David smiled ruefully, looking for more faults. Morgan listed his address in Skokie, his occupation as a merchant marine, and provided no next of kin to call in case of emergencies.

That was all, and David for the life of him could not see that night, or the following morning, how he could face anyone in the studio again. Painfully, he remembered his promotion a year earlier. His teacher had held a ceremonial Buddhist candle, the only light in his darkened living room in a house near the Mission District barely bigger than a shed. David, kneeling, held a candle, too. "The light that was given to me," said his teacher, repeating an invocation two centuries old, "I now give to you." He touched his flame to the wick of David's candle, passing the light, and David's eyes burned with tears. For the first time in his life, he felt connected to cultures and people he'd never seen—to traditions larger than himself.

His high school instructors had dismissed him as unteachable. Were they right? David wondered. Was he made of wood too flimsy ever to amount to anything? Suddenly, he hated those teachers, as well as the ones at Elizabeth's school, but only for a time, hatred being so sharp an emotion, like the business end of a bali-song knife, he could never hang on to it for long—perhaps that was why he failed as a fighter—and soon he felt nothing, only numbness. As from a great distance, he watched himself sponge-bathe in the sink, dress himself slowly and prepare for Thursday's class, the actions previously fueled by desire, by concern over consequences, by fear of outcome, replaced now by something he could not properly name, as if a costly operation once powered by coal had reverted overnight to the water wheel.

When six o'clock came and only Mark, Wendell and Elizabeth showed, David telephoned a few students, learning from parents, roommates and live-in lovers that none were home. With Morgan, he suspected. So that's who he called next.

"Sure," said Morgan. "A couple are here. They just wanted to talk."

"They're missing class."

"I didn't ask them to come."

Quietly, David drew breath deeply just to see if he could. It hurt, so he stopped, letting his wind stay shallow, swirling at the top of his lungs. He pulled a piece of dead skin off his hand. "Are you coming back?"

"I don't see much point in that, do you?"

In the background he could hear voices, a television and beer cans being opened. "You've fought professionally, haven't you?"

"That was a long time ago—overseas. Won two, lost two, then I quit," said Morgan. "It doesn't count for much."

"Did you teach?"

"Here and there. Listen," he said, "why did you call?"

"Why did you enroll?"

"I've been out of training. I wanted to see how much I remembered. What do you want me to say? I won't come back, all right? What do you want from me, Lewis?"

He did not know. He felt the stillness of his studio, a similar stillness in himself, and sat quiet so long he could have been posing for a portrait. Then:

"You paid for a week in advance. I owe you another lesson."

Morgan snorted. "In what—Chinese ballet?"

"Fighting," said David. "A private lesson in *budo*. I'll keep the studio open until you get here." And then he hung up.

•

Morgan circled the block four times before finding a parking space across from Lewis' school. Why hurry? Ten, maybe 15 minutes he waited, watching the open door, wondering what the boy (and he was a boy to Morgan's eye) wanted. He'd known too many kids like this one. They took a few classes, promoted themselves to seventh *dan*, then opened a storefront *dojo* that was no better than a private stage, a theater for the ego, a place where they could play out fantasies of success denied them on the street, in school, in dead-end jobs. They were phony, Morgan thought, like almost everything in the modern world, which was a subject he could spend hours deriding, though he seldom did, his complaints now being tiresome even to his own ears. *Losers*, he thought, who strutted around in fancy Oriental costumes, refusing to spar or show their skill. "Too advanced for beginners," they claimed, or, "My *sensei* made me promise not to show that to anyone." Hogwash. He could see through that shit. All over America he'd seen them, and India, too, where they weren't called fakirs for nothing. And they'd made him suffer. They made him pay for the "privilege" of their teachings. In 20 years as a merchant marine, he'd been in as many schools in Europe, Japan, Korea and Hong Kong, submitting himself to the lunacy of illiterate fak(e)irs—men who claimed they could slay an opponent with their breath or *ch'i*—and simply because his hunger to learn was insatiable. So he had no rank anywhere. He could tolerate no "master's" posturing long enough to ingratiate himself into the inner circles of any school—though 80 percent of these

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fly-by-night *dojos* bottomed out inside a year. And, hell, he was a bilge rat, never in any port long enough to move up in rank. Still, he had killed men. It was depressingly easy. Killed them in back alleys in Tokyo with blows so crude no master would include such inelegant means among "traditional" techniques.

More hogwash, thought Morgan. He'd probably done the boy good by exposing him. His own collarbones had been broken twice, each leg three times, all but two fingers smashed, and his nose reshaped so often he couldn't remember its original contours. On wet nights, he had trouble breathing. But why complain? You couldn't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs.

And yet, Morgan thought, squinting at the door of the school, there was a side to Lewis he'd liked. At first, he had felt comfortable, as if he had at last found the *kwoon* he'd been looking for. True, Lewis had come on way too cocky when asked to spar, but what could you expect when he was hardly older than the high school kids he was teaching? And maybe teaching them well, if he was really going by that list of rules he handed out to beginners. And it wasn't so much that Lewis was a bad fighter, only that he, Morgan, was about five times better because whatever he lacked now in middle age—flexibility and youth's fast reflexes—he more than made up for in size and experience, which was a polite word for dirty tricks. Give Lewis a few more years, a little more coaching in the combat strategies Morgan could show him, and he might become a champion.

But who did he think he was fooling? Things never worked out that way. There was always too much ego in it. Something every *sifu* figured he had to protect, or save face about. A lesson in *budo*? Christ, he'd nearly killed this kid, and there he was, barking on the telephone like Saddam Hussein before the bombing started, even begging for the ground war to begin. And that was just all right, if a showdown—a duel—was what he wanted. Morgan set his jaw and stepped onto the pavement of the parking lot. However things went down, he decided, the consequences would be on Lewis—it would be *his* call.

Locking his car, then double-checking each door (this was a rough neighborhood, even by Morgan's standards), he crossed the street, carrying his workout bag under his arm, the last threads of smog-filtered twilight fading into darkness, making the door of the *kwoon* a bright portal chiseled from blocks of glass and cement. A few feet from the entrance, he heard voices. Three students had shown. Most of the class had not. The two who had visited him weren't there. He'd lectured them on his experience of strangling an assailant in Kyoto, and Toughie had gone quiet, looked edgy (fighting didn't seem like fun then) and uneasy. Finally, they left, which was fine with Morgan. He didn't want followers. Sycophants made him sick. All he wanted was a teacher he could respect.

Inside the school's foyer, he stopped, his eyes tracking the room. He never entered closed spaces too quickly or walked near corners or doorways on the street. Toward the rear, by a rack filled with halberds and single-edged broadswords, a girl about five, with piles of ebony hair and blue eyes like splinters of the sky, was reading a dog-eared copy of *The Cat in the Hat*. This would be the child of the class leader, he thought, bowing quickly at the portrait of the school's founder. But why bring her here? It cemented his contempt for this place, more a day-care center than a *kwoon*. Still, he bowed a second time to the founder. Him he respected. Where were such grand old stylists when you needed them? He did not see Lewis, or any other student until, passing the curtained office, Morgan whiffed food cooking on a hot plate and, parting the curtain slightly, he saw Wendell, who would never in this life learn to fight, stirring and seasoning a pot of couscous. He looked like that children's toy, Mr. Potato Head. Morgan wondered, Why did David Lewis encourage the man? Just to take his money? He passed on, feeling his tread shake the floor, into the narrow hall where a few hooks hung for clothing, and found Elizabeth with her left foot on a low bench, lacing the wrestling shoes she wore for working out.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'll wait until you're finished."

Their eyes caught for a moment.

"I'm done now." She kicked her bag under the bench, squeezed past Morgan by flattening herself to the wall, as if he had a disease, then spun round at the entrance and looked squarely at him. "You know something?"

"What?"

"You're wrong. Just *wrong*."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"The hell you don't! David may not be the fighter, the killer, you are, but he *is* one of the best teachers in this system."

Morgan smirked. "Those who can't do, teach, eh?"

She burned a look of such hatred at Morgan he turned his eyes away. When he looked back, she was gone. He sighed. He'd seen that look on so many faces, yellow, black and white, after he'd punched them in. It hardly mattered anymore. Quietly, he suited up, stretched his arms wide and padded barefoot back onto the main floor, prepared to finish this, if that was what Lewis wanted, for why else would he call?

"Show a lot of holiday depression—it'll get you laid every time!"

But at first he could not catch sight of the boy. The others were standing around him in a circle, chatting, oddly like chess pieces shielding an endangered king. His movements were jerky and Chaplinesque, one arm around Elizabeth, the other braced on Wendell's shoulder. Without them, he could not walk until his bruised ankles healed. He was temporarily blind in one blackened, beefed-over eye. And since he could not tie his own sash, Mark was doing it for him. None of them noticed Morgan, but in the school's weak light, he could see blue welts he'd raised like crops on Lewis' cheeks and chest. That, and something else. The hands of the others rested on Lewis' shoulder, his back, as if he belonged to them, no matter what he did or didn't do. Weak as Lewis looked now, even the old cook Wendell could blow him over, and somehow it didn't matter if he was beaten every round, or missed class, or died. The others were the *kwoon*. It wasn't his school. It was theirs. Maybe brought together by the boy, Morgan thought, but now a separate thing living beyond him. To prove the system, the teaching here, false, he would have to strike down every one of them. And still he would have touched nothing.

"Ed," Lewis said, looking over Mark's shoulder. "When we were sparring, I saw mistakes in your form, things someone better than me might take advantage of. I'd like to correct them, if you're ready."

"What things?" His head snapped back. "What mistakes?"

"I can't match your reach," said Lewis, "but someone who could, getting inside your guard, would go for your groin or knee. It's the way you stand, probably a blend of a couple of styles you learned somewhere. But they don't work together. If you do this," he added, torquing his leg slightly so that his thigh guarded his groin, "the problem is solved."

"Is that why you called me?"

"No, there's another reason."

Morgan tensed; he should have known. "You do some warm-up exercises we've never seen. I like them. I want you to lead class tonight, if that's OK, so the others can learn them, too." Then he laughed. "I think I should warm the bench tonight."

Before he could reply, Lewis limped off, leaning on Mark, who led him back to his office. The two others waited for direction from Morgan. For a moment, he shifted his weight uncertainly from his right foot to his left, pausing until his tensed shoulders relaxed and the tight fingers on his right hand, coiled into a fist, opened. Then he pivoted toward the portrait of the founder. "Bow to the master." They bowed. "Now to our teacher." They did so, bowing toward the curtained room, with Morgan, a big man, bending deepest of all.

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HOLIDAY DEPORTMENT *(continued from page 170)*

"Have your back go out and do some other volunteer work, such as walking the dog or mixing martinis."

unless she has signed a release or waiver form.

MISTLETOE

This parasitical plant, sacred to Druids, is a most convenient ice-breaking device. Usually, those found lingering under a cluster of Loranthaceae are fair game for kissing. But occasionally the object of one's desire will be found standing beneath it unawares. When planting an unsolicited kiss, just remember that the small white berries of the mistletoe are poisonous and you don't want anyone stuffing your martini olives with them.

GIFT GIVING

There are two kinds of holiday gifts—those given out of the generosity of one's heart and those given out of a feeling of obligation and reciprocity. Put another way: those that are deductible and those that are nondeductible.

One major problem that confronts most of us at this time of year is how much to spend in a reciprocal-gift-giving situation. Spend too much and the recipients may feel like cheapskates. Spend too little and you could be out the door.

It's a safe bet to spend approximately what they spent on you the year before, taking inflation and other factors into account—such as their behavior.

Never give anyone a tie. It's much too personal. Give him underwear instead. Never give perfume to a woman unless you know her preferences. Try handing her her favorite magazine and notice which page she stops at.

Never give the children of your friends or loved ones home-video-game systems. Give such toys to the children of those to whom you are obligated but quietly dislike.

When sending relatives a check for Christmas, notify them if you are deducting it from your income tax as payroll.

IMBIBING

The holidays are the time for eggnog and hot toddies. It's probably not a good idea to be the first person to try any mystery punch. If 15 minutes have passed after the first person has tasted it and no evidence of hallucinations or vomiting has appeared, it's probably safe to have a glass.

In these days of epidemic salmonella, eggnog may not be the best idea unless it is one of those commercially made pasteurized nogs.

Avoid experimenting during the holidays; particularly resist the temptation to reach way back into the liquor cabinet for those strangely shaped bottles containing oddly colored liqueurs. They are back there for a reason.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

New Year's is the most universal holiday. It's the time when everyone resets the odometer of life, wringing out the old and ringing in the new.

Traditionally, this is a time when people make resolutions. This is not a bad thing as long as you keep it simple. It's also a good idea not to tell anybody. Why disappoint everyone when you can simply disappoint yourself?

Never do anything with the thought, Well, once a year isn't going to kill me.

New Year's Eve is the best night of the year to stay home. Real party people call it amateurs' night. Spend it with a few close friends. Don't drink and drive. Drink and play Atari's Pole Position.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Don't think of today as the first day of the rest of your life. It's not going to be New Year's Day forever. January second is a much better first day of the rest of your life. Or even ground-hog day.

Many people begin the new year the hard way. With a vengeful hangover. Forget hangover cures. The only cure is prevention. But if you are going to have only one hangover this year, you may as well get it over with today—it is a legal holiday. And how alert do you have to be to watch the Rose Bowl Parade?

If you live with a woman, try to limit your viewing to two bowl games. You never know what sort of resolutions your squeeze may have made. It's a new year. Why press your luck?

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES

You may be asked to attend the services of a faith that is not your own. As a rule of thumb, it's safe to emulate the conduct of the worshipers around you. With a few exceptions: Don't sing the hymns unless you know the words. And it is best not to take Communion; if you do, don't chew or ask for seconds. Male gentiles attending Jewish services may be asked to wear a *yarmulke*. Under no circumstances should it be referred to as a beanie.

GAME WATCHING WITH RELATIVES

When watching football with your father-in-law, it is probably best to avoid the subject of who has the hottest cheerleaders. If your in-laws are rooting for the other team, avoid yelling "Yes!" or leaping to your feet when your team plays well. As in the N.F.L., displays of emotion will be penalized.

TABLE TALK

Most holiday accidents do not occur on the road or in the bathroom, they occur at the dinner table. And although few of these are fatal, they can have lasting consequences. Limit conversation to safe topics. These do not include race, religion, politics, art, sex, morals or the criminal-justice system. Even entertainment can be an emotional mine field. That silly soap-opera Romeo could be closer to a relative's heart than you are, so watch it.

Safe topics, when discussed within bounds, are weather and sports; just don't get into global warming or the designated hitter.

TIPPING

When the holidays arrive, one is expected to tip an array of people who serve us throughout the year. The correct tip can significantly influence the relationship. It can help you get your mail promptly, keep the dinks out of your car doors, expedite travel plans and ensure your doorman's discretion. If you're in doubt about whether or not to give someone a holiday tip, go ahead, tip. If it's someone you're not supposed to tip, he will inform you. Your psychiatrist, for example, will probably refuse a tip. If he doesn't, maybe it's an indication that you have recovered. Still, it's usually best not to attempt tipping teachers, the IRS or the police.

K.P.

If you're a house guest for the holidays, you're likely to pull some kitchen duty. It's only fair to do your share. Just remember that you're cleaning up, not introducing new and more efficient systems to the household. Recycling and composting are great, but this may not be the best time to introduce your in-laws to the concepts. Do things their way. If you sense trouble, it may be best to get out of it. Have your allergies act up or your back go out and do some other kind of volunteer work, such as walking the dog or mixing martinis.

BAD BEHAVIOR

After carefully observing holiday etiquette through a variety of pressure situations, you may be ready to explode. You may have to explode. But there are guidelines even to exploding.

If you feel the urge to put a lamp shade on your head, make sure it is not made of leaded stained glass. If you must put something down the back or front of a lady's dress, make it a clean ice cube, not sweet-and-sour shrimp. And if you write your name in the snow, don't do it in the handwriting of a married woman.

Drum. Your Own Rhythm.

Surprisingly Mild.

WOMEN IN UNDERWEAR (continued from page 117)

"What troubles her now is that when she takes a lover, the illusion will disappear along with the panties."

pose for her, she decided to be her own model. She bought a black garter belt and black stockings at a local lingerie shop, then returned to her studio.

She arranged her easel across from a full-length mirror, then stripped to her bra and panties. After placing the garter belt around her waist, she rolled the edges of a stocking until it resembled a doughnut, stuck her toe in the middle and unrolled the stocking up her leg, high on her thigh. She fastened the stocking to the garter belt's little clasps, one in front and one in back, then rolled the other stocking up her other leg and fastened it as well. Seeing herself in the mirror and certain that only a man could invent a garter belt, she picked up a pencil and began working.

Unsure of the exact image she wanted, Diane first sketched herself simply facing the mirror, turning her head repeatedly from her reflection to her easel and back again. Initially, she had the cool eye of an observer, but the image in the mirror soon aroused her. She was surprised: not that a woman could arouse her but that the woman was herself. This did not distract her from working. If anything, she sketched more intensely, with heightened and unwavering concentration, the observer's cool eye transformed to one of increased involvement.

•

Stepping from her apartment into the cold and radiant Chicago morning, Colleen heads for the N.F.C. championship game at Soldier Field wearing thermal underwear. The wind slices off Lake Michigan sharpened by icy water and arctic blasts from Canada. Exposed skin can freeze in moments and tears instantly turn to miniature icicles.

The fabric of the thermal underwear, a mixture of cotton and synthetic, is rough on Colleen's skin, and her legs must be closely shaved else any stubble itches unmercifully. What she likes about the thermals, apart from their practicality, what she finds amusing and even a little sexy, is that the bottoms have a fly. Images of its use send warm rushes through her even on this cold play-off Sunday.

•

Rachel poses in lingerie ads for the most fashionable catalogs. The pay is excellent, her unclothed body must remain superb, yet other models consider such work the lowest in the business. To add style to her poses, to appear as something other than cheesecake, she insists on arranging flowers while wearing a cotton camisole and a thong bikini, lies upon a vanity table in a point d'esprit stretch-lace bra and panties, lies upon a fluffy bedspread in a midnight-blue-and-black body suit, reading. Not a favorite with photographers and art directors, Rachel wants to wear eyeglasses as well. Women in eyeglasses also wear lingerie, she insists. After a 15-minute argument, the glasses are placed upon the open book.

•

After completing the first sketch, Diane faced the easel so that the image in the mirror was of herself from the side. She shifted her weight so that her hip would round more fully, and for a moment, she admired her own beauty. When she placed her free hand on the curve of her bottom, the image looked a little vampy but accentuated her breasts. While sketching, she felt a mild tingling in her breasts, almost like an enjoyable itch. With pencil still in hand, she rubbed her thumb several times along her nipple. This both eased and intensified the tingling.

With the completion of the next sketch, she rearranged her pose slightly, the hand previously on her hip now on the front of her thigh. The lightest pressure of her thumb lay along the edge of her panties, and while sketching, she pressed her thumb gently and rhythmically, pulselike, until the tingling in her breast appeared between her legs. The tingling and the silky feel of the nylon stocking were so pleasurable that her thumb slipped beneath the elastic of her panties and scratched lightly in her pubic hair. Never did she stop sketching; the hand with the pencil maintained its pace even while the thumb in her panties moved to a different, more rapid rhythm. She sketched and scratched, her thumb now wet with her own excitement, and at the drawing's completion, she dipped her index finger into herself, then gazed with thrilled fascination at her image in the mirror.

•

In her home town in Colorado, Cheryl enjoyed the attention of the local boys in part because of her large breasts. Had she not also been a pretty, blue-eyed blonde, the attention, she knew, would not have been so lavish. Although most other girls in town were jealous of her pink and pendulous treasures, Cheryl considered herself blessed until moving to New York, where she studied acting. After numerous wolf whistles from construction workers, lewd comments from teenage boys and countless fondlings by men in crowded subway cars, she knew she must dress down in order to diminish what had previously been a proud asset. She purchased a Minimizer bra by Lilyette, guaranteed to take an inch and a half off her bustline, but even this did not deter one middle-aged businessman from reaching out while passing her in the opposite direction at an intersection and grabbing what he wanted.

•

Tired of waiting, Terri has decided to end her affair with Michael. She has waited for his phone calls, his spontaneous and infrequent visits, his impending separation from his wife, and she refuses to wait any longer. She wants something more from a relationship and has known for a while now that she will not get it from him. Her decision has not been easy, for she loves him and discovered with him those places no man had ever touched quite right, believing until then that no man ever would. But her persisting loneliness and need have become too great an emotional payment, no matter what pleasure she found in his embrace. Although she bears some resentment, some anger, she wants one last delicious night with him. To increase his subsequent feeling of loss, she wears his favorite lingerie, hoping that his recollection of her form moving gracefully through the room or stretched beneath him in a white-silk bra and matching panties will haunt and arouse him long after she has sent him away forever.

•

For the past two weeks, John has been employed as a security guard at a lingerie shop. He is there not so much to prevent shoplifting as to ensure that undesirable characters do not enter and create a disturbance. The salary is not good and he is on his feet most of the day, but, when a pretty brunette holds a merry widow up to her body and gazes at herself in the mirror, John slowly shakes his head, smiles faintly and says to himself, You got to love this job.

•

Kim has a small bottom, not uncommon for Asians. Although she cannot easily correct this inheritance, as she could if it were her nose or her breasts, she orders a pair of panties with a padded seat from a Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. The garment, when it arrives, is the most ridiculous item she has ever seen. But when she wears it under slacks or a dress, her bottom rounds out like that of a pony. What troubles her now is that when she takes a lover, the illusion will disappear along with the panties.

•

Karen sits on a sofa in her boyfriend's underpants, reading *Ulysses*. The underwear, resembling an Olympic diver's swimsuit, fits her curiously: too tight across her bottom, too large in front where his penis was bound, the fabric nearly forming his shape there though empty now. She wears his underwear for

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the same reason she reads *Ulysses*, to feel closer to him. She wanted him to wear her underwear, too, but he refused. He could not explain why it was all right for a woman to wear a man's underwear but not conversely, and although she accused him of having double standards, he said no argument would get him into women's underwear.

"But they're not any woman's," she said, distressed. "They're mine."

"I'll carry them in my pocket," he offered. "Isn't that close enough?"

She was disappointed, even mildly hurt.

"Don't you want me wearing your underwear?" she asked.

He did not know how to reply, for the question was unlike any ever asked of him before.

"It's not that I *want* you to," he finally said. "It's nice that you do. It's cute. But it's not that I *want* you to."

Her face twisted with annoyance.

"Wearing your underwear is cute?"

He smiled, then nodded faintly.

"Is that the word you mean?" she persisted.

"Karen, what do you want me to say? In *your* underwear, you're sexy. In mine, you're cute. Sexy, but cute."

She sulked for a while. She had hoped he would think that wearing each other's underwear was romantic, like exchanging rings, only more intimate.

She took his refusal as an indication that they were drifting apart, that he was losing interest in her, that there might be another woman, someone better read than she was.

Hurt and haughty, Karen now sits on the sofa reading, but his underwear has worked its way uncomfortably into the furrow of her bottom, and she has trouble concentrating on *Ulysses*.

•

Feeling terrific and looking sharp, Tom stepped from his apartment into a bright, cold December afternoon to go Christmas shopping for the two women in his life. Recently, he had reconciled with Ingrid, despite some doubts about returning to a woman after she had slept with another man. He had not planned to fall in love with Laura during Ingrid's absence, but, like a cartoon character who walks off a cliff without immediately falling, he had been oblivious to the peril till far over the edge.

He entered the lingerie department, his boot heels softened by a blue carpet. All the other customers were women, and he wondered if his presence embarrassed them. The sales girls were lovely. Robes and nightgowns were draped on padded hangers, with racks of lingerie in many colors, styles and fabrics. He concentrated first on gifts for Ingrid. He thought of her long legs, and the sight of her making coffee in the morning dressed in a T-shirt and panties, standing on one foot, the other foot on her knee like an alluring long-legged water bird. Perhaps he would buy fine nylon stockings for her, and a silk tank top in red or green for Christmas.

He noticed a short white-silk robe and pictured Laura wearing it. For a moment, he considered buying it for Ingrid but knew he would think of Laura each time he saw it. A dull, oppressive gloom seized him unexpectedly.

His pleasure in the pretty, feminine atmosphere vanished. He turned and left the shop, his own festive spirit, impermanent as holiday displays, overtaken by the unhappiness that lay persistently in wait for him.

He knew he should be grateful at the prospect of Christmas and New Year's with Ingrid, and a part of him truly was. But his love for Laura had awakened an old yearning for the ideal. He knew he would never have that with Laura, who would not leave her husband and child for Tom. That commitment, which he also loved in her, would forever keep him from waking one morning to find Laura making coffee in her white-silk robe.

•

Deciding that a frontal pose was nearer the image she sought, Diane faced the mirror again, her legs slightly spread, the black nylon stockings and garter belt framing her private parts. She resumed sketching, as her other hand nestled deep in the front of her panties, her fingers steadily stroking her surfaces. The pencil moved more slowly across the paper as her caresses quickened, bringing her closer to the release that she observed in the mirror. She ceased her work entirely when floods of sensation spread through her body and she came in trembling, leg-weakening waves.

Later, satisfied, evaluating the sketches, Diane knew that she had captured that special love between artist and subject.

•

Knowing she would miss him like crazy, Cindy worried that he might not miss her at all. They had been lovers only a short time, and now he was leaving for several weeks. After their last night together, she rode with him in a taxi to the airport. As he stood on the curb after kissing her goodbye through the open window, she reached under her skirt and slipped off her panties, which she pressed into his hand an instant before the taxi rolled away.

For the entire flight, black silk rolled like syrup through his fingers.

•

Barbara and Jane are best friends who share a similar, though opposite, problem. Jane has small breasts, while Barbara's are rather large, and Jane's behind is substantial, though Barbara has almost none. Each woman can purchase a bra in one size, panties in another. The problem arises when they want a matching set. Because the best shops are politely reluctant to split sets, the two friends have decided to shop together for sets they both like. Visiting several shops, their gaiety increasing at each, they buy cotton intimates in white with ruffled edges, sheer black floral chiffon of imported silk, satin string Charmeuse bra-and-panty sets in blue, in pink, in emerald.

"Let's get these," Barbara says, or Jane is sure, "This color would be smashing for you," or they both know, "This is absolutely us." They have wine at lunch and arrive laden with packages at Jane's apartment, where they open a bottle of

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rosé and sip as they sit on the floor exchanging tops and bottoms while laughing at what the saleswomen must have thought of them.

"That we're lovers," Jane says tenderly to her friend lying on the rug, her full breasts cupped in white scalloped lace, her nipples showing through the pattern like pink flowers, which, with the tip of her finger, Jane lightly touches.

•

Thirty-five years after she first climbed higher than he did on the monkey bars, years after adolescence and high school, marriages, children, divorces, Susie and Arnold are lovers at last. The fact amazes and delights both of them, the strange road that brought them together again only proving that, just as both of their mothers had said, they were meant for each other. Happily complying with Arnold's request, Susie wears baby-blue cotton panties beneath her skirt. As he reaches for her, Arnold feels once more, with a kind of wonderment, a kind of awe, the vision he had cherished ever since that distant afternoon on the playground where he could see all the way to London, all the way to France.

•

Carol and Roger are in trouble. From her point of view, it seems a minor problem. Surely, nothing that should end their relationship, their engagement, their plans for the future. Roger sees it differently. How his woman looks in underwear means a great deal to him, but how Carol looks in underwear leaves something to be desired.

It's not that he wants her wearing anything lewd or vulgar, or anything that glowed in the dark or was edible. Just something other than waist-high white-cotton panties with a white, practical bra. Something more feminine. Something, admittedly, sexier. He loves her body, her blue eyes, what she bakes and how she imitates Piaf. He wants to change nothing about her. Only her underwear. For unless that visual delight of a woman in lingerie is satisfied by Carol, he knows he'll seek it elsewhere, that quite possibly his faithfulness can be insured by nothing more than a lace bra and a string bikini in satin or silk, even in white.

•

Hating herself for it, Terri cannot stop thinking about Michael. She is hooked, addicted, powerless. What frustrates her most is that they never meet when *she* wants to, that she can never call him or leave messages.

After days without a word from him, her anger rising with each phone call not from him, Terri strips, then dresses in the peacock-blue bra and bikini with matching garter belt that he last bought for her. She rolls one nylon along her leg, fastens it to the little clasps but leaves the other leg bare. She finds her Polaroid camera, stands before the full-length mirror and strikes a sultry pose, then another, each one tasteful, designed to show off her trim figure and the missing nylon. She finishes the roll, chooses the most attractive photograph and seals it in an envelope she addresses to Michael's wife.

Covering herself only with a light topcoat, she leaves her loft and heads defiantly for the mailbox. She feels in control, no longer subject to Michael's whim. At the corner, impatient for the light to change, she waits beside two old women, tottering and shrunken but with lively eyes shimmering from their wrinkled, powdered faces. Compassion rises in Terri's heart for these women, for all women. Her resentment toward Michael's wife disperses like a vapor. She crosses the street, propelled more by momentum than by real feeling. It is Michael she wants to hurt, Michael who should remain the target of her fury. With a resigned, hopeless sigh, Terri drops the envelope not in the blue mailbox but in the trash basket beside it.

•

Sharon has a large bush, all the more apparent because it's so dark. She waxed last summer, but the process left an angry rash high on her thighs and, by autumn, the rich, dark hair had grown in thicker than before. Resigned to letting nature take its course, Sharon wears panties edged with embroidery, silk boxers in pastels, or satin tap pants and camisoles, and she is comforted by thinking that birds do not nest in bare trees.

•

Overcoming some embarrassment, Tom purchases a lingerie video.

"Gift for a bachelor party," he assures the clerk, who raises a skeptical eyebrow.

Although Tom has seen hard-core videos, he has found them tasteless and unfeminine, rarely with beautiful girls. That night, he feeds the tape into the machine, turns out the lights and lies down on his bed. Two women in the desert, a lean blonde and a curvaceous brunette, walk toward the camera wearing bra-and-panty sets, then only panties; then they walk away from the camera, turning back. A woman in bed, wearing black lingerie, caresses herself, then undresses completely before a whirling electric fan. Male hands remove a stocking from a woman's leg. All the women are beautiful, and the camera moves closely and slowly along their bodies while jazz is played softly in the background. Tom's heartbeat quickens and his breath labors as three lovely girls in tank tops, camisoles and panties have a slow-motion pillow fight, feathers floating. Each visual is teasingly, agonizingly brief. As his blood surges, Tom knows he must really be in love, for, as a stunning creature in a sheer pink, soaking-wet T-shirt and nothing else rolls on her side in three inches of water, it's of Laura that he's dreaming.

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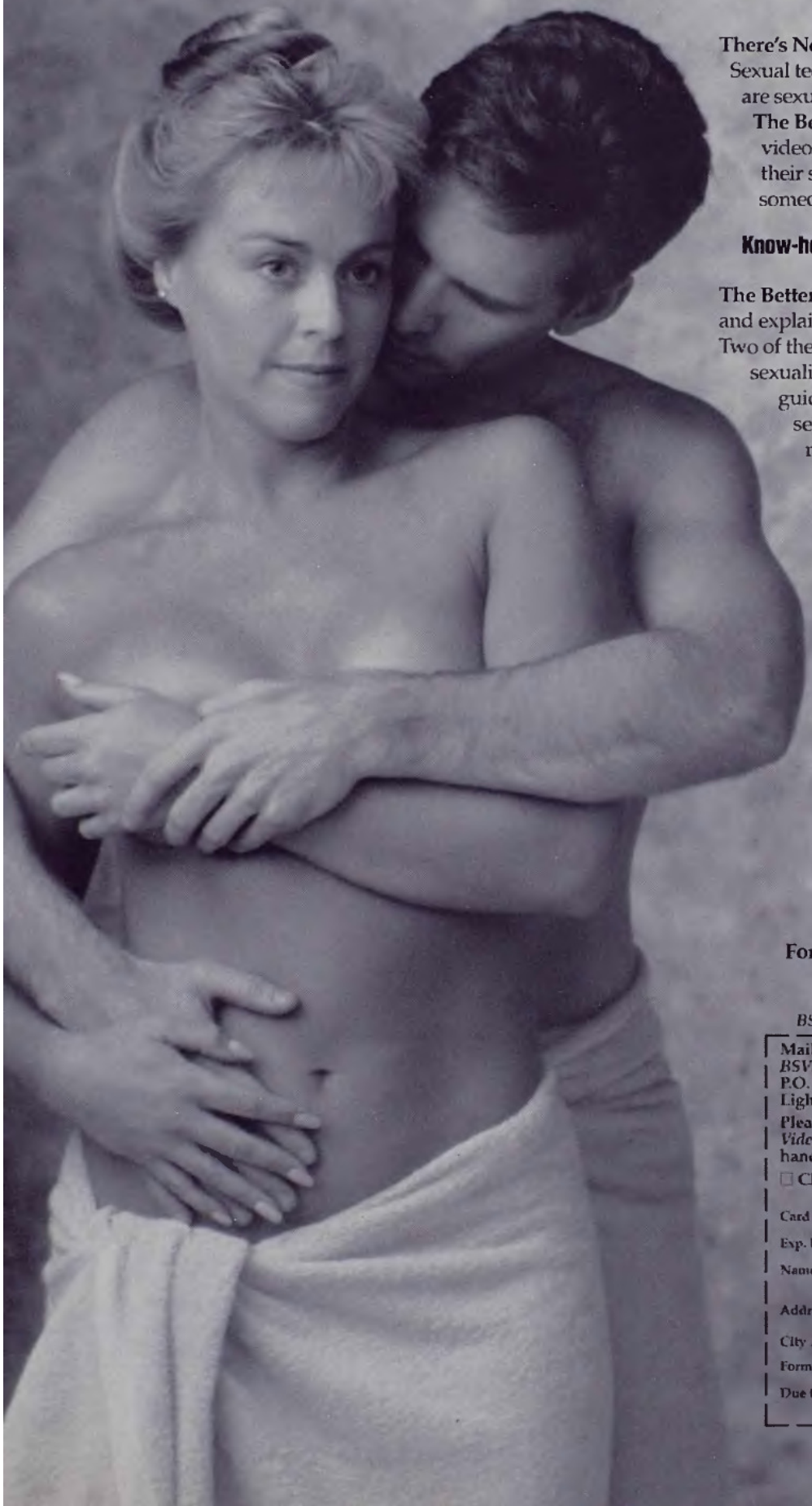

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My Jerusalem *(continued from page 92)*

"I scoop up the hummus and award the restaurant five stars, easily worth the risk of being gunned down."

being awe-struck—and the restless charismatics pour into the tiny space behind us, blocking the entrance. I'm convinced I'm going to suffocate. How would that look to my family, if I choked to death in Christ's tomb?

Clearly, this is a passionate place, an emotional place. What happens if someone is overcome, or even, God forbid, has a stroke? Are there special medical teams on hand?

"No," says Ami. But there *are* designated Arabs who will carry stricken people out on their backs and race off to Hadassah Hospital on Mount Scopus.

We continue our walk above the street, leaping from roof to roof. This entire goulash of a city, all 220 acres of it, divided into Jewish, Moslem, Armenian and Christian quarters—can be crossed in this manner or, as a matter of choice, on stones that are 2000 years old. We stop for a moment on the roof of the Arab market place and look out onto the Mount of Olives, the most exclusive cemetery in the world. It's thought that when the Messiah makes his appearance, he will approach the city through this ancient cemetery. But what good is that to the average man?

"Don't worry," says a rooftop eavesdropper, visiting from Englewood. "I can get you in for fifty thousand."

We fall in with a thick, winding column of Arab shopkeepers who have closed their stores at one P.M., out of either fear or respect for the intifada. Is there any danger? "Possibly of being stabbed," says Ami, who normally carries a weapon but honors me by leaving it at home on this occasion. He says don't worry, he'll walk in front of me. Frankly, I don't see how that will help. Shouldn't he walk in back?

We stop for lunch at the Abu Shukri Restaurant in the Moslem Quarter, where the *hummus*, ground by a secret process, is thought to be the finest in the Middle East. Once it was a meeting place for Arab and Jewish notables. Since the intifada, the Jews have stayed away. I scoop up the *hummus* on warm pita bread, dig into the spicy cucumber-and-pepper salad and award the restaurant five stars, easily worth the risk of being gunned down.

Outside, in the *souk* (market place), an Arab offers me souvenir postcards. Ami waves him off—his price is too high. The Arab comes down a little, but it's still a rip-off. Suddenly, years of rage show up in the man's face. "It's because I'm Arab," he screams. "You'll take him to buy from a Jew." We walk on. Ami says he once served as a guide for Brooke Shields and found her surprisingly nice, not stuck-up. But I can hear the man shouting at us: "Don't walk alone, my friend. Don't turn your back." The refrain follows me back to the hotel.

•

At night, in my hotel room, as a muezzin summons the faithful to prayer, the sonic boom of an Israeli Mirage knocks a Maccabee beer out of my hand. The BBC reports that a British cricket team has trounced poor Sri Lanka.

In the lobby of the King David, there's pride in the fact that one of three young Soviets who died flinging himself onto a tank during the recent attempted *Putsch* was a Jew. And for the first time, the Kaddish will be heard throughout the crumbling Soviet Union. There is also talk of a fight that broke out at the Hotel Jerusalem between Russian and Ethiopian immigrants—the Russians became incensed when the air-lifted Ethiopians strolled out of the dining room with free grapes, while the Russians had to pay for theirs.

I take to the streets. Ami has told me I can go anywhere in safety, but I'm not so sure. There seems to be less light than in most cities. I stroll along Keren Hayesod

"Flight 570 reports its starboard engines sucked in Dasher and Dancer and the port intakes just got Donner and Blitzen!"

Street, marveling, as have many before me, at the very fact of the Jewish state. In other cities, I've had the "Jewish Quarter" pointed out to me. Here everywhere is the Jewish Quarter. Jewish supermarkets (Supersol), Jewish gas stations, Jewish cereal. Every ten steps, a pair of Defense Force members walk casually along in a characteristic duck walk, cradling Uzis and longer-range Galils. Some are tall, handsome, battle-hardened sabras, others pimply postadolescents of the kind that show up at American comic-book conventions. They would be lucky to play right field in little league. But here their step is firm and confident. There's a huge burst of post-Shabbath activity on Ben-Yehuda Street, a giant collegiate mall, Santa Monica with semiautomatics. I speculate about Israeli women. The El Al stewardesses are world-class beauties but seem out of bounds, as if they're being specially groomed for executives at Orion Pictures. The I.D.F. women are trim and appealing in olive drab; no doubt the deadly weapons they carry, like parasols, lend them spice.

I stop and chat with a leather worker who made a killing making carrying cases for gas masks and holsters for self-defense weapons during the Gulf war. On the subject of Israeli women, he becomes rhapsodic—they're kind, intelligent, the loveliest, most caring creatures on earth, each one a true friend.

"You're very lucky," I suggest.

"Why? I married a French woman."

At a pub called Gilly's, I chat with a weary-looking British architect who has moved to Jerusalem for "the stone and the clime." (The entire city is built with a distinctive honey-colored stone—the City of Gold.) Clearly, the man has spent a lifetime worrying. His current worry is that the highly educated Russian immigrants can't be absorbed. "What can we do with so many railway engineers? We've only got one railroad."

•

I make a note to stop at Feferberg's on Jaffa Street. The menu in the window says it features *pupiks* (chicken stomachs), stuffed *miltz* (spleen), *patcha* (calve's-feet jelly) and borscht by the glass. Jewish soul food. How bad can it be?

•

The next day, I make a pit stop at Mea Shearim—a 40-acre stone compound, home of the ultraorthodox who refuse to recognize the state of Israel. The feeling is that of eastern European *shtetls*—or of Vilnius, Kraków, Lublin—the pages of Isaac Bashevis Singer. On almost every wall, a poster warns women to dress and behave modestly—and it cautions men against giving them attention-getting jewelry. A tourist in an orange dress with exposed elbows is dangerously close to the edge. It's disconcerting to see swastikas slashed across the Star of David. Only when the Messiah comes will

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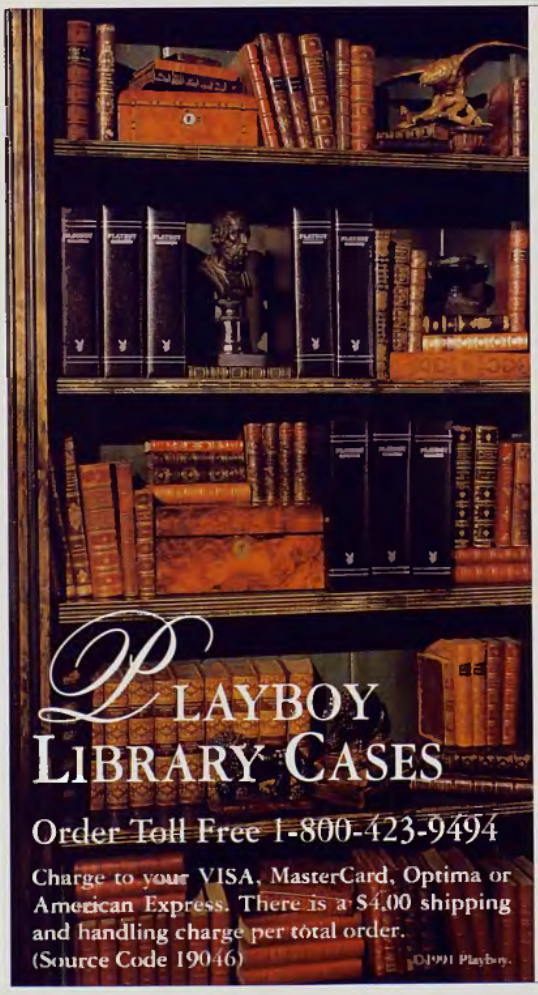

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the people of Mea Shearim recognize a land of Israel. Young Israeli men have to throw over three years to the armed forces; young women, two. These ultra-orthodox are exempt, the theory being that their prayers are responsible for Israeli victories on the battlefield. Doesn't that produce resentment on the part of those who serve? I ask.

"No," says Ami. "Hatred."

•

I stand among gentle, newly arrived Ethiopians at the Knesset, seat of government, while an interpreter points out Shamir's seat and explains that Israeli representatives are not chosen by geography but by party. The Ethiopians look on uncomprehendingly. Desert nomads, for the most part, many still don't know how to work a toilet. Suddenly, there's an alarm and we're all led off to a safe area while a bomb squad rolls up to the building and pays out a 150-foot line, so that a suspicious object can be examined at a distance. No one breathes. To break the tension, an Iranian-Jewish woman from Beverly Hills tells the increasingly perplexed Ethiopians she met Mike Tyson in West Hollywood.

It's a false alarm—half a sandwich discarded in a bus shelter.

Ami says Israel is the only place in the world where you can put $1,000,000 in a suitcase and leave it on the street for safekeeping. Everyone will run away from it, assuming it's a bomb.

•

The building opposite the King David Hotel fascinates me. It's a Y.M.C.A. but unlike any other—an architectural miracle, built by Turks during the British Mandate, filled with Byzantine wonders. I put my head in. A movie, *American Samurai*, is being wrapped in the lobby and I introduce myself to the director. He says the budget is $2,500,000, but with the sale of ancillary rights, the company should do all right. With the Old City visible, there in the shadow of 2000 years of history, Sam Firstenberg and I discuss the merits of Creative Artists Agency.

•

That night, after dinner at a Yemenite restaurant, I confront disaster. Chills, fever, shooting pains, the fires of hell, the whole package arriving at four in the morning. Unquestionably, this is the work of the Almighty, now that He has me cornered in Israel, scolding me for not being Jewish enough, and also, of course, for taking my time about getting there. But there's a silver lining. Secretly, I'm delighted at my good fortune in getting sick in the land of Jewish doctors. I get one out of bed, and within the hour, an Orthodox doctor, formerly of Chicago, is at the door. After a thorough examination, he lays out all the possible things it might be.

"But what *is* it?"

"Who knows?"

He produces a variety of pills and describes the negative features of each one. My best bet, frankly, is to do nothing.

"Can't you tell me anything specific?"

"Yes. My fee is eighty dollars, preferably in *shkolim*."

•

I soldier on and make a solitary pilgrimage to Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial, easily the quietest place I've ever been. The silence is broken by the voice of a girl from Long Island.

"Oh, my God, this is unreal."

The photographs of Jews stacked like cordwood represent a new phenomenon to her, not to me. I'm taken by a series of doomsday woodcuts by Moshe Hoffman (1938–1983) and its ironic title: *6,000,001*. And I take note of an SS document consigning 358 persons to heavy prison sentences for having sex with Jews. Oddly, it's a display of books ordered to be burned that unsettles me the most—the works of Stefan Zweig, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Heinrich Heine—and Heine's words: "Wherever books are burned, human beings are destined to be burned, too."

An elderly man holds his grandson by the hand and points out a mistake in a painting that depicts life in the infamous Theresienstadt camp.

"That was a toilet, not a water cistern."

"How do you know, Grandpa?"

"I was there."

I ask the attendant if the Germans visit and, if so, how they react.

"They look."

"That's all?"

"That's all."

•

I'm still in the grip of a mysterious illness. Half the hotel claims to have it, too. Some say it's the fruit—the figs, in particular, which are cheap, but you have to wash them. A man from England tells me I'm a fool to have used ice cubes. "Why do you think Britain was able to become a colonial power?" he asks.

"By not using ice cubes."

"Exactly."

Still, I'm in Jerusalem. How can I not pay a visit to the Western (formerly Wailing) Wall? Ami and I make the pilgrimage. He and I—both secular—have our pictures taken with *t'filin* (phylacteries), which I haven't worn for decades. Maybe

"Remember, 'Buy American' or Santa will kick your chimney down!"

now that I've worn them—with the wall as a witness—I'm not so secular anymore. A man approaches and says that for a fee, he'll pray for me and my loved ones for 40 days and nights. During that period, we will all be protected from evil.

"And after that?"

"You're on your own."

•

In the days that follow, I continue to prowl the city. I sit in one of the four adjoining synagogues of Yochanan Ben-Zakkai, once the center of Sephardic life in old Jerusalem. Exquisite examples of camel-back Moorish architecture, the synagogues were gutted in 1948, used as stables by Jordanians and lovingly repaired in 1967.

I kick off my shoes and pay a balancing visit to the Dome of the Rock, third holiest Moslem site (after Mecca and Medina). From here, it's believed, Mohammed rode his horse, el-Buraq, to heaven. When I come out, my shoes have been moved by a Holy Land wise guy, but I find them in front of another mosque.

At the Israel Museum, I examine, under glass, the eight Dead Sea scrolls of leather, the most important archaeological find of our time—a long, informative love letter from the ancient world—and pay tribute to Professor Elazar L. Sukenik, who stubbornly pursued them, to his son Yigael Yadin of Israeli intelligence, who continued the hunt after the professor's death, and to the poor men and women who risked their eyesight unpeeling the fragile scrolls, making sure not to scatter any precious fragments.

I become friends with David Rakia, owner of David's Art Gallery, a thin-chested Viennese and a lover of Kafka who escaped the Nazis in 1938. He points to the site of his first home in Israel, which sits on the old border with Jordan. "It was bombed into rubble by terrorists.

"But I didn't care," he says, drawing himself up tall. "We had ten thousand rifles against seven Arab armies. I lived history. We built a country."

For seven days and seven nights, my mysterious illness continues. Then, just when it's time to leave, with celestial irony, the sun comes out (the metaphorical sun. The real sun has been out all along). Gorgeous Sephardic gift-shop owners, who'd avoided my eyes, suddenly shower me with attention. A Moroccan beauty says I look "fresh." The hotel manager says I can check out at midnight—he won't charge me for an extra day. A Turk in the market place hands me a huge slab of halvah, on the house. But what good is it? I'm on my way.

For my last meal in Jerusalem, I choose Fink's, the oldest restaurant in the city, a 22-seater and a favorite, it's quickly pointed out, of Paul Newman's. It's here that arms deals for rifles and light machine guns were struck by the Haganah during the British Mandate. I discover the combination of chopped liver on honeydew and eat a magical schnitzel made with tender Holy Land veal.

"Will you come back?" asks Muli Yehezkieli, the Israeli maître d', who has given me a table even though I didn't call for a reservation.

"Let me get over this trip first."

So I leave this stubborn, complex, riotously beautiful "city of sieges," where every stone is history and everyone is an expert, scraggly bearded young men with the experience of an unripe turnip lecturing me on life and love. But what am I complaining about? I walk away with memories, dreams, stunning moments, fast friends. I take away much more than I've given. And I wonder if that isn't true of America as well, spoken of with reverence by one and all in Jerusalem as "our one good friend."

"Did you take pictures?" the stewardess asks me on the return flight.

"Only in my head."

And the film on the flight home is, again, *Misery*.

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THE WORLD'S CHOICE

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WOODY (continued from page 126)

"'This film,' said Allen, 'will resonate in Israel. It will be the "Gone with the Wind" of Israel.'"

doubt, for instance, that my old friend Wilfrid Sheed has ever been confronted by a grim questioner, his eyes hot, demanding, "Do you admit to being a Catholic writer or do you consider yourself a writer who just happens to be Catholic? Give me a frank answer." Neither, I'll wager, has Richard Ford or Thomas McGuane ever been fingered in public for writing only bad, negative things about Protestants.

In any event, some years after his *New Yorker* piece appeared, Allen, writing in *Tikkun* magazine, a bimonthly Jewish critique of politics, culture and society, noted, "Now, I have frequently been accused of being a self-hating Jew, and while it's true I am Jewish and I don't like myself very much, it's not because of my persuasion. The reasons lie in totally other areas—like the way I look when I get up in the morning, or that I can never read a road map."

Predictably, an irate *Tikkun* reader responded, "You tell us that being Jewish has nothing to do with why you don't like yourself very much. Fine. But why, in every single movie you've produced in which you appear, do you portray yourself to some degree as a self-mocking, self-degrading Jew? You're lying to either yourself or your audience if you say that your 'persuasion' has nothing to do with it."

If one of the movies the irate *Tikkun* reader had in mind was *Hannah and Her Sisters*, then she couldn't have got things more wrong. Allen, who appears in the worried shape of Mickey Sachs in this film, far from being a self-mocking, self-degrading Jew, is, if anything, altogether too adorable. In fact, if there is a charge to be made against Allen, it is that he sometimes seems too ingratiating, his appeal for our love embarrassingly naked. Take that *Tikkun* piece, for instance. It dealt with Jewish Holocaust guilt ("I, who was a small boy during World War Two and who lived in America . . . never missed a good meal with meat and potatoes and sweet desserts"), reflections on the wives of both Lot and Job, and his Israeli problem, saying he "was against the practice of Israeli soldiers' going door to door and randomly breaking the hands of Palestinians as a method of combating the *intifada*," and he was "for a more flexible attitude on negotiating land for peace." Lively, witty and intelligent, Allen's essay was disingenuously titled "Random Reflections of a Second-Rate Mind," which struck me as an appeal for readers to write in protesting no, no. First-rate. Honestly, Woody.

In any event, the *Tikkun* piece provoked a boorish note from Rabbi Jack D. Spiro of Richmond, Virginia: "The only thing defensible about Woody Allen's article, 'Random Reflections of a Second-Rate Mind,' is the title." Nonsense. Allen, a hugely gifted writer and film maker, is also an astute observer of the human condition, as well as of those who still put up with life in his beloved Manhattan. A more insightful rabbi than Spiro might have recognized in Woody a disciple—filtered through S. J. Perelman, mind you—of the incomparable 12th Century philosopher Maimonides, author of *The Guide for the Perplexed*, wherein he wrote:

> Men frequently think that the evils in the world are more numerous than the good things; many sayings and songs of the nations dwell on this idea. They say that a good thing is found only exceptionally, whilst evil things are numerous and lasting. Not only common people make this mistake but even many who believe that they are wise. Al-Razi wrote a well-known book, *On Metaphysics (on Theology)*. Among other mad and foolish things, it contains also the idea, discovered by him, that there exists more evil than good. For if the happiness of man and his pleasure in the times of prosperity be compared with the mishaps that befall him—such as grief, acute pain, defects, paralysis of the limbs, fears, anxieties and troubles—it would seem as if the existence of man is a punishment and a great evil for him.

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Yet another of Allen's biographers, the French film critic Robert Benayoun, once asked him, "Do you believe in Jewish comedy, born from fear, aggressiveness, exaggeration, self-defense?"

He replied, "The truth is, I grew up in a very Jewish neighborhood, yet I never experienced in my life any kind of anti-Semitism, I was never bullied at school because I was Jewish, I suffered no incidents, was never refused admittance, contrary to Groucho Marx in his well-known joining-a-club joke. I'm always surprised to meet someone who says I'm a Jewish comedian. In over a hundred jokes I do, there may be one Jewish joke; it's like adding spice to a meal, but people will always say: 'You do so many Jewish jokes!'"

Well, now, although a 20-year-old Woody Allen did work a holiday camp in the Poconos in the summer of 1956 (Tamiment, where his predecessors included Danny Kaye, Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks and Neil Simon), nobody can accuse him of overindulging in blatantly Jewish jokes with a built-in wink to the landsmen in the audience. Clearly, he is above such shtick. However, it is also fair to say that just about everything Woody Allen has produced has been enriched by his experience as an urban Jew in America. Witness the content of some of his most novelistic films: *Annie Hall*, *Hannah and Her Sisters*, *Crimes and Misdemeanors*. Furthermore, the perplexed and endearing fumbler he has played in so many of his 20 films obviously did not study at Andover or Groton, going on from there to Yale, the Skull and Bones, and then maintaining a sailboat convenient to his summer cottage on the Maine coast. Then, of course, there is the undeniably Jewish triumph of *Oedipus Wrecks*, his third of *New York Stories*, the two other segments directed by Martin Scorsese and Francis Coppola. This explosively funny piece is surely the ultimate film take on the possessive, smothering Jewish mother, who in this case disapproves of her son's *shiksa* fiancée, played by Mia Farrow. The son is a bumbling, insecure lawyer named Sheldon Mills (Woody Allen). One day Sheldon and his girl take Mum to a magic show, where she disappears in a magician's Chinese box, only to suddenly loom very large, indeed, in the skies over Manhattan, remonstrating with her son whenever he dares emerge from his apartment. *Oedipus Wrecks* boasts at least one truly inspired moment. As the magician drives a sword through his Chinese box to prove that Sheldon's mother, whom we have earlier seen enter the box, has really disappeared, there is a cut to a reverse-angle reaction shot of Sheldon, his face suffused with joy, a Jewish son's epiphany. "This film," Allen told Eric Lax, "will resonate in Israel. It will be the *Gone with the Wind* of Israel."

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In 1952, when Allan Stewart Konigsberg was a 16-year-old junior at Midwood High, in Brooklyn, he was reborn as Woody Allen and began to peddle one-liners to Nick Kenny, Earl Wilson and other newspaper columnists. "Enclosed," he would write, "are some gags for your consideration and sent exclusively to you." This *juvenilia*, for which he will be forgiven, ran from "It's the fallen women who are usually picked up" to "Woody Allen boasts that he just made a fortune—he was downtown auctioning off his parking space." Soon enough, he graduated from planting freebies in the columns to acquiring an agent and being paid to write knee-slappers for Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kaye and Arthur Murray. From there it was a hop, skip and a jump to signing with the William Morris Agency and writing skits for

Buddy Hackett, Herb Shriner and Peter Lind Hayes. In 1953, he joined Larry Gelbart and Mel Brooks, among others, writing for the legendary Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*, earning $1500 weekly. Five years later, he left the William Morris Agency and began his association with Jack Rollins and Charles Joffe, who produce his films to this day. In a world not noted for its loyalties, where "intimate" friendships seldom outlast a film's shooting schedule, it speaks eloquently for Woody that he never graduated from the partners who had such faith in him when he was young and unknown. Mind you, they are an effective pair, who managed to secure a unique film contract for him with Orion Pictures.

It was the perspicacious Rollins and Joffe who first encouraged Allen to perform his own material, nourishing their all but pathologically shy stand-up comic through some iffy years before he could demand, in 1965, some $50,000 for a two-week appearance at the Circus Maximus of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

Woody, who chucked $1700 a week as a comedy writer to risk appearing as a performer for a mere $75, has never forgotten that the clubs were cleansed of out-of-town Rotarians by the first of the new-style intellectual comics, Mort Sahl, who broke in at the hungry i in San Francisco in 1953. The revolution launched by Sahl, bearing a rolled newspaper in his fist, also yielded Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Shelley Berman and Lenny Bruce, as well as Woody. Unfortunately, Woody and the rest of that talented bunch felt compelled to record their acts, those LP discs soon becoming a menace. I was living in London at the time and came to dread being invited to a dinner party at the home of somebody who had just returned from New York or Los Angeles. Inevitably, the host, exploding with laughter, would say, "You've just got to hear this," and then, for the umpteenth time, Nichols and May, Berman or Allen would slip into their routine and my host would glare at me because I wasn't breaking up.

I recently saw for the second time the first film Woody Allen wrote (with Mickey Rose), directed and starred in, *Take the Money and Run*, wherein he plays the feckless thief Virgil Starkwell, and it is still refreshingly funny, especially that memorable scene in which Virgil slips a bank teller a stick-up note.

TELLER: What does this say?

VIRGIL: Um . . . can't you read it?

TELLER: Um . . . I can't read this. What's this . . . "act natural"?

VIRGIL: No, it says, "Please put fifty thousand dollars into this bag and act natural."

TELLER: It *does* say "act natural."

VIRGIL (*looking at note*): Uh . . . "I am pointing a gun at you."

TELLER: That looks like "gub," that doesn't look like "gun."

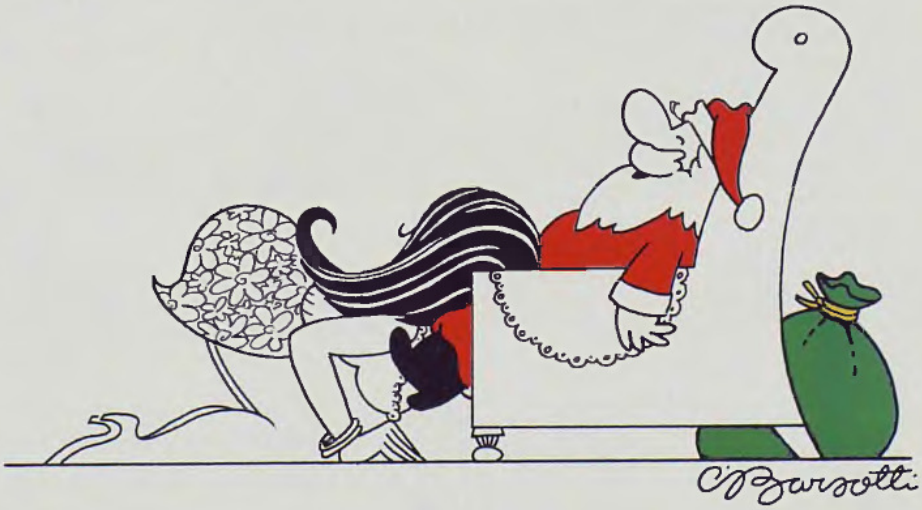
VIRGIL (*studying note with teller*): No, that . . . that's "gun."

I assume that Virgil Starkwell was Allen's first tentative pass at the persona perfected in *Annie Hall* and carried through *Hannah and Her Sisters*, among other films. My problem with this character is that we are asked to accept him as the quintessential fumble-fingers, the loser who will never get the girl or the job, but he is obviously too witty, too original to be anything but a caricatured alter ego of the man who will get not only the girl and the job but also a nice chunk of the gross receipts. On reflection, however, this lack of credibility is a pittance to pay in return for the enjoyment that caricature has given us over the years.

Between 1966 and 1980, Woody wrote many comic pieces, most of them for *The New Yorker*, some for this magazine, the best of them collected in three volumes: *Getting Even*, *Without Feathers* and *Side Effects*. One of the most magical and wonderfully inventive of these pieces, "The Kugelmass Episode," is the story of a bored college professor who is told by the Great Persky, a magician, that he "can meet any of the women created by the world's best writers." Kugelmass selects Madame Bovary, drifting in and out of Flaubert's novel so that soon "students in various classrooms across the country were saying to their teachers, 'Who is this character on page one hundred? A bald Jew is kissing Madame Bovary?'" This manner of fantasy was given another spin in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, wherein the cardboard character played by a glamourous Depression-era film star steps down from the screen to court a downtrodden housewife played by Mia Farrow. Allen, who taught himself magic when he was a boy, practicing tricks in bed, flirts with fantasy again in the uneven *Alice*, a film distinguished by the fine performances of Mia Farrow, William Hurt and Joe Mantegna. This is the story of an insufferably affluent New York matron, much given to shopping and body care, who falls in with a Chinese herbalist who puts her on a diet of drugs. Some of it is awfully funny, but there are also uncharacteristic lapses to a level of humor more appropriate to *Porky's*. Take, for instance, the scene in which Mantegna, sharing a drug with Mia Farrow that renders them both invisible, slips into a department-store changing room to ogle a gorgeous model trying on garments.

In a conversation with Lax, Allen said that he "would love more than anything in the world to do a murder mystery," but he feels it is too trivial. "I'm torn," he said, "because I think I could be very funny in a comedy mystery and it would be enormously entertaining in a totally escapist way. But I can't bring myself to do that. This is a part of my conflict. My conflict is between what I really am and what I would really like myself to be. I'm forever struggling to deepen myself and to take a more profound path, but what comes easiest to me is light entertainment. I'm more comfortable with shallower stuff." Then, with a laugh, "I'm basically a shallow person."

It strikes me that this, like calling that *Tikkun* essay "Random Reflections of a Second-Rate Mind," is yet another plea for reassurance. So let me conclude by stating the obvious. In no danger of being mistaken for Dostoievsky, neither can Woody Allen be dismissed as shallow. In fact, he is one of the most gifted of contemporary film makers, astonishingly prolific, never repeating himself, hopelessly hankering after perfection, which is available only to those with more limited artistic ambitions. Clap hands for Woody.



"Señorita, this is one time I don't mind being blown off course."

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HOW TO ARGUE

(continued from page 162)

the fight is inconvenient and, therefore, to reschedule at another time in the near future. As a practical matter, I find that it helps if I show a willingness to give up something to schedule the fight soon. For example, I'll say, "If you want, I'll cancel my lunch tomorrow and we can have this out then."

Negotiated rules are useful, but, of course, they're not reliable. I can say I want to postpone the fight, but if she replies, "Like hell," then I'm going to fight, right then and there. Still, I have gained an important advantage. If I have invoked one of our own rules—and have been churlishly turned down by her—then I've subtly demonstrated that she is irrational and out of control. That's a burden few verbal fighters can come back from.

•

Avoiding the fight.

Many men mistakenly think their manhood is threatened if they don't rise to the occasion of any proposed conflict. Yet there's nothing wrong with avoiding a fight. If it doesn't suit you to tangle—you're tired, busy or just not in the mood—then go ahead and avoid the argument. Take the steam out of the engine.

How do you do that? It's not easy, but you should master the basics.

Don't match emotions.

Almost everybody in our culture, male and female, will instinctively match another person's strong emotion. If the other person is sad, we feel sad, too. If she's happy, we join the happiness. And if she's angry, we'll feel anger within moments. This response seems like the natural thing to do.

But wait.

The fact that she's mad is no reason why you have to get mad, too. You're a separate person with separate feelings. So be conscious of the tendency to match emotions, and try to avoid it.

But be clear: This is easier said than done. It requires practice.

Let's take an example. She walks into the room and says furiously, "Why didn't you call today when you said you would?"

You've had a hard day at the office and you're tired, and your first thought is: What the hell is she going on about now? I can do without this crap. I didn't say I'd call. I only said I'd *try* to call. And then I got busy and couldn't do it. What is the big fucking deal? I sent her flowers last week.

You will find that it takes a powerful effort of will not to speak these sorts of thoughts aloud. And any of these views uttered aloud will guarantee a fight. For example:

"What the hell are you going on about now?" You have a fight.

"I can do without this crap." Fight.

"I didn't say I'd call." Fight.

"I only said I'd *try* to call." Fight.

"What is the big fucking deal? I sent you flowers last week." Fight.

All your usual inner thoughts guarantee a fight if they are uttered aloud. In part, this is because you have become angry in response to her anger—you've matched her emotion.

But also, in part, it's because you have defended yourself, focusing on who's right. But to avoid a fight:

Forget about who's right.

Perhaps you know, in your heart of hearts, that you're right. You clearly remember that you explicitly did not promise her you'd call. On the contrary, you told her you had a busy, unpredictable day ahead and you'd try to call. So she's off base now about the phone call and her anger is unwarranted. She has accused you unjustly. You would like nothing better than to set her straight.

OK, fine. Go ahead: But you'll have a fight.

Because even if what you believe is true—that she has worked herself into an inappropriate rage, that she made a mistake—your explanation will just make her feelings worse. Now she'll feel angry *and* stupid. She'll have all these upset feelings and no place to put them.

Except on you.

And that's exactly what she'll do. With a vengeance.

So you may as well forget about who's right. You can't avoid a fight by explaining to her why she is wrong, no matter how reasonably you do so. You'll have to do something else; namely:

Kiss the hurt.

The only way to avoid a fight is to see the situation, at this moment, from her point of view. Whatever you actually said this morning, she went away thinking that you were going to call her—looking forward to your call—and when it never came, she felt slighted and angry. You can understand how that would feel, can't you?

Realize that 80 percent of what an angry, wounded person wants is acknowledgment and sympathy. They want some variation of "I see you're angry and I am sorry you are upset." They want you to kiss the hurt and make it better.

So just do it.

Many men can't be sympathetic, because they get hung up on the fact that they are also being blamed. She is blaming you, accusing you unjustly. It's annoying and angering and illogical.

But wait. All you have to do is:

Sympathize without accepting blame.

Few domestic fighters learn this vital and powerful technique. It's one of the most important in any fighter's arsenal. You do it this way:

"Honey, I'm sorry you felt disappointed. I'd never want you to feel that way. I guess we misunderstood each other this morning. I thought I only said I'd try to

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call. But I know how bad it feels to wait all day for something that never happens. It feels lousy. I'm sorry it happened."

The first time you respond like this, it'll feel weird and weak. A pussy, wimpy sort of speech. But, in fact, this approach has stunning power. It will almost always take the wind out of her sails. And it takes nothing from you. Notice that you are sympathetic to her position without ever saying she is justified to hold it. On the contrary, you've calmly disagreed with her explanation of how the situation came about. But you are not blaming anybody. And you keep the focus on what you both can agree on—that you're sorry she feels bad now.

This procedure also works well with repetition, wearing her down.

"Gee, honey, I'm sorry you feel that way."

"Don't call me honey."

"Jennifer, I'm sorry that you felt stood up."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am. It must have felt terrible."

"It did, yes."

"Jen, I'd never want you to feel that way. I'm really sorry it happened."

If you keep expressing your sympathy in a genuine, honest way, it's unlikely that she can press onward to a fight.

Unless, of course, you also want to have a fight.

•

Having the fight.

Let's assume you're in the mood. There's a snarl forming on your lips. You're ready to tangle, and tangle big.

Let's also assume the fight is about something. (This is not always true in a domestic quarrel, but let's assume it is.) The fight is about coming to grips with some conflict or revealing some wounded emotion. In my view, anything that gets the fighters to deal with the real point of the fight is good. Anything that evades it is bad.

OK. Here's how I recommend that you fight:

No drugs or alcohol.

Have a serious fight totally sober. Require it of others. Not a sip of beer at lunch, not a glass of wine after coming home. Not a drag or a pill. No ingested substances. Fighting is serious business. Rules for fighting should be essentially the same rules for driving a car or operating dangerous machinery.

No physical violence.

No violence on either side, of any kind. No throwing pots and pans, no kicking drawers, no breaking glass, no sweeping stuff off the desk, no slamming the wall, no biting, pinching, hitting, slapping or kicking. No threats to do so: No bunched fist raised to strike.

In short, no physical violence and no threats of physical violence to a person or her belongings.

Period.

It's a very smart rule. First of all, face facts: We live in a time when violence by men against women is held in the media spotlight, while violence by women against men goes largely unheeded. Nobody's interested. If she gets drunk, gets really pissed off, pulls a gun or a knife and kills you, everybody will assume you must have done *something* to deserve it.

Second, in any violent encounter, men, being usually bigger and stronger, have an advantage. If the verbal battle becomes heated enough, women may feel intimidated and men may worry that their words or gestures are unfairly intimidating. Thus, the mere possibility of violence can cause men to restrain their verbal attacks. That's debilitating. You may have run across a woman cunning enough, when the verbal battle is not going her way, to suddenly retreat in fear, pretending that she thinks you are about to hit her. Her behavior will completely change the context of the dispute. Before, it was just an argument. Now it's whether or not she is justified in worrying that you'll hit her.

So wise up, and obviate these hazards. Require that all violence be ruled out. Tell her that if she gets violent, you will stop the fight or leave.

If you, or she, can't stick to it, then you have a problem that requires professional help.

And if you're in a relationship that gets off on physical violence, good luck to both of you.

Respect your opponent.

Never laugh at her. No matter how idiotic you find what she is saying. Not a laugh, not a snicker, not a smile.

Don't imitate her speech patterns or her body movements. Don't exaggerate or caricature.

Don't trivialize her verbal positions.

And, especially:

Don't characterize her.

Have you ever had someone say, "Let me tell you what your problem is"? You're immediately angry. Fighting words. It's a natural reaction.

So don't tell her what her problem is. Don't tell her what kind of person she is. She won't like it any better than you do. Besides, in the midst of a fight, your opinion of her is actually rather predictable. If you're really *furious*, then the chances are that you think:

A. She always pulls this shit.

B. She has no self-control.

C. She's really stupid.

D. All her friends who agree with her are stupid, too.

E. She has no respect for you or your problems.

F. She never listens to you.

G. She doesn't appreciate what you do for her.

H. You wish you'd never met her.

In summary, in the midst of your anger, you probably think she's just a stupid, self-centered bitch with whom, unfortunately, you had the poor judgment to get involved.

Now you can tell her that, and you can tell her the other things you think about her, too, but your views won't amount to much. The presence of certain key words such as never and always marks the complaint as excessive. Everybody who's mad feels this way. So all you really mean is that you're mad.

And expressing such views will inflame your opponent and, therefore, obscure the fight. The fight is not really about

"This is going to make our dinner date somewhat anticlimactic, isn't it?"

the fact that she always pulls this shit. The fight is about something else. Deal with something else.

At least the matter of characterization should show you the importance of the next rule:

Don't get mad.

You may think the entire reason for a fight is that you are mad. Think again. Do you imagine Tyson is mad when he is in the ring, bludgeoning somebody? Of course not. He may be energized, he may be pumped full of adrenaline, he may be focused, but he's not mad. When you get mad, you lose control. The fact that you are fighting is no reason to get mad.

Of course, there is a wonderful, hot surge of emotions when you finally have had enough of her nonsense and you snarl, "Oh, *yeah*?" And you pull out the big guns.

But think about it. Does getting mad put you in a better position as the fight continues? No.

So don't get mad.

Actually, everybody knows this rule, deep down. You'll notice that when an issue is really important to people, they control themselves. They let fly only when it doesn't really matter.

In that sense, anger is a sign of disrespect. It means you don't take the person, or the fight, seriously.

The other point to remember is that she will probably try to make you mad, because your position is immediately weakened. Especially if she's mad and you're not, she has a problem. She needs to get you pissed off.

She may characterize you—tell you what you always do and never do. How you never listen to her, how you are always such an asshole. Chances are, it will make you mad.

Find a way not to get mad.

Some men detach and study the statements she is making. Some men quietly think of something else and wait for her attack to end. Some men imagine that they are seeing the dispute on television. Some men study the wallpaper or the pores of her face.

Whatever your technique, just don't get mad.

Admit minor accusations.

Once the arrows start flying, you will be inclined to deny everything said about you, including all sorts of minor traits that you actually possess. You'll deny that you like sweets, or that you stay up late, or that you are fussy about your wardrobe. For example, she says:

"You're so particular about your clothes."

"I am not."

"Yes, you are, you think you're God's gift to the fashion business."

"I don't."

You could handle it another way. She says, "You're so particular about your clothes," and you say:

"Yes, I am. So what? I like to feel well-dressed. I want to make a good impression. I enjoy clothes. It's true."

This has a beneficial effect on the fight. You haven't allowed yourself to get sidetracked. (The fight is not about your clothes, presumably.)

Notice, too, that this can be a good maneuver when she is characterizing you, as in:

"You're really stupid, you have no self-control and you don't appreciate what I do for you."

"That's right, I don't. Right now, I don't appreciate anything about you, because we are in the middle of a fight. Now, can we get on with it?"

Don't threaten.

In the context of a fight, threats are evasions of the true issue. They don't progress the fight. If you track the flow of a domestic quarrel, threats usually signal time-outs in the action. One person makes a threat, then the other counters or complains about the threat ("How dare you?" or something similar) and the two people argue about the threat for a while before they finally return to the subject at hand.

Why bother? Threats are a waste of time.

Don't make threats. Don't respond to threats.

And, similarly:

Don't leave the fight.

This includes a variety of maneuvers, such as threatening to end the relationship. "Oh, yeah, then I'm leaving now!" Or, "Oh, yeah? Then it's over!" Or just stomping out of the room, or leaving the apartment and going to a hotel overnight.

These clichéed tactics distract from the real point of the fight. They state the obvious: Anybody can leave, at any time. And they fire the final shot, leaving you with nowhere to go—but out.

So don't abandon the fight by leaving the room or answering the phone or turning on the television. They're all cheap shots. No matter how much you try to disguise them in a cloud of your disgust with her, the fact is that they reflect badly on you.

There are, however, some related maneuvers that you *should* do. If you feel you want to leave her, tell her: "When we argue like this, I feel like I want to leave this relationship." Or, "Right now, I feel really hopeless, like there's no future for us." Stated honestly, these comments truly can be jolting. And it's appropriate: Your mate does need to know how you feel, she needs to hear what things really push your buttons and make you want to leave. She should hear that, without the threat that you will carry them out.

Similarly, it can be intelligent to leave the room if you are losing your temper. If you need to stomp around and burn the adrenaline, make it clear that you are coming back. And, if possible, say so. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Otherwise, don't leave the fight.

Pay attention to subtext.

The fighting woman is giving you a tremendous amount of information. Not just in what she is saying. Not just in body language. That's the obvious stuff. But there are many other things to pay attention to. The specific language she's using, the tone of voice, the expression on her face. And the flow of her argument. How she goes from A to B to C. Don't assume it is illogical. Instead, assume it has logic, however subterranean. Try to figure it out and try to predict where it is going. See if you can get there first. Does it all match up? And remember the important truth: *She may not know what she's angry about*. People often don't know and they use the fight to find out.

So pay attention.

But explicitly identify the subtext at your peril. "This is just about your mother" is characterization. Rather, say, "This doesn't seem important enough to argue over."

Restate positions.

It is common to feel that she doesn't hear what you are saying, yet she insists she does. You start repeating and she gets annoyed. "I heard you, for Chrissakes, and you're wrong."

And you say, "You didn't hear me."

"Yes, I did."

"I'm telling you, Jennifer, you're not hearing me."

This kind of argument can go on forever. But it is easily resolved.

Tell her, "If you know what I'm saying, then say it back to me." Ask her to state your position in her own words. Insist that she not belittle your position with vocabulary, tone of voice, posture or gestures. Insist that she state your position neutrally, if not sympathetically.

Correct her errors and demand another restatement from her.

You will find that this is an extremely useful technique. You'll be amazed at how you can unclinch a fight.

Also, you can use the technique in reverse, at any time. Volunteer to state her position. "Wait a minute; let me see if I have this right. You're saying that I promised you I would call and that when I didn't call, I was setting you up to make you feel bad. That I intended to make you feel bad. Is that right?"

Say her position as honestly as you can. No accusation, no spin. Chances are, if you play it back to her without spin, she will decide that it isn't very logical and will make some adjustments.

And even if she doesn't, the fact that you have stated her position correctly will have a mollifying effect on her.

Trust me. It will.

Stating her position honestly and fairly will have a mollifying effect on you, too.

•

Ask for outcomes.

"What would you like me to do about it now?"

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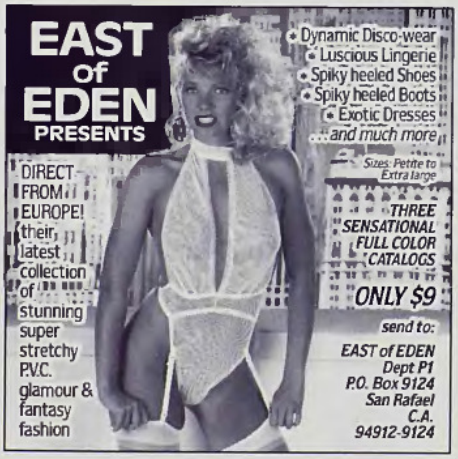

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"What would make it better for you now?"

"If it happens again, what would you like me to do?"

Asked honestly, such questions can be very useful. Sometimes you are arguing and all she wants is a hug. If you can get her to tell you that's what she wants—and if you can give her a hug—then you're done with the fight.

This is an especially good maneuver when you get lost because you're not paying attention. Instead of saying, "What is this stupid fight about?" ask her what she wants to happen.

"What's the evidence?"

This is a difficult ploy, but it has its uses in difficult situations. It is particularly useful with the woman who lives in primacy-of-feeling mode. Or the one who, in effect, says, "I feel this way; therefore, my feeling must be justified." People can get pretty confused about their feelings.

It's also good for vague complaints, such as, "You're not supportive of me," or, "You never care about my career." How can you respond effectively? It's impossible. You have to shift the ground to evidence. What is the objective evidence about your behavior that justifies her feelings? Get her to start talking about that. And then you can offer counterevidence of your own.

Fight clean.

If, in the course of the last fight, you went out and fucked her best friend, don't get mad and tell her about it now.

In the middle of a fight, people say things that they later regret. The other person never forgets. She may not bring it up, but she never forgets.

So: *Set your intention in a fight and know your limits.*

The purpose of a fight is to accomplish something without destroying the relationship. It's *easy* to destroy the relationship. Any idiot can do that.

Keep on track.

Throughout the fight, be mindful of what not to deal with. Particularly if your opponent is beginning to lose the fight, she will begin to throw up all sorts of irrelevancies.

Keep the fight on track.

And I'd remind you that it's a powerful position to subtly set yourself up as the one who decides whether or not the fight is on track.

Talk about yourself.

This is the real power fighter's secret.

The main reason to talk about yourself is that that's where the power is. No matter how hard you try, you can never resolve the fight by explaining what an asshole she is. All you will do is make her angrier and more stubborn—more of an asshole.

On the other hand, you can resolve the fight by explaining how you feel. Because that can lead to understanding.

So, use the most powerful technique of all:

Tell her how you feel at the moment.

Speak only from your point of view and without characterizing her:

"Honey, I'm feeling really angry as I listen to you, because I feel I am being blamed for things that keep happening in our relationship. We had a similar misunderstanding last week and I felt blamed, and now it's happening again and I am feeling really pushed around."

Or, "I am feeling really frustrated now because we started out talking about the phone call and somehow we have gotten to the laundry and your mother. Now I don't understand why you are angry or what this argument is really about."

This is the most powerful procedure you can employ in any fight, but it is extremely difficult.

Often, men find it more difficult than women, because it requires you to reveal something of your feelings in a moment of emotional stress. In my experience, this skill is best practiced in trivial situations first—such as when she shows up late for a movie—so that you can become comfortable doing it when the pressure is on and you really need it.

It's also difficult because you are feeling some emotion and you need to step back and see exactly how you feel and report it. That's a perspective on yourself that few people easily attain.

Furthermore, it is hard because it requires that you not characterize her. You can't describe her behavior at all. That takes a lot of practice.

Tell the truth.

If you tell the truth, you make it her problem.

"Yes, I do look at other women sometimes."

Now, what's she going to do about it?

It's her problem.

"I'm sorry, Jennifer. I did promise to call you. I just forgot."

It's her problem.

"I don't want to move. I like it here."

Her problem.

You're off the hook. You told the truth. You've come clean. And if you tell the deepest, most honest truth about how you feel, your opponent will sometimes fall back, gasping, and the fight will abruptly end.

•

I have two final recommendations, based on my own experience.

Fight hard.

Some men feel that they should pull their punches when fighting with a woman. What outmoded piggishness! How demeaning to her! If you have followed my rules and set up the fight to be nonphysical and nonviolent, then you have no advantage over her. You're on a flat field, you are on equal footing, it is the Nineties and you should fight hard.

Fight *hard.*

Keep to your position. Defend yourself. Hit her hard and repeatedly with your point of view. Show a little stamina.

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When you watch most men fight, you'll see there is a certain moment when they just give up. The fight has gone on too long and the woman does something—maybe a flight of fancy, a leap to another point—and the guy folds. He just sinks to his knees and collapses.

Why?

Because he got discouraged? Because he finally thought, I'll never get this bitch to understand?

Wake up, buddy! No quitting! If she changes the subject, say, "You're changing the subject and I want to talk about the real issue," and force her back to the point. Stay in the fight.

As for duration, a fight will last as long as it lasts. I've had fights that lasted all weekend. They started Friday night and weren't resolved until Sunday night. I've had fights that lasted all week. I've spent days arguing with the woman, until she finally saw my point.

Just as you can't evade a fight, you can't suddenly get tired. Tired? What a fucking wimp! Get back on your feet and keep fighting! And, finally:

Don't expect to win.

Have you ever heard someone say at the end of a political argument, "Gosh, you're right, I'm going to give up my lifelong affiliation in the Democratic Party and vote Republican from now on"?

Of course not.

There are many arguments that don't conclude with a clear capitulation. Instead, the positions just get stated and the entire matter is dropped.

That's the nature of fights.

Sometimes you'll see a change in her behavior in a few days.

Sometimes not.

Maybe you'll have to fight again.

"God rest ye, merry gentlemen."

SEX STARS

(continued from page 188)

remembered, "People keep asking me about the first time I met Bill . . . if I was immediately smitten. The truth is, what I actually recall thinking was, He's so fucking tall! How am I going to work with him?"

Twins **Sia** and **Shane Barbi,** who doubled up for *Playboy* in September, titillated readers by boasting that they could flip quarters with their stomach muscles (Shane can handle six coins, Sia but four). They also tattled on a former boyfriend who, despite their different sexual appetites, never caught on to the fact that he was dating two girls instead of one. Obviously, not a man with a roll of quarters in his pocket.

Arnold Schwarzenegger flexed his muscles but didn't have to move his mouth much to earn a multimillion-dollar jet airplane and huge grosses for *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*, annoying a lot of seasoned actors who groused that the big guys were being vastly overpaid for their talents. But **Lou Ferrigno,** who gave up bodybuilding for acting 15 years ago, took more direct action and started lifting weights again.

On the small screen, a pair of Playmates proved seeworthy. Although NBC axed *Baywatch*, new episodes being shot for syndication are selling well here and overseas, assuring Miss July 1989, **Erika Eleniak,** of continued duty as a TV lifeguard. And **Karen Witter,** Miss March 1982, landed a plum role on the daytime soaper *One Life to Live*.

Over at HBO, **Lynn Whitfield** went topless for *The Josephine Baker Story*, but lots of ladies came close to revealing too much at social gatherings. **Rod Stewart's** wife, model **Rachel Hunter,** was photographed wearing a very revealing dress to one big Hollywood party. But when **Naomi Campbell's** costume attracted the attention of **Eddie Murphy** at a benefit for **Nelson Mandela** and he signed her program "Heaven" with an arrow pointing to his phone number, she said she wasn't even wearing her sexiest outfit—the one that allows people to see "big parts of my backside." Naomi, who dated **Mike Tyson** before and after his marriage to **Robin Givens,** did not disclose whether she checked Heaven out.

After watching girls dance on *Donahue* with **2 Live Crew,** Givens reported, "Everything was bleeped out. And the girls are there, dancing with no clothes on. And I'm thinking, These women are bumping and grinding to lyrics that are degrading to them. And I just went, Whew, what a confusing time we live in."

As if to prove Robin's point, **Samantha Fox's** new album opens with a song called *(Hurt Me! Hurt Me!) But the Pants Stay On*. How, pray, could we then see the mermaid so prettily tattooed on Sam's tush?

Model **Cindy Crawford** has been com-

plaining that she's sent a lot of scripts based on how she looks, but none of them inspire her to act. Still, Cindy made sure she kept herself on view in Hollywood, showing up at one gala in competition with models **Christy Turlington** and **Jennifer Flavin,** the current flame of muscular **Sylvester Stallone.** (Somehow, the sly Sly managed to get Jennifer and his ex-wife **Sasha** to pose together with him, all smiling like the best of friends.)

Hunky **Patrick Swayze** got to flex *his* pecs as a surfer in *Point Break*, while MTV rocker **Gerardo** rarely wears shirts. That makes him look sexy, but he says he still can't get a girlfriend. "My mother's very protective," Gerardo explained. Equally frustrated is **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio,** who told Jesse Kornbluth of *Vanity Fair* that "Hollywood thinks of me as a hot tamale with a truck driver's mouth." She still ends up with relatively tame roles such as that of Maid Marian in *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*. Co-star **Kevin Costner** could have shown more skin in a bathing scene, but cagey Costner used a body double, a practice becoming more common in Hollywood. Ask **Shelley Michelle,** who stood in for Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*.

Over in England, where *Robin* hit bull's-eyes with both critics and fans, the royal family continued in its usual uproar, vexed by rumors of discontent between **Di** and **Prince Charles** (whom the tabloids keep linking with **Camilla Parker Bowles**); a love triangle involving her brother, **Viscount Althorp;** and a photo of **Prince Andrew** skinny-dipping.

Revelation in print was big this year. Producer **Julia** (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Taxi Driver*) **Phillips'** book *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again* trashes Hollywood and some of its prettiest people, and **La Toya Jackson's** autobiographical tome tattles about her family. **Richard Pryor's** third wife, **Jennifer Lee,** discusses in *Tarnished Angel* her affairs with **Clint Eastwood** and **Ryan O'Neal** and a threesome she enjoyed with Warren Beatty and **Roman Polanski.** (Polanski returns to the screen this year in the Moscow-filmed *Back in the U.S.S.R.*, starring luscious **Natalya Negoda,** who was featured in *Playboy*'s May 1989 pictorial *That Glasnost Girl*.)

Sonny Bono wrote in his book *And the Beat Goes On* that **Cher** wasn't all that sexy during their marriage: "No fireworks. It never really meshed with us. In the most intimate moments, Cher was reserved and protective. There was a part of her—and it still exists—that no one can get to."

Ah, those sweet memories. **Tai Collins** recalls in the October *Playboy* a passionate night in a New York hotel with Virginia's then-governor **Charles Robb** that started with her giving him a back rub. But the married Virginia pol, now a Senator, remembered it differently. Admitting, "I'm not immune to the laws of chemistry, or maybe physics," Robb nonetheless insisted that the massage went no further.

Even if the Senator's protests are true, the episode may have grounded his Presidential prospects. According to Washington wags, "If Chuck Robb was in a hotel room with Miss Virginia and he was wearing a robe and he didn't have sex with her, he's too stupid to be President."

But who can predict the outcome of politics—or war? Before the Gulf crisis began, **General H. Norman Schwarzkopf** was looking forward to a quiet retirement after 35 years of relative obscurity and **Arthur Kent** was just another NBC reporter. Now Schwarzkopf is gushed over by the *femmes*, from grandmas to the girls in the Miss Teen U.S.A. pageant, and Kent is the "Scud Stud" of the press pool.

To support the troops, *Playboy* Editor-in-Chief **Hugh M. Hefner** organized Operation Playmate with the help of wife **Kimberley** and her fellow centerfolds. Respecting Saudi sensibilities, the girls could enclose only pictures of themselves from the neck up. But contraband copies of the magazine got to the front, anyway. After all, as one sergeant said, "Wherever Marines go, so will *Playboy*."

And wherever *Playboy* goes, its Sex Stars are sure to follow.

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rose (continued from page 174)

"Performing the difficult tasks of baseball came easy for him. It was living that Rose found so difficult."

be sure. But wouldn't I write the real one?

And, of course, I said I would not. The ghostwritten book is not a genre I admire. Out of surely thousands, I really care for only two ghosted baseball books: *Pitching in a Pinch*, by Christy Mathewson (with John Wheeler) and *Veeck as in Wreck* (with Ed Linn).

Abruptly, an agent, my agent, was cooing, "Don't be so quick to walk away from a million dollars." A few days later, after half a dozen phone calls, the agent had an actual offer of the million, half to Rose and half to me, or not quite half. The agent would extract 15 percent of my half million, a commission of $75,000, for six phone calls.

I said I wasn't sure about the project. It seemed synthetic, even bizarre. A book was something to be taken seriously. Who the hell was ungrammatical Pete Rose to write a book with me?

Couldn't I just agree to compose something entertaining? the agent said. That's all that was being asked for the million bucks. Later, I'd have the money to retire and write poetry, if that was what I wanted to do. "Faulkner," said this agent, who claimed to know such things, "worked in Hollywood to finance serious writing. I'd say if Faulkner did that, you can do something similar."

My misstep, the first of several, was not to cut off the siren song forthwith. For a long time, I have financed my "serious" writing by selling my serious writing. I wrote my nine books as well as I could and four appeared on best-seller lists.

"Ah," said the agent, a former high school pitcher, "but aren't you curious about what makes the great Pete Rose tick?" And, to be sure, I was. How could *anyone* get more major-league hits than Cobb, Musial, DiMaggio, Ruth, Willie, Mickey or the Duke? Besides, now that I thought about it, a million bucks for a book had an appeal. Among a roomful of agents, lawyers and publishers, I signed the contract numbly. Then I walked out to a press conference to celebrate "America's first million-dollar sports book."

I said a few ordinary sentences about how I looked forward to studying what made the great Pete Rose tick, or anyway hit. Rose smiled warmly and said that he looked forward to working with me "on a book. That would be like working on a painting with Andy Warhol."

When the questioning began, a reporter shouted, "How are you guys splitting the advance?"

I was disappointed, which was naïve. This was not a press conference called to celebrate baseball writing. Mostly, it was about money.

•

Rose grew up in Anderson Ferry, on the west side of Cincinnati, among steep slopes rising from the Ohio River. His father, a bank clerk, was renowned as a Sunday semipro football player, still running with the ball on hard-scrabble fields at the age of 44. Harry Rose lived long enough to see his first-born son make the Cincinnati Reds, an accomplishment that made him cry with joy. But Harry barely survived the decade.

Pete was sitting in a barber's chair one day in December 1970 when the telephone rang. The barber answered it, turned solemn and said, "Pete. Your father died."

"My father?" Rose said. "You must mean my mother."

This story, a dreamboat for the psychological folk, came directly from Rose. Little else as revealing ever did. Rose had worked radio and television talk shows and press conferences for so long that he had developed patterned answers to questions and patterned thought processes as well. As I found him first, he was quick, rather than deep, a swift-running brook, always ababble.

Tell me about your father, Pete.

"Greatest guy I ever knew."

Was he affectionate?

"He wasn't a hugger, if that's what you mean. But I knew he cared for me. Nobody never had a better father than me. Hey, Jewish people hug a lot. Why are Jewish people hugging all the time?"

Hold it, Pete. Tom Lasorda, who hugs all the time, is no more Jewish than the Polish Pope.

Pete's answers were quick and diversionary. From what I had hoped would be a discussion about the nature of affection in his family, I was sidetracked and in an interesting way. Is hugging ethnic?

That set a pattern. I had no more luck on other occasions and when I said to Rose that a book, a real book, the kind of book we wanted to do—didn't we?—was going to have to reach for depths beyond television chatter, Rose said, "Yeah, I know. That's *your* job."

When we met, he was resolutely set in his ways. And why shouldn't he be? His career was like no other. Here is Rose on Rose before the fall.

"Look, I'm the guy with all the hits [4256], and when I was chasing Ty Cobb [who totaled 4191], I had to do a coupla press conferences every day and every writer will tell you I handled them great. I give 'em jokes. I was available. I helped 'em all. So what am I gonna tell you sitting here? That I got a little lucky? That's how come I hit in forty-four straight games [during the season of 1978] and went five for five, ten times—that's the National League record? I played in more games, more *winning* games, than any major-league player that ever lived and I made the all-star team sixteen times and at five different positions. It ain't luck."

Rose ran out bases on balls and a couple of laid-back Yankee professionals came up with the nickname, Charlie Hustle. It was a wonder of a quarter century to watch hustlin' Pete Rose leap into his headfirst slide. To me, a greater wonder, and a more subtle one, was how well he knew how to play ball.

He said over and over that baseball was a simple game and that all he did in the major leagues was live by rules his semipro father preached long ago in the big green house on Braddock Avenue. "On defense, you're always moving toward the ball. And on offense, after you swing, you're moving away from the ball. That's not complicated, am I right?"

But, of course, baseball is a complicated game and an example of Rose's genius as a gamesman remains with me. One night in Cincinnati, Barry Larkin led off against the Giants with a twisting grounder along the foul line. Hurrying, first baseman Joel Youngblood misplayed the ball. Buddy Bell lifted a high pop fly that Youngblood lost in the lights. Men on first and second.

Suddenly, Larkin faked a steal of third. That is, he ran off as the pitcher threw and then ducked back. It was stratagem of more exuberance than good sense. Buddy Bell, fooled by the fake, broke for second base just before Larkin retreated. Bell had to stop far off first. Second base was occupied. Bell stood still, shriveling in embarrassment as the Giants catcher ran from behind home plate all the way to the base path and tagged him out.

"If it was me," pronounced Rose, the great gamesman, "I wouldn't have stood still, like Buddy did. I woulda run back to first and the catcher would have had to throw to Youngblood. Joel messed up two plays. Now I want to make him handle the ball again. My dad woulda known that. You can bet me."

I'm not so sure.

•

The ball field, before those madding thousands, was a place of escape, eventually the only place of escape for Rose. Working between the lines, performing the exquisitely difficult tasks of major-league baseball, came to be relatively easy for him, and clear and pure. It was the rest of things—*living*—that Rose found so difficult.

He was not happy at schoolwork and resisted serious education. His father wanted him to be a ballplayer and he wanted to be a ballplayer and he

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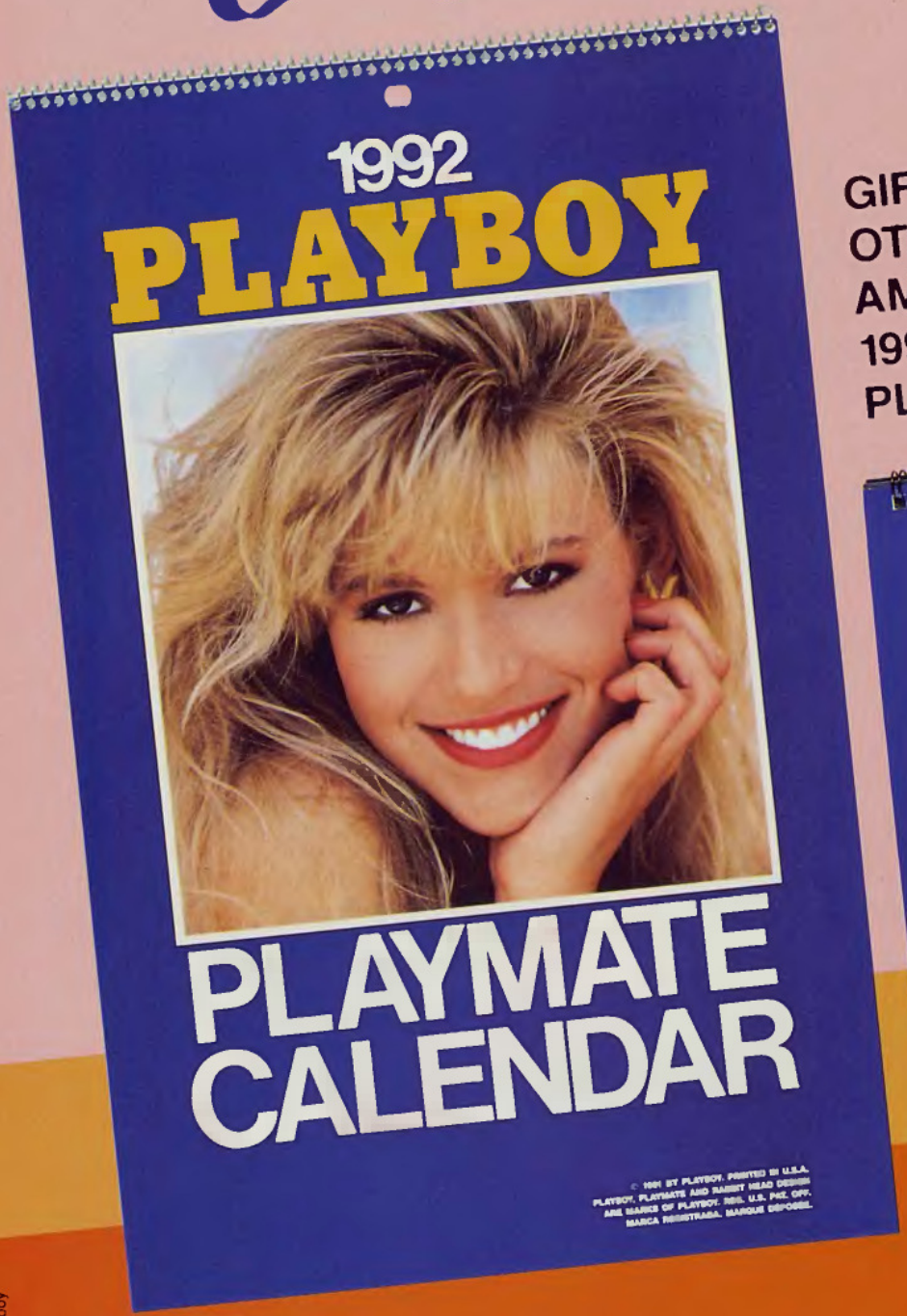

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completed only the schoolwork necessary to maintain eligibility. Although the father made a reasonable living at The Fifth Third Bank, Rose cast himself as a poor rough kid. He talked tough, he *was* tough, and he picked up the harsh vocabulary of the ball field. Needling, some racial, some sexual, presides in professional baseball. Rose developed a bristling exterior, a studied inelegance.

When he played with Art Shamsky at Macon, Georgia, the two became fast friends. Still, Rose's nickname for Shamsky was Jewman. "Hey, Jewman. You wanna go to a movie?"

This is offensive, of course, but is it indicative of bigotry or the mores of pro ball? One of Joe DiMaggio's closest friends on the Yankees, Joe Page, sometimes greeted the star, "Hiya, Dago."

When Rose was promoted to the Reds in 1963, some older players found him grating. He replaced a well-liked veteran and, according to Rose, the only established Cincinnati players who would associate with him were Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson. Indeed, Pinson let the rookie share his hotel room one night when Rose's roommate, embarked on a sexual adventure, bolted and chained the door. The cocky rookie could damn well sleep in the hall.

Bleating, Rose knocked on Pinson's door. The veteran took him in and in the morning suggested a room-service breakfast. Rose, 22, had not heard of room service. "It was somethin', that first time, havin' a great breakfast in the room. Vada taught me how to do it. I still remember my tab. Twelve seventy-five."

Both Robinson and Pinson are black. Rose says that someone in the Reds' front office soon told him to "stop hanging out with those colored guys. It's bad for your image." Commenting, Rose said, in a nice moment, "There's so much hate in the world as it is. How can anyone be so stupid as to hate a man because of the color of his skin?" That was Baseball Rose, the indefatigable, clear-eyed professional, beyond reproach.

But Rose's focus was often, in the manner of other superstars, wholly on himself. Away from the field, discipline, limits, even good sense vanished. He smuggled money into the country. He ran about with underworld characters. He was a neglectful father. Probably, he suffered from satyriasis.

George "Sparky" Anderson, who managed Rose at Cincinnati, once said that he never had to wonder where Rose was late at night. "Our Peter always finds a nice warm place to put his peter."

The private lives of heroes and heroines fuel an industry of gossip that ranges from supermarket tabloids to pretentious full-length books. Elvis. Sinatra. Marilyn. J.F.K. Lennon. Olivier. Jackie. The best of gossip stuff is naked in its prurience. The worst is moralistic.

•

A clubhouse attendant told Rose in 1978 that the hostess at a river-front disco called Sleep Out Louie's had "the best ass in Cincinnati." On April 11, 1984, the hostess, Carol Woliung, became the second Mrs. Rose.

Before Rose's second marriage, a quiet affair at the home of his principal attorney, Reuven J. Katz, the first Mrs. Rose, Karolyn Rose, hired a divorce lawyer who tried to squeeze him. She asked for half of Rose's total worth—$3,000,000 at the time. But she and her lawyer included Rose's pension rights in their calculations. The pension was still 20 years away. Thus, Karolyn Rose was asking for $1,500,000 in cash when Rose actually possessed no more than a third of that in capital. Rough stuff is the nature of contested divorce.

It rings as a sad irony that close to his 50th birthday, Rose was reconsidering some priorities. A well-written magazine article charged that he was distant from his daughter Fawn and that the son, Pete Rose, Jr., had to go through the lawyer, Reuven Katz, for a home number. ("Yeah," Rose said. "I'm unlisted and I gotta keep changing it.")

Rose told the press that he had given Fawn a Mercedes to celebrate her graduation from a college in Kentucky, and how was that for distant? He had done more than that. He chartered a plane and flew into Kentucky from St. Louis so that he could attend the graduation. He didn't tell this to the press because "they don't care about that kind of stuff." Softness, signs of caring embarrassed him.

He spent February 1989 living with young Pete in Florida, helping the boy with batting and perhaps with life. "This is the best our relationship has been," Petey said.

A suggestion arose screamingly loud, and generally ignored by sports reporters, that at long last, Pete Rose was growing up.

Then, before Rose could begin to savor maturity, his world caught fire.

•

Marketing taints professional baseball. Give nothing away except (up to now)

drinking water at the ball park. Sell everything for what the traffic tolerates. Load the soda cups with ice, boys; ice is cheaper than Coke. The most popular whipping boy here is the ballplayer who sells autographs at a baseball-card show. But jumping card shows (and ballplayers) is a cheap shot. A genuine imitation Brooklyn Dodgers baseball cap—a replicap, really—sells for $15, complete with a label, from Major League Baseball, Inc., certifying that the cap is authentic. A genuine *authentic* imitation.

Pete Rose seems always to have wanted to make the most money possible. But he was no Marner caring to add more gold to the cottage in Raveloe. Rose liked to make money, but he *loved* to spend it. While still a minor-league player in Macon, Rose put his life savings into a racy mint-green Corvette. (This left barely enough to pay his first speeding ticket.)

Rose was alien to contemplation. If he had ever heard the name Johannes Brahms, he kept it secret, at least from me. Living on the surface of things, he was drawn to glitter and vulgarity. Ted Williams said, "I want to be the best hitter in the world."

Rose said, "I wanna be the world's first hundred-thousand-dollar singles hitter." One came across as an *artiste*. The other, though clearly a champion, smelled faintly of gruyère.

Even before the debacle, before the baseball investigation and the grand-jury indictment, two expensive lawyers "handled" Rose. They pushed his baseball salary ever higher. Three people from a marketing company helped him become a spokesman for candy bars, hair tonic, chili, baseball bats, a bank. Slowly, Pete Rose, not a bad feller, melded into Peter Edward Rose Enterprises, a characteristically greedy small company. The blend produced a third entity: Pete the Peddler.

As the company sold endorsements, Pete the Peddler sold shirts and uniforms and bats and balls. On the night he broke Cobb's record, he changed his uniform shirt three times. That way, he would have three shirts to sell, each worn on the record-breaking night.

None of his advisors deplored such excess. Unlike Rose, they had read more books than they had written. They knew about the goose and the golden egg.

•

Katz dominated. He was a decent country-club athlete, a graduate of Harvard Law School and, he protested, a passionate Cincinnati ball fan. He and Rose played tennis, praised and ragged each other and, from time to time, got on each other's nerves. Katz was the senior partner of a prosperous Cincinnati law firm (Katz, Teller, Brant & Hild). When introduced as Rose's lawyer, he often added, "And surrogate father."

As I came to know Rose and the lawyer, Katz cast himself as pepper pot, irritant sage. "Should you be writing this book now?" he said. "Or in five years? Who knows where Pete will be?"

"Oh?"

"When this book is done, I want you to be famous as the author of the greatest baseball biography that ever was."

"Oh?"

Rose resisted my efforts to make him think or feel in ways he had not felt before. Whenever I probed, he cringed. He didn't know why I wasn't happy with the stuff he was feedin' newspaper fellers. I was supposed to be a good writer, wasn't that right? Wasn't that why we got big bucks? Well, if I really was a good writer, why couldn't I take the same stuff and write it better than all those newspaper guys? "That's your job."

Would he introduce me to his mother?

"Introduce yourself. She knows about you."

How about touring the old neighborhood together?

"You know where it is. You find it."

I insisted on a talk, out of his presence, with Carol Woliung, once "the greatest ass in Cincinnati," now the second Mrs. Rose. We met of an afternoon and soon Carol was saying that she knew Pete was unfaithful and that she knew I knew. Why had I not told her? This hurt her very much.

Carol spoke of loneliness and ambivalent sexual feelings toward Pete. Not knowing what to say, I had enough sense to say nothing, merely sigh. She kept pressing for a response, fixing her lovely large eyes on me so that I could see her pain.

After a while, I said, "If you're as unhappy as you say, you can walk."

"Pete would kill me."

"Walk to a marriage counselor, Carol. That's what I meant. Maybe that's what the two of you ought to do."

Carol began to cry and hugged her baby son. Tears ran out of the lovely eyes. Whimpering, she said to the little boy, "Tyler, Tyler. I don't know what I'd do without you."

I had to leave, I said, and Carol lent me the family's number-five car, a red Chevrolet Blazer. I drove to Riverfront Stadium, playing with the radar detector and hoping that I had not made a difficult marriage worse.

"What Carol tell ya?" Pete said, in the most challenging tone he ever threw into my face.

"We had a talk."

"What she tell ya?"

"Good talk. She lent me your Blazer. I gave the keys to the clubhouse boy."

Rose dialed his home. Glaring at me, he said to Carol, "Why the fuck did you lend *him* the car?"

•

Rose was hardly secretive. He went to lengths in 1987 to introduce me to a dark-haired Cuban refugee, a tall, attractive woman, successful in advertising, whom Pete dated when he could get

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away. He spoke also of how he enjoyed gambling. That same spring, he sent someone from his clubhouse office in Tampa to place bets on a college-basketball tournament. He explained what he was doing and why he liked the particular teams he did. Maybe I'd like to bet along with him.

Control, not secrecy, was at issue. Rose wanted to control my access, control what I knew about his life. That way, he felt, he could control the contents of the book without subjecting himself to reading all those pages. (To this day, I don't know if he suffers from a clinical reading disorder or is merely handicapped by his short attention span.)

But I intended to control the book myself. To me, this wasn't Pete Rose's fifth or 15th book, it was my tenth.

Katz wanted so ardently to control my book that he slipped in a clause, somewhere in the sheafs of contracts, providing himself with a right to review the manuscript. Rose wouldn't read it, Katz claimed, and it was his duty as attorney to protect his client.

Only after a counterproductive war of attrition did he let control revert to where it belonged in the first place: to the writer doing the work and to the publisher paying the freight.

•

My question was one of voice. Whose voice should tell the story? That becomes a literary issue and this was not a literary place.

The first publisher said that the Rose book was so important he would edit it himself. The man had a business degree. He had never edited a book; but now he would. That was how important my Rose book was to him and his company.

When I suggested that I was having a problem with voice, the publisher looked uncomfortable. "You see," I said, "Pete is intelligent, but in a gamesman's way. He is gin-rummy intelligent. His vocabulary is limited and his grammar is shaky and I'm trying to resolve. . . ." The publisher left me for a convention of booksellers, where he posed beaming in front of a large mock-up of the jacket for the book I had barely begun.

I continued to agonize about voice, trying various chords, until the publisher wearied of nuance and fired me. The next publisher, William Rosen at Macmillan, asked if I thought Rose's memory in baseball was comparable to Nabokov's in literature. I felt more relieved than I had any right to feel.

•

The voice, the dominant voice, would be mine. Rose could appear talking, a recollection here, a vignette there, an insight into a ball game or a ballplayer somewhere else—but with no more literacy than he truly possessed. I was casting the book as an extended dialog and I was happy about that. Rose and I were producing an honest collaboration. I was three chapters shy of the finale when major-league baseball hired a gumshoe to investigate my partner.

•

Angelo Bartlett Giamatti, the commissioner of baseball who presided over the Rose gambling investigation, is remembered for eloquence and for romantic passion. In 1977, in the *Yale Magazine and Journal*, Giamatti wrote of baseball:

> It breaks your heart. It is designed to break your heart. The game begins in the spring, when everything else begins again, and it blossoms in the summer, filling the afternoons and evenings, and then as soon as the chill rains come, it stops and leaves you to face the fall alone. You count on it, rely on it to buffer the passage of time, to keep the memory of sunshine and high skies alive, and then just when the days are all twilight, when you need it most, it stops.

He was fascinated not only by baseball but by power. "The notion that absolute power corrupts absolutely [is] a sentimental axiom of a time grown blurred," Giamatti wrote in 1984, while employed as president of Yale. "[Power] can no more corrupt than light or wind can corrupt. . . . Power itself can never spoil or be spoiled." That essay is less renowned than the earlier one, but it's just as relevant to Rose. There is a ring of absolutism in these Giamatti sentences. The thoughts might please a czar.

Giamatti moved from Yale with dreams of leading professional baseball into a golden age. What he admired, he adored. Elizabeth I, that queen of power, was a special favorite. Giamatti wrote of Elizabeth's "gorgeous, glittering self." He seemed to see baseball as a glittering panoply, the best and brightest, purest, truest institution in all America.

"With some of these guys," says wise old Dave Anderson, the Pulitzer Prize–winning sports columnist at *The New York Times*, "I want to remind them, Hey, it's a business, not a religion."

Giamatti focused on the spiritual and hired business helpers, including his successor, the lawyer and present commissioner, Fay Vincent, for bookkeeping and other earthly chores. "Above all," Giamatti wrote of his adored Elizabeth, "she learned that power lies in seeming."

What, then, would be the power of A. Bartlett Giamatti, essayist, polymath, commissioner of baseball? It would be absolute. As absolute as he could make his power seem to be.

The Rose mess leaked into the commissioner's office, under a side door, sewage from a ruptured pipe. The Rose mess smelled to heaven and threatened Giamatti's golden age. Suddenly, two extraordinary formidables were arrayed against each other. Neither can be said to have survived.

As Rose became the most durable major-league batter of all time, he moved away from normal social patterns. Driven by the hawkers around him and by needs rooted somewhere in a battering childhood, he pressed his income higher, ever higher. Indeed, he earned enough to please a banker.

His success on the playing field matched the grandest dreams of boyhood, that boyhood with the bank-clerk father demanding, ever demanding. Run faster. Throw harder. Swing quicker. A father who drafted little Pete to be his water boy but never hugged him. Grown up, Pete Rose always had so much to prove to his father in the coffin.

Following his divorce in 1980, Rose moved away from old friends. The cut and thrust of challenging conversation came to annoy him.

"Whatever happened, Pete, between you and Karolyn?"

"Hunnert percent my fault."

"Are you friendly now?"

"I talk to her. She hassles me. I don't want to be hassled, so I don't talk to her."

Nor did he like talking to anyone who hassled him. Soon his hours away from the ball field were peopled by characters like Katz—employees or advisors—and sycophants. An unappealing demimonde coalesced. A headwaiter from the dining room at a Florida dog track, a gambling man. A serious bettor who ran a pizza house, where Rose memorabilia was for sale. A vacuous weight lifter who trafficked in steroids and cocaine. It is easy to postulate, as did one psychologist in *The Sporting News*, that Rose had a neurotic need to risk. Beyond that, he seemed to love flirting with the edges of the underworld. (So did Bill Veeck and John F. Kennedy.)

In February 1989, Rose was called from the Reds' new training camp in Plant City, Florida, to meet with Peter Ueberroth, the departing commissioner, and Giamatti, already named as successor. This was an administrative hearing, not a trial, the sort that any boss might call to check out a questionable employee. Rose took along a lawyer, a decision not lost on Giamatti.

Ueberroth ran the hearing. He asked questions about gambling and Rose said, finally, "I lost two thousand dollars on the last Super Bowl. I figured it wrong."

Ueberroth said he didn't care about that. Had Rose bet on major-league baseball?

"No, sir. I got too much respect for the game."

The hearing adjourned. Ueberroth told a reporter from *The New York Times*, "There's nothing ominous. There won't be any follow-through." A few weeks later, *Gentleman's Quarterly* published an article portraying Rose as a parent who essentially neglected his children.

Amid this gamy climate, Giamatti learned late in March that *Sports Illustrated*

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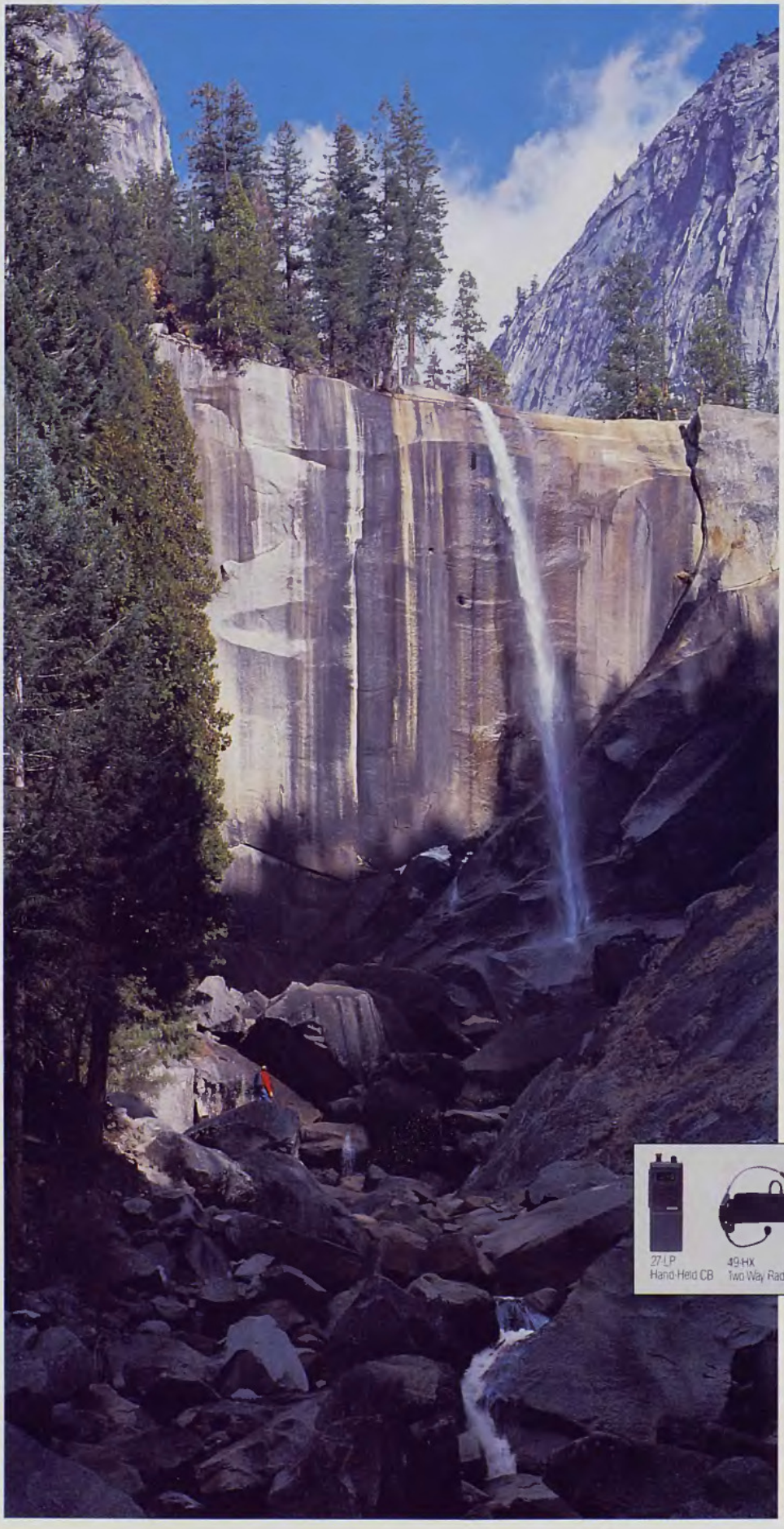

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was investigating serious charges. Ronald Peters, a bookmaker out of Franklin, Ohio, who was facing a jail sentence for dealing cocaine, offered to sell the magazine a story in which he would charge that Rose had bet on ball games and that he had booked the bets. The story was offered through Peters' lawyer.

The magazine declined to buy the story, but its editors didn't discount the information. Two young reporters, Craig Neff and Jill Lieber, were asked to investigate further. They spoke with people who they thought would help them: players Rose had traded, the former Mrs. Rose. Rose damned these "vultures" of the press. Word got around.

Ueberroth was history; Giamatti had taken over. His office moved quickly—before *Sports Illustrated* could break its first damaging Rose story—to demonstrate that the new commissioner was in absolute control of his new-won empire.

He hired tall, beefy-faced John Dowd to run baseball's own sweeping examination of Rose. Dowd, a "power lawyer" out of Washington, D.C., had built a reputation in Government service as a prosecutor of thugs and racketeers. This was no sweetheart session; this was real.

"The careful cultivator of power," Giamatti had written, ostensibly about Elizabeth, "always stores more than enough, keeps much in reserve, never wastes, uses the power of others so as to conserve one's own." Giamatti used Dowd (and paid him lavishly. Some say Dowd's final fee was $500,000).

Now all the forces rode toward combat. Rose and his votaries. Dowd and his investigators. Against Giamatti, that first-class medieval mind, what chance did modern functionaries have?

Rose cooperated with Dowd. He turned over years of telephone and banking records. His lawyers argued that this cooperation demonstrated innocence, but that is not persuasive. Under the by-laws of Major League Baseball, Inc., a manager must cooperate with any investigation ordered by the commissioner or face expulsion.

Dowd brought in 16 assistants and kept interrogating, until he had filled seven large black-bound volumes. Although his assignment was to investigate Rose's gambling, he gathered crumbs about his philandering as well. He worked in the style well practiced by Federal prosecutors. Cajole. Threaten. Deal. He interrogated people without Rose's being present and without allowing his attorneys to be present, either. (The commissioner scheduled a hearing at which Rose would have been entitled to present evidence and witnesses to cross-examine any witnesses against him, although there was no assurance any such witnesses would appear, since the commissioner and Rose lacked subpoena power.) Obviously, this denied Rose the right to confront accusers and the chance to subject them to cross-examination.

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Page 44: **Shirts** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace boutiques, N.Y.C., Chevy Chase, MD, Bal Harbour, FL, Chicago, Houston, Beverly Hills. **Leather jackets** by *Jeff Hamilton*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Sweater** by *Berek*, at Dreamweaver, 171 Maiden Lane, San Francisco, 415-981-2040 or 800-383-2041; Pier 39, Space J-13, San Francisco. **Ties** by *Hermes*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, N.Y.C. **Jogging suit** by *Donna Karan Menswear*, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Houston, 713-622-3636. **Slippers** by *Loro Piana*, at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330; Cashmere Cashmere, N.Y.C., Short Hills, NJ, Chicago. **Jeans** and **jean jackets** by *Moschino Jeans*, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Riccardi, 128 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-3158; store locations, Simint USA, 212-315-0490. **Shirt** by *Philippe Ambert*, store locations, JetLag, USA, 212-768-1234. **Boutiques:** Sanbusco Outfitters, 505-988-1664; Robert R. Bailey Clothiers, 505-983-8803; Harrys, 505-988-1959; Simply Santa Fe, 505-988-3100; Things Finer, 505-983-5552; Ten Thousand Waves, 505-988-1047. "Viewpoint": **Boots** by *Giorgio Brutini*, at Giorgio Brutini stores, N.Y.C., 212-262-0288; Baltimore, 301-752-4211; Cleveland, 216-382-7440; Atlanta, 404-577-2898. **T-shirts** by *Champion*, at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, 800-837-4567; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, 800-533-9799; Footlocker nationwide, 212-995-0381. **Shirt** by *Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren shops nationwide. **Sweat suit** by *Sergio Tacchini*, at Braun's Sportsworld, Los Angeles; Tennis Village, Pittsburgh; Paragon, N.Y.C. **Cross-training shoes** by *Reebok*, at Footlocker nationwide; Athlete's Foot nationwide. **Cowboy-cut jeans** by *Wrangler*, at selected stores and Western shops nationwide.

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Page 121: **Trousers, shirt** and **tie** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Macy's Lifestyle, San Francisco, 415-397-3333.

Page 122: **Sports coat, vest, sport shirt, trousers** and **ascot** by *Joseph Abboud*, by special order only, Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., 212-753-4000.

Page 123: **Jacket, trousers** and **shirt** by *Comme des Garçons*, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C., 212-705-3030.

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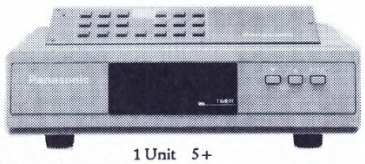

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Dowd (and, more important, Giamatti) did not regard either right as significant. This was not, per se, a criminal proceeding. He was merely preparing an "administrative" report.

Dowd wheeled and dealed with felons, as criminal prosecutors say they have to do. Ronald Peters faced sentencing and prison. Talk to me, Dowd told Peters, and we'll talk to the judge. He can make the sentence lighter. At Dowd's urging, Giamatti wrote to a judge in praise of Peters.

(Elizabeth might have been less hasty.) Thus motivated by the commissioner of baseball, Peters warbled.

Yes, Rose bet baseball, Peters said. Proof? Well, he'd taped Rose making baseball bets. The, uh, tape was in a shoe box that, uh, his ex-wife had.

Dowd asked another felon, who had been Rose's intimate, to state his case while looped into a polygraph machine. Thus wired, Paul Janszen also said that Rose bet baseball.

Dowd did obtain "gambling slips," records supposedly kept by Rose. They indicated baseball betting. But the experts Dowd hired and those engaged by Rose disagree about the authenticity of these papers.

Finally, telephone logs exist, much telephoning from Rose's office or hotel suites—when the team traveled—just before ball games began. Calls to make bets, Dowd insisted.

The phone calls, Rose's lawyers postulate, were made by Janszen, as part of a scheme to blackmail a fortune away from the star.

A quick professional reaction to Dowd's work was provided by Samuel Dash, formerly chief counsel to the Senate committee that investigated Watergate. "If John Dowd turned in a report like that to me," Dash said, "I'd fire him." Giamatti and his successor, Fay Vincent, elected not to hear Dash.

Pete Rose may have bet on baseball. His lawyers are slick and his denial skill is most ornate. But it is impossible to prove a negative, that Rose did not bet on baseball. Dowd's case against him would not persuade me to convict, were I the jury.

•

With the Dowd report in hand, Giamatti scheduled a hearing. Here, Rose and his attorneys could at last present their defense.

Would Rose's accusers be present? Katz asked. He wanted to prepare cross-examination.

Giamatti said no. He lacked the power to subpoena them. However, Big John Dowd would be there. Dowd would answer relevant questions.

Katz asked for a hearing with someone else, not Giamatti, presiding.

Giamatti said that would not be practicable. He had a responsibility to preserve and protect the authority of the commissioner of baseball.

Katz challenged Giamatti's authority and impartiality in an Ohio court and obtained a stay. Lawyers for Major League Baseball, Inc., argued that the matter belonged in Federal court. Whenever the Cincinnati Reds played ball at home, they pleaded, manager Rose in Ohio and commissioner Giamatti in New York were transacting interstate business.

A Federal judge in Columbus agreed to hear the case, and the battle was done. No Federal judge has been willing to limit the power of a commissioner in the 70 years since organized baseball assumed the outline of its present structure. Giamatti had won.

In New York a few days later, he read an announcement for network television. Rose was banned for life. He could apply for reinstatement in one year. Giamatti looked wan. He had been smoking too much. A reporter asked if he personally thought Rose had bet on baseball games. Giamatti said, yes, in his personal opinion, Rose had bet on ball games.

One of Rose's lawyers said Giamatti's statement violated the spirit of the agreement—which made no finding on baseball betting—and broke a tradition of English common law. A king, a royal presence such as a baseball commissioner, may not have any personal opinions. A king may only reign.

A week later, Giamatti died on the magic island of Martha's Vineyard and his innermost secrets were silenced.

•

The publisher insisted on a book in the stalls before Thanksgiving. But Katz and Rose appeared to have lost interest. The press pounded Rose and ridiculed his case.

Against this backdrop, I argued that it was more important than it had ever been for Rose to be forthright. A span of five months had passed from the onset of *Sports Illustrated*'s investigation in March to Giamatti's banishing him. During that time, Rose continued to manage the Reds, which left him exposed to daily scrutiny. He and his people held discussions on media strategy. They decided that Rose would be as available as he had been in his triumphant days, but he would answer only "baseball questions." Gambling, the furor that attracted the reporters, was off limits. Talking gambling could only lead Rose toward the sewers, where he had already spent too much time.

The press flocked about him. Day after day, reporters asked, Did he bet baseball? Again and again, Rose's answer was the same. "No comment."

The effect was devastating. Had Pete Rose broken the primal ordinance of Major League Baseball, Inc.? Had Pete Rose bet on major-league ball games?

"No comment."

Another client of the Katz law firm, Johnny Bench, spoke for millions when he burst out, "If Pete hasn't bet on baseball, why the hell doesn't he come right out and say it?"

William Rosen, the publisher of Macmillan books, asked if I thought Rose had bet on baseball. I wanted to believe he had not. Did I have enough to write a chapter toward that point? I did not. Rose was being evasive, I reported. Katz, once the soul of cooperation, clearly was ducking me.

Rosen flared. Unless Rose and Katz made themselves available to me, as they had agreed to do before the trouble, Macmillan would cancel their contract and sue for the return of the money, plus damages. It was only after I recounted Rosen's threat to Katz that the lawyer made available his defense team. Rose then held still for a three-hour session, during which a young editor named Rick Wolff and I threw every question at him we could imagine. Rose's answers:

Let me give you more stuff that is just plain wrong.

There are stories that I sold one of my World Series rings to pay off gambling debts.

There is a story that I gave a World Series ring to a bookie to settle a gambling debt.

There is a story that I had to get a second mortgage on my house here to pay gambling debts.

Every one of those stories is simply wrong. I helped a guy who I liked, Joe Cambra, to have a *copy* made of one of my series rings. Cambra is a gambler. I gave him permission to order a ring which he paid for himself: three thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. Isn't that a little different than paying off a bookie with a ring?

A writer in spring training said, "We understand you've taken out a second mortgage on your house to pay gambling debts."

I called Reuven Katz and I said, "Do I have a second mortgage on my house?" Reuven said I did. When I won't be seeing him for a long period of time, Reuven has me sign a lot of stuff. Reuven said, "Remember those papers you signed last time? I told you one of them was for a second mortgage."

I didn't remember. "Where's the money?" I said.

Reuven Katz said, "The money is in escrow—it's a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Pete. I wanted it there in case all of a sudden you wanted to pay cash for some fancy new car. Right now, we're thinking about taking the money out and giving it back, because you're not going to buy any car."

We explained this as clearly as we could. And what happens? There are more stories that I took out a second mortgage to pay a bookie.

I've made my mistakes and I've accepted a pretty good hit for them. I've lost a job I loved that paid me half a million dollars a year.

Ballplayers are all the time making mistakes, and heavy ones with things like drugs.

To be honest with you, I don't think all in all that I've damaged baseball.

That's my own personal opinion.

What has damaged baseball, I believe, is the media's one-sided coverage.

The media say I should have been more careful. I say the media should be more careful.

Apart from baseball, a grand jury was looking into the charge that Rose had evaded his Federal income tax for several years. Rose said he was told by his team of attorneys not to discuss the grand jury and directed me to the criminal lawyer, Roger Makley of Dayton, who seemed to be running this aspect of the defense.

"Nobody is ever absolutely certain of anything with the IRS," Makley said in his office in Dayton. "They are trying to see if Pete concealed huge gambling winnings. The truth is, Pete lost his ass gambling. They are putting the screws to Pete. They are trying to get out of him anything he knows about gambling in Cincinnati. A fishing expedition with news leaks."

When Katz noticed this passage while reviewing the manuscript with Wolff, Rosen and myself, he begged me to excise it. Would I please not publish anything that might trigger a criminal indictment of Pete Rose?

I said that maybe we shouldn't be publishing the book right now, with the grand jury still out. Rosen said that question had been settled. Macmillan *was* publishing the book right now. Katz said to me, very quietly, "You're worried about a book. I'm worried about somebody's survival."

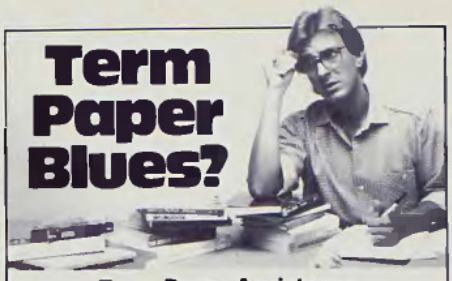
Was this simply a lawyer writing melodrama? (Katz played in student Shakespeare years ago.) Or, if I followed him correctly, was Katz making a soft-voiced plea for the life of the man he called his surrogate son? I responded emotionally and directed that the passage on Internal Revenue be deleted.

Wolff shook his head in frustration.

Six months later, Rose pleaded guilty to tax evasion without my help.

•

I called the work *Head First*. That was how Rose slid into base, and that was also the way Rose lived. Macmillan changed the title. Instead of *Head First*, a book written by me with oral supplements



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from Rose, we now had something called *My Story*, by Pete Rose and Roger Kahn. Neither was that a representation of the book nor was it grammatical. (How can two people write a singular autobiographical tale?)

Someone—I never found out who—provided misleading jacket copy. "That day has finally come. To demolish the case against him." More poor grammar. Nor could the baseball case against Rose be demolished. It consisted of three charges: bad associations, incessant gambling, betting on baseball. Rose pleaded guilty to the first two counts.

I made no pretense at demolishing anything. I merely interposed reasonable doubt on charge number three.

Rosen defended the title, the misleading by-line and the jacket copy as—in his phrase—"normal publishing hype." He had orders for 230,000 books, he said.

I proposed a press conference to help the book and more or less reopen the case of major-league baseball *vs.* Pete Rose. Let one tough lawyer summarize the case for the defense. Bring in the esteemed Samuel Dash to pick apart John Dowd. Present the expert witnesses who believed the betting sheets were forgeries. Let Rose deny, as he still was, that he had bet on baseball. Let him express remorse for his heedless ways.

Rose's people ignored the suggestion. Instead, Katz, a newly hired publicity woman and Rose submitted to Macmillan a list of sportswriters with whom Rose would speak. The man was banned from baseball, but he and his advisors still wanted to call the shots.

Rose quickly became an object of nationwide ridicule. A cartoon in *The Sporting News* depicted him trying to sell an autographed ball from a yard in Federal prison. The ball was iron and fastened to his leg.

In another context, the critic Richard Schickel wrote of a fictional character: "He finally recognized that awful congruity between what he has been and what the modern world has become." Without great effort, you can list negative attributes Rose shared with the era of his glory: greed, acquisitiveness, superficiality, flippancy. Was ever a ballplayer more a man of his time?

The boiling Rose mess scalded everyone it touched. But there are no villains stirring the pot. Some charge that the press protected Rose for years, then overreacted the other way. When it turned on Rose, excess and distortion did carry many days. But that is the nature of the press, living with deadlines. It is history, not daily or weekly journalism, that gives us balance.

The editors of *Sports Illustrated*, who decided to investigate a felon's tip, really had no choice. With a story that Rose bet on baseball up for sale, *somebody* was going to do something with it. Although errors appeared in the magazine's coverage, in sum, the people at *Sports Illustrated* acted responsibly.

Katz's role is more complicated. In the view of another attorney connected with the case, he let himself get too close to Rose. I don't subscribe to one reporter's view that Katz cynically put up with Rose because the publicity attracted business for the law firm. They genuinely cared for each other, Reuven and Pete.

The case—the two cases, really—turned out in combination to be beyond the depth of both lawyer and client. The two were, of course, Baseball *vs.* Rose and Internal Revenue *vs.* Rose. Rose and Katz lost both.

Was Katz protecting himself, his own role in a lawyer–client situation, as well as protecting Rose? Of course Katz was protecting himself. But that isn't villainy.

The publishers, Rosen and Wolff, wanted most to sell books. Neither is a literary fellow. They decided that a highly hyped presentation would work, poetry be damned. Had Rose promoted the book—had he not been cowed by the tax grand jury—Macmillan might have made $5,000,000 on the project. Rosen and Wolff would have gotten raises.

As for myself, I felt drawn, if not quite quartered. Katz and Rose were ducking. The publisher demanded the book. Just as Giamatti stayed deaf to Samuel Dash, the publisher stayed deaf to my insistence that the time was wrong, the grand jury was still out. Vital sections were deleted without my consent. Inserts appeared, ill-written and poorly punctuated. When I refused to give the name of the daughter Rose apparently fathered out of wedlock, Rosen complained with a note on the proofs that read, in its entirety, "What kind of shit is this?" That may say more about contemporary book publishing than about the Rose affair.

As for Rose, as I knew him, he was hyperactive, self-absorbed, brilliantly disciplined on the field, wildly undisciplined beyond. During the last summer that we were close, 1989, his harsh edges were beginning to soften. He is not a violent man, in no way hateful, and I suppose he will spend the rest of his days wondering what went wrong. No more a dashing warrior, he has become the poor old rouged tumbler, sad, even pathetic, at Vanity Fair.

"I never thought I'd be saying this about the little bastards, but I miss the elves."

 (continued from page 88)

"There's a grumpy quality about all these jeremiads. But I have a responsibility to speak out."

Americans will pay?

SAGAN: When Detroit auto makers were arguing against compact cars, they said it was impossible, that it would bankrupt them; they'd have to have all sorts of new assembly lines and no one would buy compact cars. The Japanese, despite all that, made comparatively inexpensive, excellent compact cars, and suddenly Detroit was able to find the resources.

I think the problem is that a large initial investment is needed to make any major change. The auto industry is already in such trouble that it doesn't have the resources to make the initial investment. So it finds arguments about why not to change. Putting in an air bag is considered a huge step forward; the auto industry touts it in its advertising as if it were done for humanitarian, philanthropic reasons. Whereas making major changes of the sort necessary to deal responsibly with global warming and energy independence—well, you don't see much of that.

PLAYBOY: So what would you have them do in Detroit?

SAGAN: There are already fifty-mile-a-gallon cars in Japan. That's the *first* thing Detroit should do. They claim it won't be as safe. So *make* it safe. They'll be forced to go in that direction, anyway. Detroit will be huffing and puffing after the Japanese or the Koreans or whoever it is.

PLAYBOY: It seems that everybody can read the writing on the wall. Why, then, don't the oil companies invest in liquid hydrogen or other new technologies—if for nothing else, to maintain their monopolies on fuel?

SAGAN: When the first autos came along, wouldn't it have made sense for the blacksmiths to see the writing on the wall and throw away their hammers, anvils and horseshoes and go into selling used cars? But they didn't, because they knew about the blacksmith profession, they saw virtues in horses that they didn't see in autos and they wouldn't have to learn a whole new technology.

PLAYBOY: Still, it's hard to believe that the people responsible for the billion-dollar industries aren't looking ahead.

SAGAN: Look at the board-room-turnover rate in this country. How long do corporate executives stay with their particular companies? Is it long enough for a long-term investment to pay off for them personally? No. They're gone in three to five years, while the long-term investment reaps rewards in ten or even twenty years. It's not to their advantage in terms of salary, bonuses, stock options—their personal motives—to do it. Executives in Japan often stay with their corporations for life and can make long-term plans. Could that be a reason Japan's industries are so much healthier than ours? I think it is.

PLAYBOY: So perhaps the next innovations—the first liquid-hydrogen cars, say—will come not from the big corporations but from young entrepreneurs.

SAGAN: Young Japanese or Korean or Singaporean or Hungarian entrepreneurs, because there's just not much sign that it's happening in America. And it's not going to get better any time soon. Beyond the lack of motivation of the big companies, the declining level of technical competence in America is another reason we probably won't come up with the inventions.

PLAYBOY: Is better education the solution to that?

SAGAN: Yes, but look at the time scale again: Make the investment in education now and we don't see the benefit for twenty years at the earliest. Does any company care about what happens twenty years from now? Is it willing to forgo profits and dividends now so that there will be more profits and dividends twenty years from now? Is corporate America designed for this kind of thing? Are American politicians concerned about twenty years down the road?

PLAYBOY: What's the likely scenario?

SAGAN: It's a Darwinian scenario: The countries that can figure out what to do will prosper, and those that can't won't.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't this sort of get to you sometimes—the greenhouse effect, ozone depletion, acid rain, not to mention nuclear winter? Don't you ever get tired of being the doomsayer?

SAGAN: Well, I personally find it so much more fun to be pursuing science and understanding how the world works and exploring the mysteries of other planets than constantly calling attention to dangers. There's a grumpy quality about all these jeremiads; I don't in the least bit enjoy it. But if I'm aware of a danger that requires public attention, I have a responsibility to speak out.

PLAYBOY: There's such a thing as overload, though. Don't people sometimes just turn you off because the problems seem too big and too dangerous?

SAGAN: Well, suppose it's decades in the future and we're actually in the grips of some monstrous environmental disaster, and then I have to look back on my conduct. Which is better—to say I warned of this but people paid no attention because they couldn't bear to grapple with all the unpleasant things going on, or that I kept quiet for fear of bothering people? In which case would I feel that I had fulfilled my obligation to my children, my grandchildren? The answer is clear.

PLAYBOY: But instead of facing the problems, some people just want to close their eyes to them.

SAGAN: Psychologists have a word for that. Denial. [*Looks up, smiles*] And as the Dire Straits song goes, "Denial ain't just a river in Egypt. . . ."

[*Sagan gets up to leave; he's expected at Cornell's Space Science building.*]

PLAYBOY: Oh, wait—one more thing: Why *is* the sky blue?

SAGAN: [*Laughs*] I asked for it. OK. [*Sits back down, takes a deep breath*] Light comes in waves from the sun and those waves have different lengths. The shorter wave lengths show up to the naked eye as violet, then, going to longer wave lengths, blue, and on through green, yellow, orange and red. That's called the spectrum. The molecules that make up the air are very small, and as it turns out, the shorter light waves are bounced back by these molecules better than the longer ones. When the sun is coming straight at you, a lot of the blue light is bounced away and scatters off into the rest of the sky, which then looks blue. When the sun sets, the light has a longer path to travel than when it was directly overhead; the blue light is scattered out of the beam, so the sun appears red. The blue sky and the red sunset are sort of the plus and the minus of the same phenomenon.

PLAYBOY: And why is the sun yellow?

SAGAN: That's also connected to the spectrum. The wave lengths of light that hot things give off tend to move from the longer red to the shorter blue as the emitting source gets hotter. Take a poker and put it into the fire. When it starts to glow, it's red—red-hot, as we call it. If we continue to heat it, it emits light farther and farther into the blue, and it begins to get white—white-hot. Similarly, a cool star will look mainly red; a very hot star will have a bluish tinge to it. And a star whose surface temperature is intermediate—like our sun—will look yellow.

PLAYBOY: Finally, what is a dream?

SAGAN: We still don't know—which is amazing when you consider how pervasive dreaming is in the lives of every human being. Maybe dreams are just the processing of the day's data; maybe they're the expression of deeply powerful emotions that we, as Freud suggested, don't have the courage to face in our waking lives—so we have to disguise them; and maybe they have no meaning whatsoever, and they're merely the brain's computer programs straightening everything out at nighttime. We simply do not know the answer.

But if a kid asked me that question, I would say this: Maybe, when you grow up, *you*'ll find the answer.

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PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

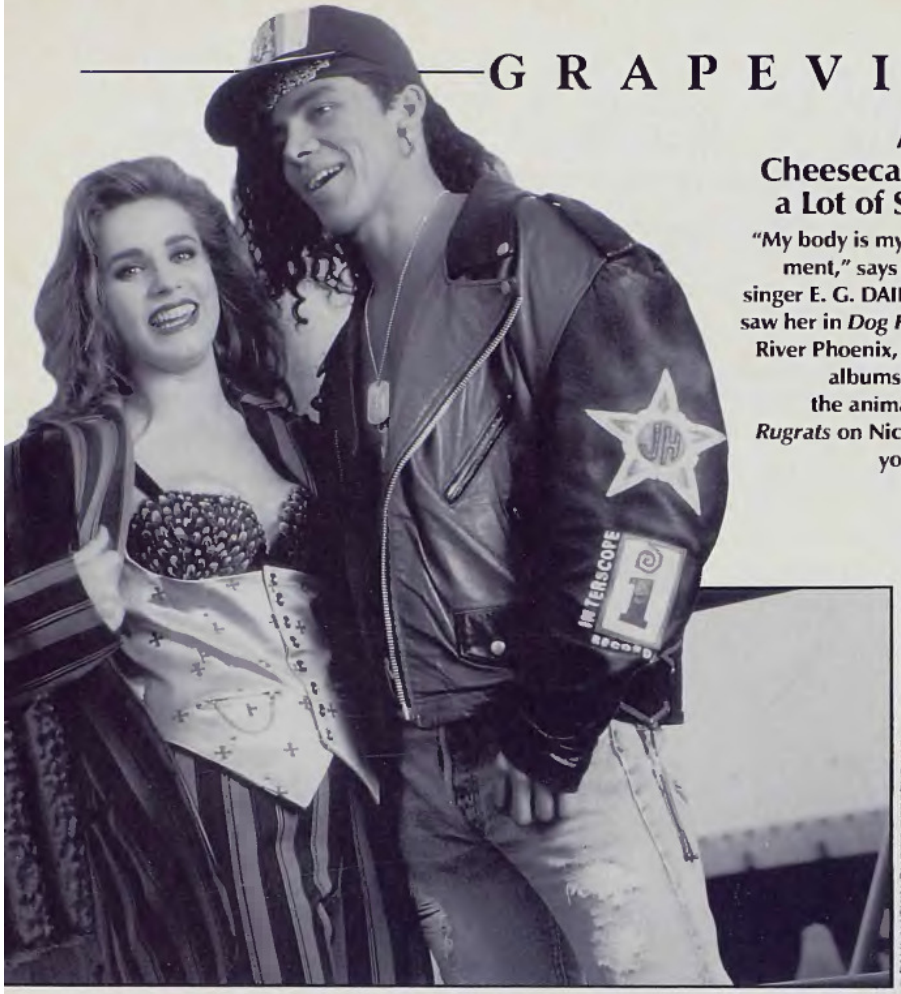
THE SHADES OF WINTER

Old triple Olympic gold-medal winners never die, they just get into the sunglasses business. At least that's what happened to Jean-Claude Killy, who has created a line of eyewear "that stands up to the most extreme weather conditions and the most demanding athletics—from turbulent wind to free-fall jumping." Killy's lenses, like all of the ones featured below, provide 100 percent protection from harmful UV rays. A shock-absorbing nose piece, a rotating tip that prevents the glasses from falling or slipping, dual-action spring temples and a protective brow bar also help keep the glasses on your face when you're schussing the mountain. And all the styles pictured here look just as cool back in the lodge when you're tipping a brew.

STEVE CONWAY

From top to bottom: Sun Intense glasses designed for rigorous sports activities, by Killy Technical Eyewear, $395. Ultracomfortable Carrera Skyline sunglasses that are available with a variety of lenses, from Porsche Design, Beverly Hills, about $275. Killer Loop sunglasses in a tortoise frame, by Bausch & Lomb, about $60. The Action Sports Collection's Micro Edge II with interchangeable lenses in five colors, by Bollé, about $85.

Where & How to Buy on page 235.



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A Little Cheesecake and a Lot of Snake

"My body is my instrument," says actress-singer E. G. DAILY. If you saw her in *Dog Fight* with River Phoenix, heard her albums or caught the animated show *Rugrats* on Nickelodeon, you'll agree.

DARREN MICHAELS

Hold the *Salsa*

Here's how you goof off when your records are igniting the airwaves. GERARDO, the king of hip-hop *salsa*, even strutted his stuff on *The Tonight Show*. If you haven't heard the LP *Mo' Ritmo* (Spanglish for "more rhythm"), listen up. While you're dancing around the living room, put on *Hold You Tight* from TARA KEMP's self-titled debut album. The music is hot enough to make you bare your *bustier*!

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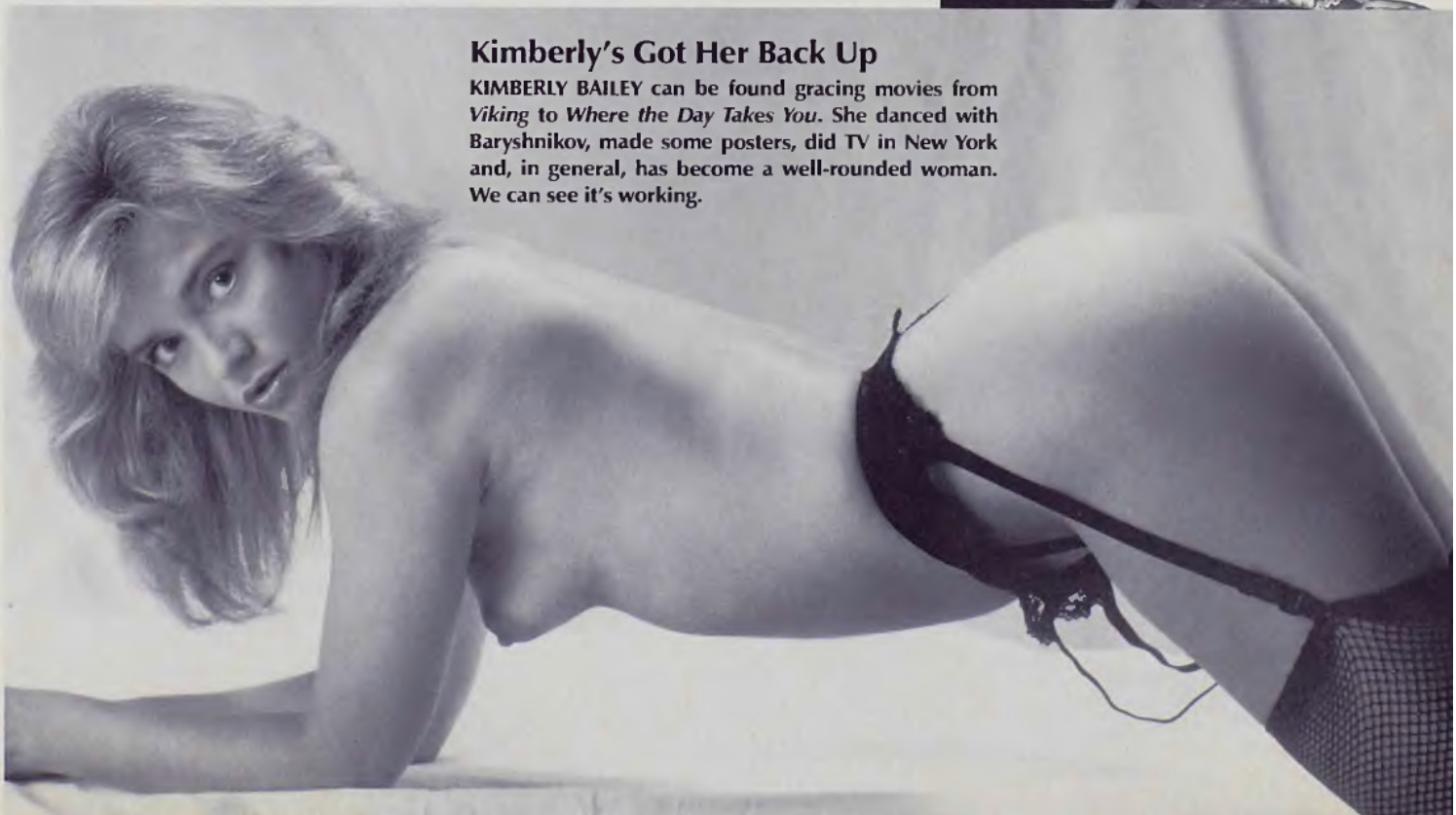

Kimberly's Got Her Back Up

KIMBERLY BAILEY can be found gracing movies from *Viking* to *Where the Day Takes You*. She danced with Baryshnikov, made some posters, did TV in New York and, in general, has become a well-rounded woman. We can see it's working.

Jazz Is the Ticket

Who are these guys parked in a no-parking zone? BELA FLECK AND THE FLECKTONES. You may think you're not into jazz, but a listen to *Flight of the Cosmic Hippo* will change all that. Look for this spring's PBS-TV special *Lonesome Pine*, with guest Branford Marsalis, or get a copy of the band's video. Admit it: You want a Napoleon hat, too.

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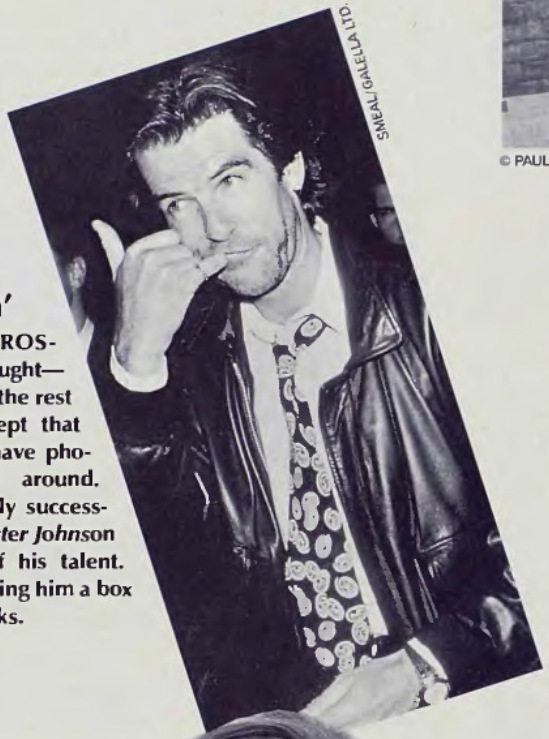


Pickin' and Grinnin'

PIERCE BROSNAN got caught—acting like the rest of us. Except that we don't have photographers around. His critically successful film *Mister Johnson* showed off his talent. We're sending him a box of toothpicks.

Unwrapping Marie for the Holidays

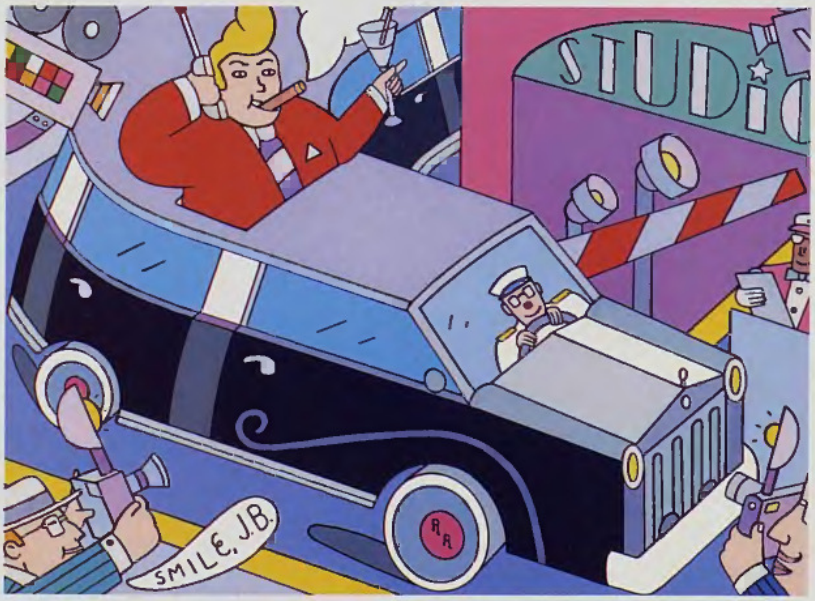
MARIE WOLFE is the lead singer in her own band, Stiletto. With a video and a poster available, Marie is just trying to find something to wear for interviews. She picked the perfect outfit for us.

Candy's Dandy

Not too many women play the saxophone. Maybe more would if they were as talented as CANDY DULFER. Her first break came—courtesy of Prince—when she played on the *Graffiti Bridge* sound track. Her second, the theme for *Lily Was Here*, was scored by Dave Stewart. Now her American debut LP, *Saxuality*, is running up the charts. Sweet Candy.

FASHION ADVENTURERS IN PARADISE

No, cross-dressing didn't begin in the New York club scene. A garment called the *pareo* has been the traditional wrap of Tahitian men and women for generations. Not only is it comfortable and cool but you can also wear the *pareo* in a variety of looks from full-length gown to glorified loincloth. Tahiti and South Pacific Imports, 1827 Haight Street, Suite 105, San Francisco 94117, sells about 20 *pareos* priced from $30 to $60. They also offer a colorful booklet, *Pareo de Tahiti*, for $7, postpaid, which shows how to tie them. Our favorite? The South Sea maiden pictured in the booklet who wears her *pareo* knotted at the hip—and nothing else but sea shells.



STEVEN TURK

ONLY BIGGIES NEED APPLY

Wanna be Steven Spielberg for 24 hours? Universal Studios in Hollywood is offering to make you a Mogul-for-a-Day at a price only a mogul can pay—$50,000. For that kind of change, you stay at the Beverly Hills Hotel, travel by limo, enjoy a power breakfast at the Polo Lounge, have lunch in the studio's private commissary and dinner at Spago, where the stars meet to eat. There'll also be an early-morning workout with a private trainer, a custom Universal Studios bomber jacket and a baseball cap, plus, of course, a production meeting for an upcoming show, plenty of power *shmoosing* and other exclusive perks. Jim Yeager, the director of public relations at Universal Studios (818-777-5942), is the biggie to call about booking your day. Sorry, he doesn't take credit cards.

THE LITTLE TRAIN VIDEO THAT COULD

Toy Train Revue is a 60-minute video tape issued quarterly and devoted to the world of little choochoos. Volume one, number one, which was released last spring, opens Lionel Train's archives, visits a collector who operates 35 trains simultaneously and offers much more. A year's subscription (four tapes) costs $90 sent to TMK Books & Video, P.O. Box 279, New Buffalo, Michigan 49117. Individual *Revue* copies can be bought for $29.95.

GLENN ARVIDSON

STOGIE ART

Cigar smoking reached its greatest popularity in the period from 1880 to 1920, when manufacturers packaged their wares in boxes with colorful lithographic artwork. Much of this cigar art has survived and Cerebro Lithographs, P.O. Box 1221, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603, is offering a huge selection of it in its latest catalog, which costs two dollars. Label prices range from 50 cents to $500.

GETTING A BANG OUT OF CHRISTMAS

You remember birthday-party crackers? In England, Christmas crackers have been a tradition since about 1840. When pulled sharply at both ends, the cracker explodes, releasing the contents—usually a paper party hat, a bauble of some kind and a fortune. The hats are worn during Christmas dinner, much as you would a lampshade on New Year's Eve. Order a supply from Global Marketing in Fort Lauderdale at 305-771-0068 for $13.50 to $28 a box.

DAN CLYNE

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LIVING HAND TO MOUTH

Food-and-drink writer John Mariani, whose *Critics' Choice: The 25 Best Restaurants in America* appeared in *Playboy* a few years ago, has been snacking again. His latest book, *America Eats Out*, "An Illustrated History of Restaurants, Taverns, Coffee Shops, Speak-easies and Other Establishments That Have Fed Us for 350 Years," is as entertaining to read as Mariani is to dine with. The price, $30. Yes, *Playboy* and the Playboy Clubs are part of the fascinating story.

SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE US AWAY

If you're planning to venture south to Ecuador or the Galápagos Islands to escape Old Man Winter's icy breath, Saeta Airlines out of Miami offers not only low fares and daily flights but also on-time departures and all-first-class service. Round-trip fares to Quito and the Galápagos are $492 and $641, respectively, including a choice of three entrees, china-and-crystal table settings and complimentary bar service. For more information, call 800-82-SAETA.

STEVE BOSWICK

ZAP, ZAP, YOU'RE DEAD

Hasbro Toys' latest creation, Electronic Survivor Shot, is a high-tech tag game that's not kid stuff. The Survivor Shot gun fires an invisible infrared beam more than 160 feet; when an opponent is "hit," his Vibro-Helmet begins to vibrate, letting him know that he has been blasted. If you're hit six times, your weapon automatically deactivates. A pair of guns costs $120.

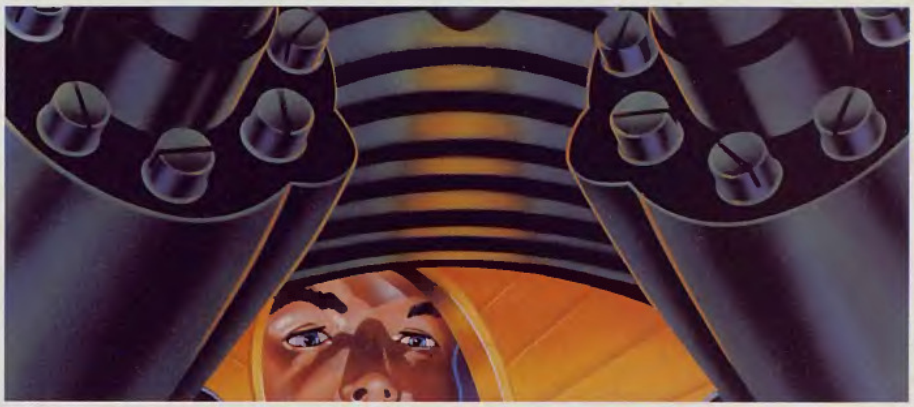
JOHN SCHMELZER

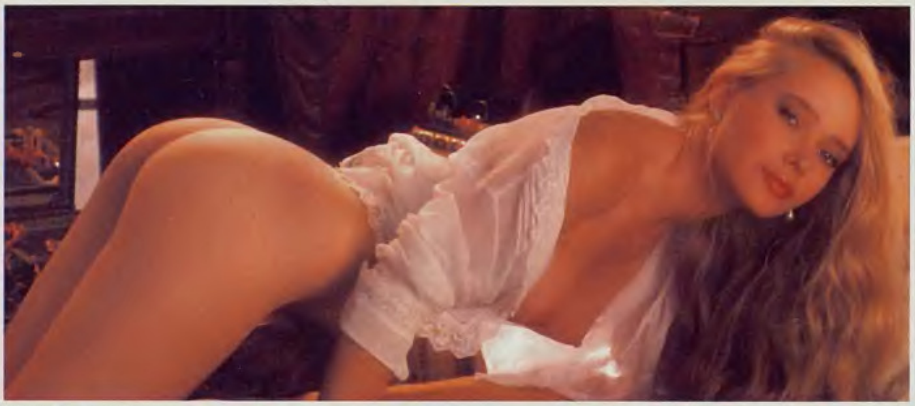
UP IN HOLIDAY SMOKE

It's a good bet that the pipe Santa smokes isn't the one that Alfred Dunhill is offering this yuletide. Dunhill's Christmas pipe is a limited-edition (of 350) Canadian shape in a black sandblast finish with a solid-14-kt.-gold band that's embossed with Santa's sleigh, two of his reindeer and the pipe number. It's housed in a leather case also stamped with the pipe's number. The price: $900. Rest ye merry, gentlemen!

NEXT MONTH

SEXY YEAR


FUTURE CHAT


PLAYMATE REVIEW

HUNGER STRIKES

"THE SECOND BAKERY ATTACK"—EXTREME HUNGER AND A BARREN REFRIGERATOR CAUSE A NEWLYWED COUPLE TO RE-EXAMINE THEIR FUTURE—FICTION BY JAPAN'S HOTTEST YOUNG NOVELIST, **HARUKI MURAKAMI**

"ARNOLD, ARNOLD, ÜBER ALLES"—A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO **SCHWARZENEGGER** BY AMERICA'S PREMIERE PULP AESTHETE—**JOE BOB BRIGGS**

WOODY HARRELSON TELLS HOW HIS REVENGE ON CO-STAR **TED DANSON** MADE SITCOM HISTORY AND REVEALS THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH **BROOKE** IN A CHEERY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"CELEBRITY RESOLUTIONS"—NEW YEAR'S PLEDGES THE WAY WE'D LIKE TO SEE THEM FROM THE LIKES OF **H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF, TED KENNEDY, JOHN SUNUNU, MADONNA, JIM BAKKER, KITTY KELLEY, DONALD TRUMP** AND OTHER CELEBRATED FIGURES

ROBIN WILLIAMS TALKS ABOUT HOW HOLLYWOOD HAS SCREWED HIM OVER, PAYS TRIBUTE TO HIS FAVORITE FUNNYMEN AND DOES RIFFS ON **PETER PAN** IN A SERIO-COMIC **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"REACH OUT AND TELEPORT SOMEONE"—THE GRAND SEER OF FUTURISM REPORTS ON THE NEXT WAVE IN TELECOMMUNICATIONS—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

"THE SERPENT IN THE CHAPEL"—OUR JESUIT-TRAINED SCRIBE JOINS THE FRAY AS AMERICAN CHURCHES STRUGGLE TO RECONCILE OLD-TIME RELIGION WITH CONTEMPORARY VIEWS OF SEX—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

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COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: "LOVE IN THE LEAN YEARS," BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE; "VENGEANCE FROM SPACE,"** BY **MICHAEL BERES; PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH *SNL*'S **LORNE MICHAELS,** COLUMNIST **LIZ SMITH** AND AUTHORS **ELMORE LEONARD** AND **RAY BRADBURY; RICHARD LEWIS'** ROMAN HOLIDAY; *PLAYBOY*'S CAR OF THE YEAR; SIZZLING PHOTO FEATURES ON SUPERMODEL **RACHEL WILLIAMS, "GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT," BYRON NEWMAN'S "BRIDES' FANTASIES,"** DEBUTANTES, INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES AND *PLAYBOY*'S PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE; PLUS MUCH, MUCH MORE

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